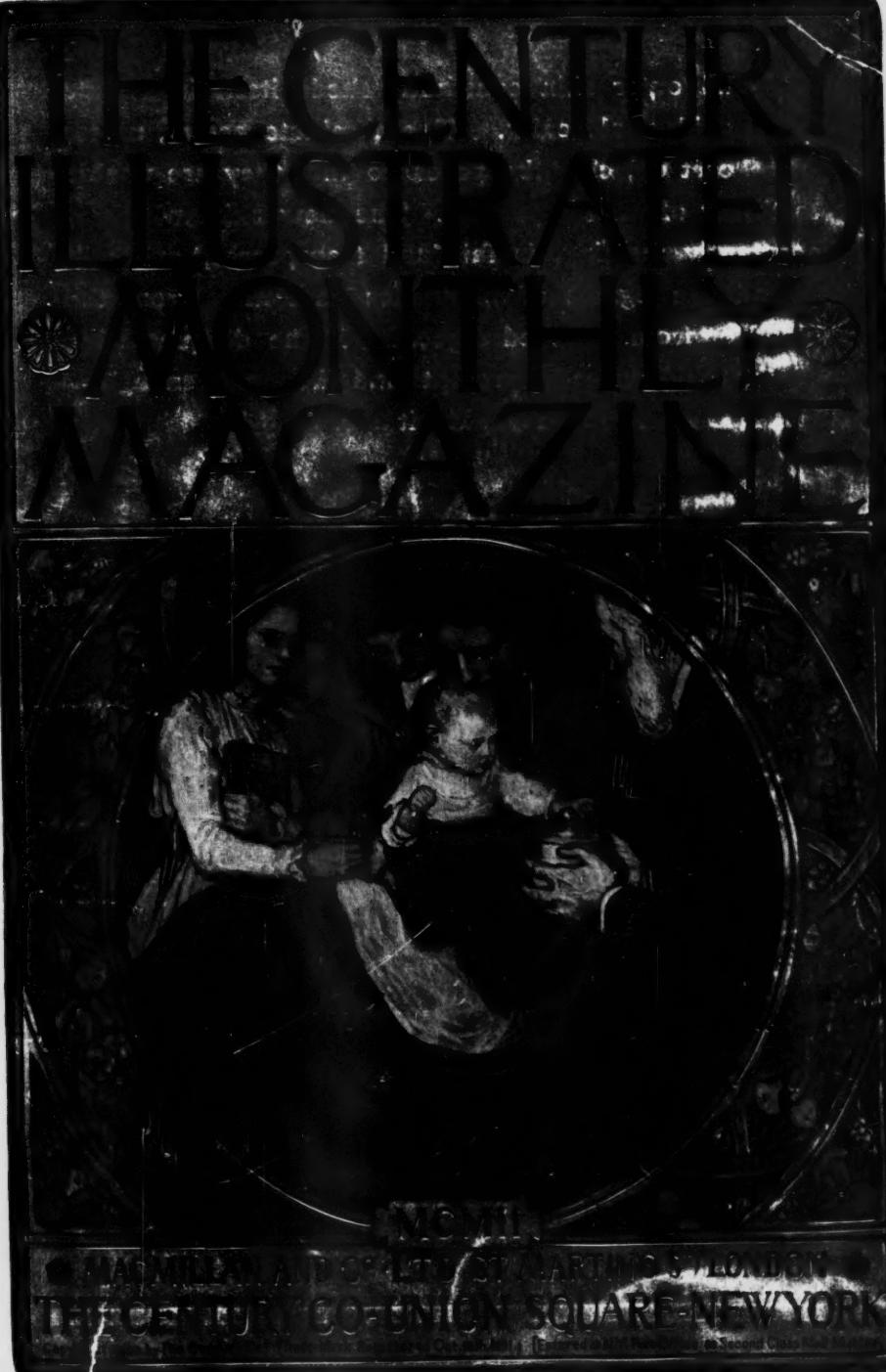


# CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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DECEMBER, 1902.

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THE outer skin constantly sheds itself in minute epidermal scales. These minute scales, unless cast off, clog the pores so that they are unable to throw off the impurities. The new skin, which is constantly forming, is fair and transparent, and will permit the egress of impurities that arise from the blood or from retarded digestion, if the desquamation of the epidermis is prompt and frequent enough—  
**HAND SAPOLIO** aids it

# **HAND SAPOLIO**

may be had from druggists and grocers. Order a cake when you are getting your weekly supplies, or carry a cake home from the druggist's. It will be a revelation to you



## At the Gates of Life.



ND so, at last, the weary Soul reached nearly to the end of that dreadful valley, and she continually cried to herself: "Oh that I could reach the end of this!"

Then the end was there, and, lo! before her was a great door, as of thick wood, that barred the way, and seven flat steps of stone led upward to the door.

"Alas!" cried the fainting Soul, "whither now shall I go? for I cannot go forward, neither can I return that way whence I came."

Then spake Death for the first time for all that journey: "Am not I thy traveling companion? Lo! now I will give thee aid."

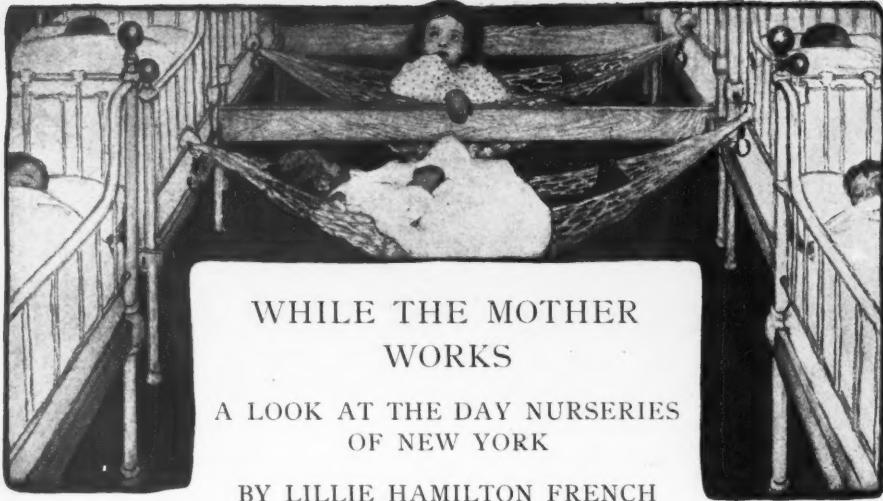
Then he reached forth his hand and grasped the door and wrestled with it to open it. And it strove to resist him; and still he wrestled with it until, at last, he wrenched it violently open.

Then—oh, wonder! oh, marvel!—there gushed forth a great and blinding light of that same radiant Paradise that she had quitted so long, so long ago, to enter into the shadows of the world. And to her ears there came the myriad sounds of multitudinous voices of all the other winged souls who had entered therein before her coming. And so they rejoiced with great singing and welcome, and bade her enter, for that her travels were ended.

Then Death said to the Soul: "Am not I thy friend? Lo! thou hast traveled with me long and far, and now thy journey is ended. Only now thou takest with thee back into thy heavenly home the seeds of earthly things which shall sometime burst forth into the perfect fruit of celestial achievement. Excepting for this journey, where wouldst thou have gathered those seeds? Behold me, O Soul! I am not Death, but Israfeel!"

Then the Soul looked up into the face of her traveling companion, and, lo! the red cowl of Terror had fallen back from the face, and it was the face of a dark and beautiful angel which she beheld. And around his head and upon his solemn brows there hung the circle of a halo, and that halo was the halo of the dawning day.





## WHILE THE MOTHER WORKS

A LOOK AT THE DAY NURSERIES  
OF NEW YORK

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

WITH PICTURES BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

YOU may find them everywhere in New York, from One Hundred and Fourth street to Stanton street, sometimes three in as many blocks; and if you will take the trouble of a journey you will discover them to be of every kind and character, from daintily appointed establishments having much of the charm of your own nursery at home, to poor places at best, bearing in every detail the indelible stamp of an ill-nourished charity. I never realized so fully as after one of these journeys the difference that prosperity makes in institutions of an eleemosynary character.

It is to be detected at once in the air of the matron who receives you. When she has a board of rich managers behind her, or the exchequer of a well-to-do church to draw upon, there is that in her manner which is not to be mistaken. It is like the bearing of the happy wife who has never been harassed by anxiety. "All that I have to do is to ask for what I want, and I get it. The children have only the best of everything," one of these matrons said to me; and I realized that she spoke truly when I looked into the happy faces of the children, and at their pretty beds, and into the closets filled with their clothes—linens of every kind, dresses and underwear, and even little coats of quaint and charming fashion, meant for use in the roof garden

when the day is cold. I had noticed the same general characteristic in the charitable institutions of Cuba, where money has been appropriated with a generous hand and working materials have been chosen with a regard only for their fitness. I have never seen a kindergarten more perfectly fitted up than the one for orphan girls on Compostello street in Havana; nor have I ever seen more cheerful service among the teachers, since there was no sense of being hampered by lack of good material with which to work.

The case is sadly altered, however, when a day nursery's board of managers has to economize. The matron may be as conscientious and as kind, and the children as tenderly loved; but everything, even to the matron's manner, betrays the pinched and the troubled. To realize this you have only to look at the way in which the children's food is prepared; at the way in which the bread is broken and put into the galvanized iron cups waiting for the soup. Everything may be scrupulously clean and far better than any child could get at home; but for all that, unless you boast more philosophy than the rest of us, you will doubtless sigh as I did. Involuntarily you will find yourself comparing the prosperous nursery with the one before you; the matron of the one with the matron of the other; wishing, as you made the comparison, that money did

not make so great a difference everywhere in life, and that where questions relating to babies are concerned it need never be considered.

We draw such fine distinctions in these days between philanthropy and charity; we are so scientific about it all, and so careful to prove that the almsgiving of the early church was deleterious in its results, and that to assist our neighbor wisely in this more enlightened age we must go about it in a different way—be sociological, anthropological, and heaven knows what else beside! We insist on looking at every desire to be helpful to our kind from so many points of view—on what it will do for ourselves on the one hand, then on what it will do for our neighbor, without ever confusing the two. We tell so much about it and are so exact and so measured and so statistical, so well equipped in argument, that it is a wonder any generous impulse ever lives to grow up, with so many obstacles and arguments buffeting it at every turn. The wonder certainly is not to be escaped by those who study the "literature" of day nurseries, and especially

the character of those adverse opinions which their promoters have had to overcome since Miss Biddle, in 1863, opened in Philadelphia the first crèche in this country.

To me, at any rate, who believe that all nurseries are miniature worlds in which the most important lessons of life are taught, these day nurseries have an incomparable value in the training of men and women to come. I realized this first in the case of a child belonging to an irresponsible,

pleasure-loving, young colored girl who had never, to my knowledge, regarded any duty, even that involved in marriage, as altogether serious until a baby came—one of those compelling notes which Providence sometimes sends to the most trifling. I supposed that the mother would be benefited by the care entailed, but I dreaded to think of the future of the child. However, now that it is four or five years old I have to confess that I know few children better trained. For this the day nursery to which this child was confided while its mother worked has been responsible. It has controlled its games, directed its thoughts, cultivated its speech, taught it good habits, and made it love cleanliness. I know a boy belonging to a woman who had been deserted by her husband, and to whom, had we the ordering of those affairs, few of us would have permitted the custody of any juvenile. The mother's only virtue was a willingness to work for her child's support. The educational advantages of a day nursery to the child of such a mother would be of inestimable value, as I recognized at once. The matron who finally



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

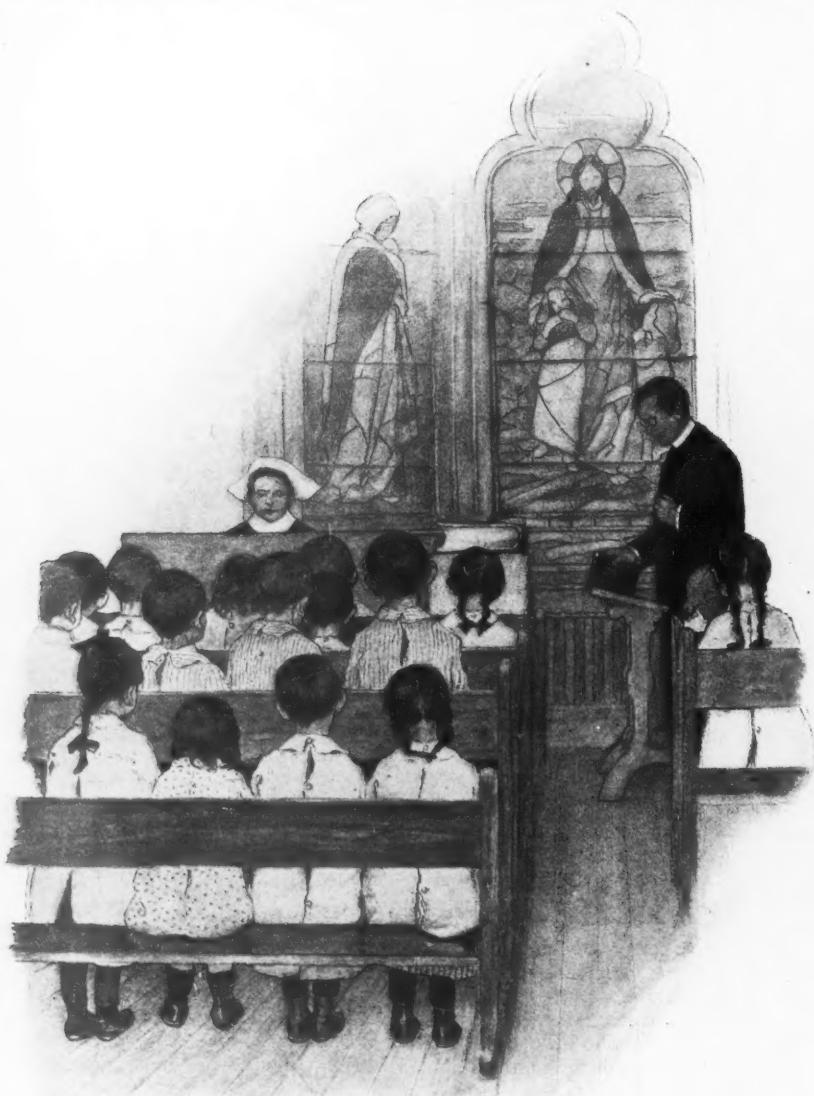
WOMAN WITH BABY

took this little fellow in charge during the day was a widow with grown daughters. She came from somewhere in the north of Ireland, and always dressed in black, except for a spotless widow's cap, and looked what she proved to be—the very embodiment of all the homely virtues, of neatness, good cheer, and of a kindness which beamed perennially out of her soft gray eyes and radiated through her gentle speech. The daughter who assisted her, educated

apparently in this country, seemed like a young Madonna. She was playing with the little ones in the back yard when I went there, and made an unforgettable picture, surrounded as she was by a score of children, some of them with the faces of

cherubs, now that they were scrubbed and shining, their heads in order, and their own clothes replaced by those supplied by the managers. Up-stairs in the house the older children were being taught to sew.

There would seem to be, then, no more



JESSIE WILCOX SMITH.

Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins  
CHAPEL OF GRACE CHURCH NURSERY

question about the educational advantages to children taken out of the streets and placed in such environments than about those advantages upon which the State insists for boys and girls of a riper age whom it compels to learn to read and write at school. Indeed, the publications issued by the day nurseries all go to prove (so much have the goodly intentions of their promoters had to battle against) that the anxiety uppermost in the minds of persons questioning the system during its early stages of development was not for the children but for the parents.

"Would not the father and mother be robbed of all sense of responsibility?" was a prevalent question with many interlocutors at that time. "Would not the day nurseries, by relieving mothers of their care, encourage vice and idleness?" "Would they not lead to the breaking up of all home life among the poor?" A French writer who was quoted on the subject says, in speaking of the influence of the crèche in France, that "women who had never gone out to work had they not been sure that their children would have been cared for now leave in the mornings with their husbands, work all day, and come home at night, tired and unfit for exertion, to a cold room all in disorder, no fire, no supper, where indeed they meet their husbands and children, but which is home no longer to any of them." Again, a well-known authority on methods of work among the poor of England wrote of "women standing, gossiping or quarreling, dirty and draggled, about door-steps, while we are cooking at school for their children the dinner which they should be preparing each in the tidy home; others going out to work because we are preparing the crèche instead of leaving the care of the baby to its mother. Is the family life forgotten, that we seem determined to set up all manner of great institutions with charitable subscriptions, instead of encouraging each member of a family to do his or her work?"

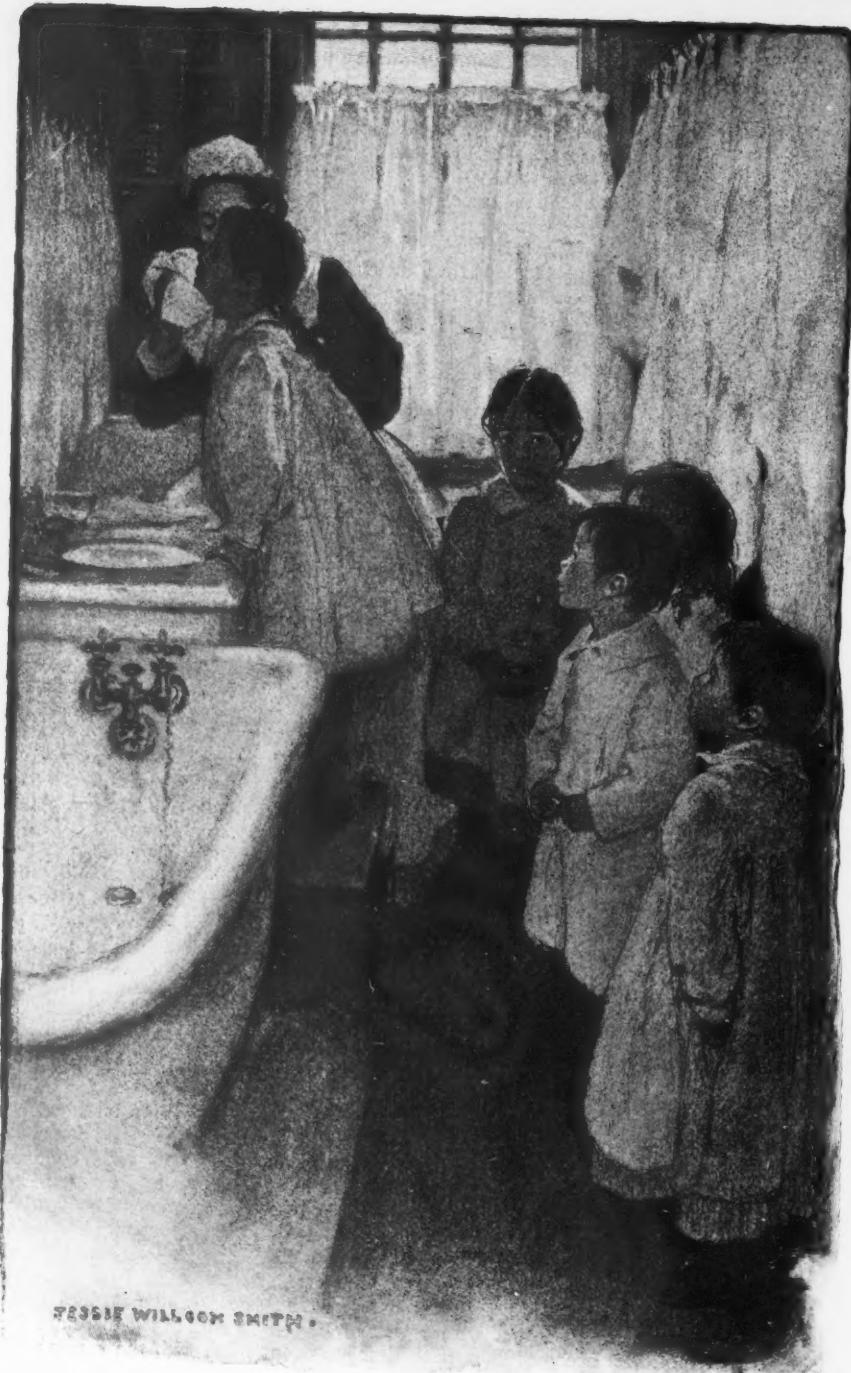
And then, the question of the mother being solved, and it being agreed that to be helped she ought to be worthy, the question of the father came up. "What would the nursery do for him? Would he be encouraged to idleness because his wife labored? Would he become like that father in some factory town who sent all

his little boys and girls to work, confining his own labors to the noonday hours when he carried dinner-pails to his children?" Indeed, it would seem as though the father had been regarded as a greater stumbling-block in argument than even the tired and overworked mother, the question of whose relief had to be so stubbornly contested.

"There is one problem connected with this work," says a writer on the subject, "which we have not yet been able to solve, and that is the disposal to a proper place of the worthless, dissipated husbands, who, whenever their wives are disabled and it is impossible for them to go out to work, desert, neglect, and abuse them. As soon as these women become self-supporting, these parasites, if I may call them such, invariably appear to divide the hard-earned wages, without the least intention of lending their aid toward the support of the family; and in many instances where the women were beginning to reap the benefits of our assistance, these discouraging factors would appear to take out all the hope and courage with which these poor women were beginning to be inspired. It seems almost a hopeless wish that some law might be framed to protect these helpless and devoted wives."

In the meantime those who cared for the babies worked on. Men like Jacob Riis argued in favor of the day nursery. "On the dark slum picture," he says, "it makes always a bright spot. It provides the playground the child's life was yearning for in time to pull all the working thought of the child up to the new ideal of beauty, of civilization. It begins at the end where the beginning must be made, and lays the basis for the kindergarten where it must be made for the mother's sake as well as for the child's sake, the home's sake. It makes a home where there was none. I wish there were no poor mothers who had to go out to work, but unhappily there are. They do have to. I hope for a better day that is coming, when mothers with children shall not have to go out to work; when their place shall be at home. In that day we shall need nurseries no longer."

Women like Mrs. C. R. Lowell plead for them. "There is a field for the day nursery," she says, "which it does seem has no danger lurking in it—there are the desolate widows left with the young children to whom they have to be both mother



JESSIE WILCOX SMITH.

Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington  
EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, GRACE CHURCH NURSERY

and father, and there are the women with sick husbands, upon whom also falls the burden of the family support; and to these hard-pressed and heroic women the day nursery is an unmitigated blessing, giving them a sense of peace, when laboring for their children's support, in the thought that they are safely cared for and enjoying advantages which otherwise they could never know."

Now that time has proved the value of these institutions, we read in one of the latest utterances on the subject: "For the first time in the realm of sociology its students are beginning to take account of the factor 'the day nursery, or crèche,' in connection with the great problem of the disintegration of working-men's families, and they find that it is proving efficient in keeping the families together who are near enough to take advantage of its helpfulness. The aid that the nursery gives is understood by all who have entered intelligently into that work, and is easily comprehended by others when the fact is pointed out that when the man in a family fails to secure employment the woman must become the bread-winner; then arises the problem, Who is to care for the children while the mother is absent? The father may do so for a while, but he is obliged to be out continually seeking employment; or, as is too often the case, he refuses to stay at home to mind the children; or, still worse, he deserts his family in their hour of need. In any case, the mother is forced to go out to work and the children are either locked into a room and left there all day, or are committed to the care of some neighbor, who doubtless does what she can, or are left recklessly to run on the streets. The inevitable result of this condition is that the mother, sick and tired of the anxiety, the trouble, the complaints which come to her on her return, turns to the half-orphan or other asylum or home, and there places her children, from whence, as statistics show, they seldom return, and the family is effectually broken up."

All of these various considerations have influenced the managers of various nurseries. In some no woman known to be disreputable is allowed to leave her children, whatever, alas!



JESSIE WILCOX SMITH.

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick  
GOING TO DINNER, CATHARINE MISSION

may be their needs. Most of the day-nursery constitutions read, "For the benefit of working people unable to provide for their children," or "of working mothers: preference given to widows," or "of poor working mothers away from homes." Careful records are kept, and investigations, sometimes with the coöperation of charitable organizations, are made before children can be confided to a matron's care. Moreover, the character of the work done by the mother is carefully considered, to the advantage sometimes of the mother, as in the case of certain women who are dishwashers in restaurants and whose hours are necessarily irregular. The rules of an institution are sometimes broken for their benefit, a child being kept after hours until the mother is able to come for it. Again, in certain manufacturing districts in town, like those on the East Side where cigarettes are made, or like those on the West Side among the silk-mills and box-factories, where women are obliged to make an early report at the factory, the hours of the nursery are also changed for their benefit.

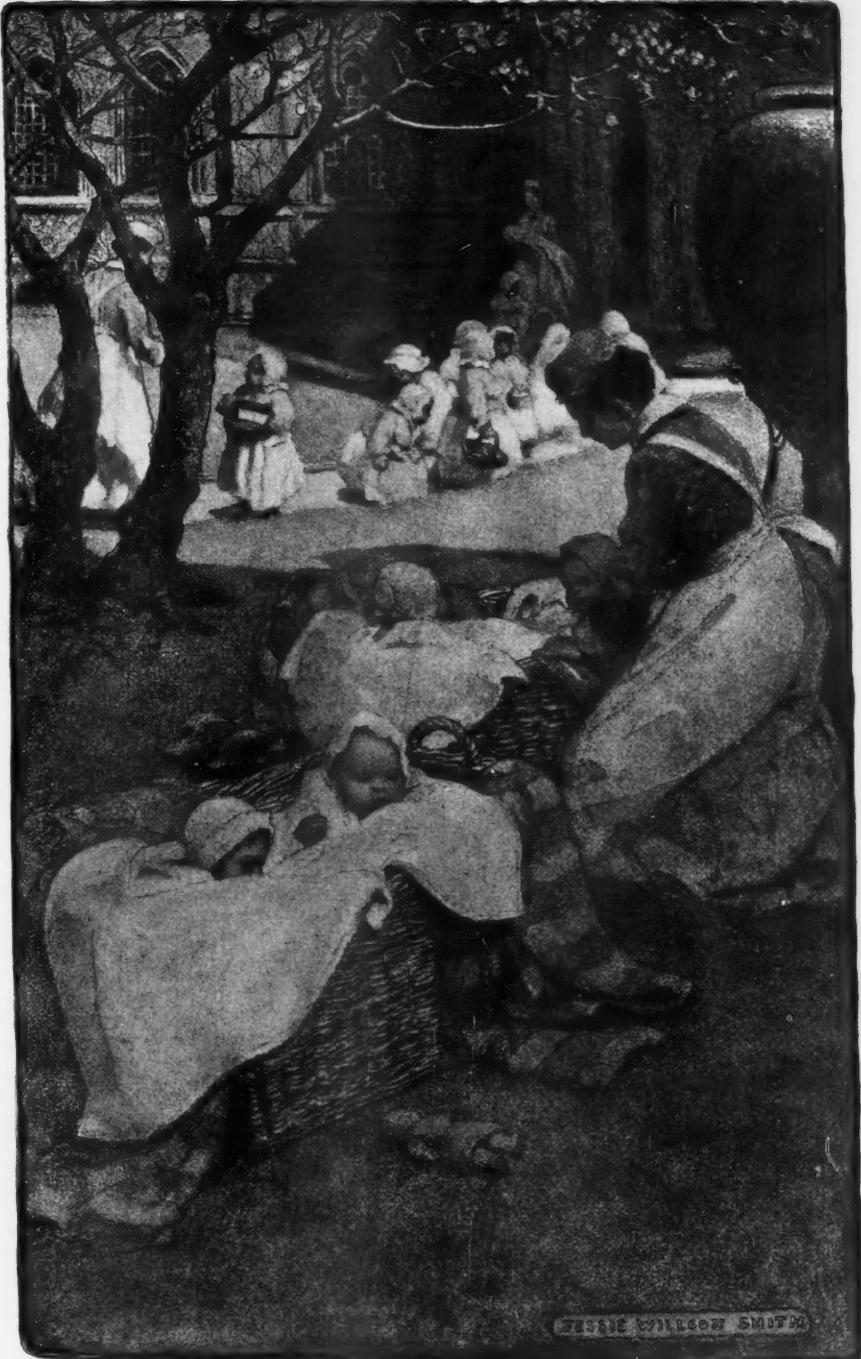
It is not to be supposed that during all these years the day nurseries have been neglected by the Board of Health, that one power of autocratic privilege among us which, when even democracy fails to bring about a reform, steps in and brings the unwary to account. The board has been most vigilant in looking after the nurseries, in making inspections, in limiting the number of children admitted; in requiring iron beds and wire mattresses with blankets over them instead of mattresses of any kind; in enforcing the use of hair pillows when any were used; in insisting upon just so much space about and under each bed, and just so many cubic feet of air for each child in the room; in seeing to it that the outside garments of the children are fumigated daily. When an infectious disease breaks out in the tenements, children from that house are not allowed in the nursery until all danger of contagion is over. If there is no regular physician in daily attendance, one must be within call, and any child showing unusual symptoms or eruptions must be isolated at once until its case can be decided upon.

Cleanliness has been made an absolute rule in all nurseries, some of the managers going so far as to decline a child whose mother has been reproved for the third time

for bringing her baby dirty. The question of cleanliness, by the way, involves some of the most interesting points in the managers' discussions. Shall a daily bath in the nursery be insisted upon? Shall a child's clothing be changed throughout every day? The settlement of these questions not only involves the nurseries in extra labor, but conflicts with the prejudices and precepts of parents. One child, found at home "sewed up for the winter," said to her visitor: "Don't rip me. Ma will be mad." So widely do domestic customs differ among us.

The pioneer in New York in this line of work was the Virginia Day Nursery. It was so named in 1875 in memory of Miss Virginia Osborn, daughter of the late Mrs. William H. Osborn, who herself will long be remembered gratefully in New York for her wise, noble, and unostentatious charities. Miss Osborn was one of several young women who had planned to execute this admirable idea. The nursery is located at 632 Fifth Street (East), where a new, cheerful, and commodious fireproof building of four stories and basement—a model for such a purpose—was opened in May, 1902. Here, at the nominal charge of five cents a day, children under seven years of age may be left during working hours, receiving two meals (dinner at half-past eleven and supper at five), a physician's supervision, physical care, kindergarten instruction, amusement, and the opportunity for sleep and rest. There are two play-rooms on the roof, one inclosed and one shaded by an awning, and the construction and appointments of the building are in keeping with modern scientific and hygienic requirements. The house has beds and swinging cribs for seventy-five children, three bath-rooms of the latest pattern, rooms for the matron and attendants, an isolation-room for use in illness, dining-rooms, kitchen, laundry, etc. Mothers' meetings, with instruction on sanitary topics and on cooking, sewing, and the care of home and children, are part of the present work, and plans are on foot for an extension of the useful influence of the nursery in the crowded tenement-house section in the vicinity.

The nurseries in New York are supported in almost every instance by voluntary contributions, although one nursery



JESSIE WILCOX SMITH

Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

BABIES SUNNING IN GRACE CHURCH GARDEN

reports a legacy from some old supporter. The late Mrs. Amory, who some eighteen years ago founded the West Side Day Nursery, a free institution at 266 West Fortieth street, used to raise money at first by printing and selling receipts for sauces, translated from the French, selling also the horse-radish and the flour to be used in making them. She sold pin-cushions too, sent out during one season three thousand five hundred notes, got up concerts, and was so indefatigable in her efforts that she became a proverb among her friends. She began with a couple of rooms on Eighth Avenue and took in two children. This nursery now has an average attendance of thirty-five, that number being all that the Board of Health will allow. A new building is in process of construction. In this institution much stress is laid on industrial training. Girls from seven to sixteen, on payment of ten cents a week, are taught basket-weaving, sewing, and crocheting. This crocheting brings the children a revenue, the work being sold by them among the Germans of the tenements as trimming for pillow-cases and sheets. Much stress is laid on the value of careful habits. If a shoe button is off, it must be sewed on at once; a rip must be mended; the door must be answered properly. And it may be well, just here, to refer to a suggestion, made by some matron, that children trained in the nursery might well be educated to do service as house servants, the training of the kitchen garden, where miniature beds are made and miniature tables set, not quite covering the ends designed. The West Side Day Nursery sends out women as laundresses, washerwomen (there is a difference between them), and cleaners, and provides trained waitresses for dinners and luncheons. Its children must all wear short hair. No colored children are admitted.

The Wayside Day Nursery at 214 East Twentieth street also began some seventeen years ago in two rooms, and is now about to enter a new building of its own. The whole atmosphere of this nursery is one of unquestionable charm. It has an average daily attendance of thirty-nine and a quarter children at five cents a head. It also gives dinners to school children whose mothers are out at work. After school hours and during vacation, industrial classes are held for girls from sixteen

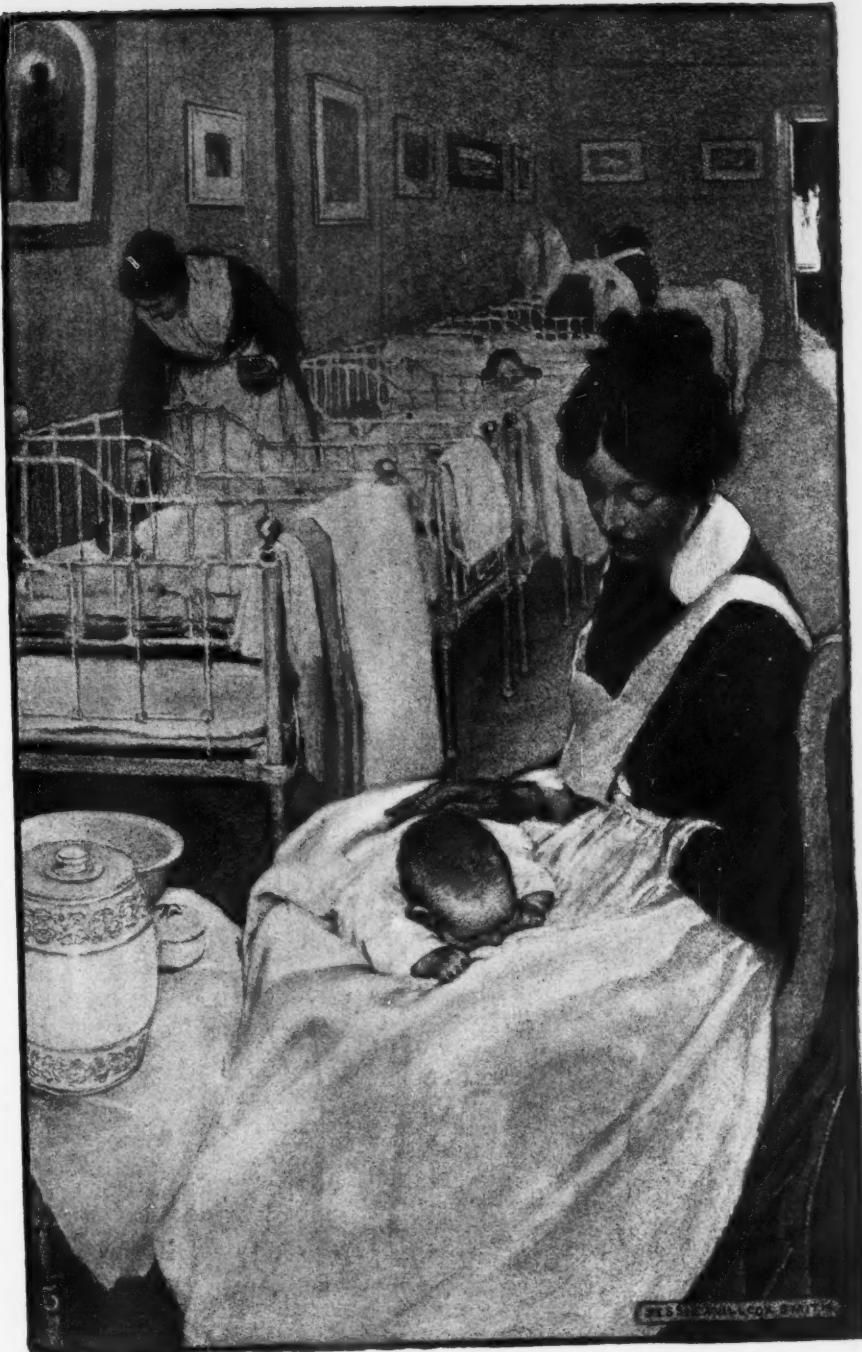
to eighteen years of age. An interesting innovation was made not long since in the cooking classes held for the mothers in their own homes, where eight women are gathered and taught to cook, being taught particularly how to use the materials in the house and the utensils at hand.

The day nursery of Grace Church, which has had the benefit of everything which money and good will could do for it, is under the charge of the housemother, assisted by one of the deaconesses. There are also from ten to twelve nursemaids in charge. The average daily attendance is seventy. The nursery children, trained by a choirmistress, form the choir at the afternoon chanty service. Passers on Broadway may often see these little children, in their pretty caps, playing in the rectory garden. From half-past five to half-past six tea is served to the mothers who come and go. A deaconess is always in attendance. Much volunteer service of an exceptional kind is rendered to the nursery by young women of New York.

Volunteer service is also made part of the obligations of the Order of the Emmanuel Sisters of Personal Service, and at their day nursery young Jewish women of wealth take turns in helping the matron care for the children. This nursery, too, is to move into new quarters now being erected at 318 and 320 East Eighty-second street—a building in which many of the working clubs are to be gathered and where everything is to be planned after that liberal spirit in which the Jews are preëminent in all their charities.

The Halsey Day Nursery at 227 East Fifty-ninth street has been for some years in a building specially constructed for it. The whole atmosphere of this nursery is also of a delightful order, full of cheer and wholesomeness. This nursery is one of the departments of the Helping Hand Association of St. Thomas's Church, which has also an employment society, a diet kitchen, and a maternity society. The average daily attendance of children is between fifty and sixty, representing twenty-two deserted wives. Six nurses are always at work. It has a roof garden, and coats are provided for the children who play there.

The Sunbeam Day Nursery at 1147 First Avenue is carried on by the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in a building having boys' and girls' clubs, a gymnasium, kin-



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

THE CRÈCHE, HALSEY NURSERY



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

IN THE ROOF GARDEN, HALSEY NURSERY

dergarten, and reading-rooms. The children occupy several floors, and have at their disposal a roof garden carefully shaded, and provided with a sand-pile. It has a daily attendance of forty-five. A philanthropic baker contributes fifteen loaves of bread three times a week for the children.

All the virtues, however, are not to be found in those day nurseries which either have new buildings of their own or are moving into those specially prepared for them. Thus the Sunnyside Day Nursery at 231 East One Hundred and Fourth street is in an old house with a pretty garden in the rear and flowers at the windows. Some half-dozen well-trained nursery-maids are in attendance, and a kindergarten is held. The Riverside Day Nursery at 121 West Sixty-third street is also lodged in an old dwelling-house with a pretty back yard and a sand-pile. Some twelve hundred and eight children were received here during one month of the current year. Colored children are admitted, and school

children can come for their dinner. The Bryson Day Nursery at 149 Avenue B is in a dwelling-house overlooking Tompkins Square. The children are under the charge of a housemother. This nursery has a series of beds named by their donors in memory of certain children.

Other New York nurseries are the Bethany, Bethlehem Day Nursery of the Church of the Incarnation, Bloomingdale, Brightside, Catharine Mission, God's Providence, the Jewell, the Lisa, Little Missionary, New York City Mission, Presentation, Pro-Cathedral, St. Agnes's, St. John's, St. Joseph's, St. Vincent de Paul's, Silver Cross, Temple Israel Sisterhood, and the Winifred Day Nursery of the East Side House Settlement.

In an article of this length it is impossible to go into fuller details about the separate nurseries. Certain general characteristics are found in them all. Cleanliness is made a rule even where poverty prevails and but one extra attendant can

be hired. Not only are industrial classes held, but kindergartens are almost everywhere associated with day nurseries; and where, for lack of means, these are not possible, every effort is made toward the establishment of them. In one or two instances only is the influence on the mother more or less ignored by managers and matron, and the neighborly spirit not cultivated. In fact, the outgrowths of the nursery form one of its most interesting features. Mothers' meetings are held; training and work for the mothers are

tions. Summer homes are provided for many of the children, enabling them to escape the awful heat and discomfort of the tenements during a time when even those left in houses up-town find life insupportable. Some nurseries have established sum-



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by William Miller

DINNER-TIME, SUNNYSIDE NURSERY

provided; lectures on hygiene are given. I saw one charming baby belonging to an Italian who had lost several children before the arrival of this one. She points with pride to her wholesome boy and is eager to tell you how, to save it, she has obeyed every one of the doctor's direc-

mer homes of their own, others send their children through some of the various charitable organizations. For all of this the mother is seldom asked to contribute more than five cents a day; and when two or more children are left at the nursery they are admitted for something like two cents a head.

In 1895 the Association of New York City Day Nurseries, of which Mrs. A. M. Dodge is still president, was organized with constitution and by-laws. The object of the association, which meets in April and November, is to benefit by conference the work done by the nurseries, the extension of the work into the needy districts of the city, and the encouragement and development of every feature which shall educate and elevate the beneficiaries. There is, moreover, a Federation of Day Nurseries, of which Mrs. Dodge is also president. Any nursery throughout the United States may join the federation, the purpose of which is to unite in one central body all day nurseries and to endeavor to secure the highest attainable standard of merit.

New York, as the largest city in the

United States, leads, of course, in the number of its day nurseries. Whenever a report is made of some notable improvement in another city, members of the federation do not hesitate to make the journey in order that the best results may be studied.

Some of the day nurseries invite you to visit them at stated hours, but I have never been able to make up my mind when a visit was most delightful — whether

in the hours when the children are playing, or when they are asleep in their cribs or on the mats which are laid on the floors, or when they are engaged in the kindergarten. One regret I have to confess to—that none of them at table make a picture like that to be seen when the Foundlings dine in London, where every visitor makes it a point to go to see them at their midday meal.



## VISTA

BY GEORGE CABOT LODGE

**W**HENCE is the end of the journey we follow, the rest and reward for our travel and tears? Where shall it fail, in what vistas and vastness, the merciless march of the river of years? Oh, when shall we pass from the ways of the woodland, the wall of the hillside, the length of the lea, And feel, in the wonder and wind of the sunrise, the void of our vision fill full of the sea?

In the deserts of life we have wearied and wandered, the highways are black with the blood of our feet,  
We have fathomed the fashions of faith that are faithless and tasted the bitter of love and the sweet;  
Where the highlands of hope on the verge of to-morrow are dim with the sunset and dark with the dawn,  
We have pressed in our pitiless pride and our power, and watched for the curtains of death to be drawn.

As a child in a theater we watched and were cheated, we found, as the barriers burst  
in a breath,  
The crocus of spring in the snow, and the day after darkness, and life the to-morrow of  
death;  
And always a flower or star to discover, a vista to follow, a land to explore,  
As we stare for the sea-bosom sheathed in the metal of noonday and hark for the  
sound of the shore.

We have fasted in sorrow and feasted in laughter, denied our desire and sated our lust;  
We have laddered in spirit the turrets of heaven and learned all the changes of dust  
into dust;  
We have sung to the gods that were fair as a flame is with mouths ever fresh from the  
glistner of wine;  
From the soul to the body, the flesh to the spirit, we have passed, and returning, have  
found them divine.

And now in the tumult of passion and sorrow, the splendor and speed of the tireless  
race,  
With the knowledge of yesterday wiser than visions, with the winds of to-morrow still  
fresh in our face,  
With before us the forests and meadows and mountains, the seasons of earth and the  
infinite trend,  
We pause on the verges of life, and resuming, face down the faint vistas and ask for  
the end!

When the paths are all followed, the mountains all measured, the earth wholly har-  
vested, flowers and weeds,  
When our sacrifice smokes on all altars, when body and soul are possessed of all pas-  
sions and creeds,  
When by living we love, smitten through with grave gladness, and sorrow, and pleasure  
that stings like a rod,  
All the sin and the sinner, the prayer and the prophet, the longing of Sappho, the glory  
of God;

When the round of creation is traveled and tallied, when the pavement of heaven is  
grooved to our feet,  
When the vistas are drenched in a river of light, and the circle of body and soul is  
complete,  
When less than the sunlight we measure our mercy, when as heaven at last we are  
equal and free—  
Oh, then we shall come to what shore, in what dawn, to be lost in the spaces and sound  
of what sea?





Drawn by Louis Loeb. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"SHE WAS LIKE A SHADOW, A NOTHING, A LEAFLESS BUSH"

# AT THE TAVERN OF THE SUN

A POMPEIAN PASTORAL

BY MAUDE CALDWELL PERRY

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB

ORDINARILY at this hour of the morning—Vesuvius seen from Valle di Pompei was still two thirds blue in its own shadow—Pasquale would have been sitting at ease on the little stuccoed hemicycle under the eucalyptus-trees at the front of the inn-garden. And it would have puzzled his bald head so much to get rid of her that even Teresa could have chirped her shy little farewells quite through to him.

But this morning those mad Inglesi who wanted meat for their breakfasts had risen early, and now, at seven o'clock, already sat in the cave-cool dining-room,—pink stucco and rose-vines it was all over the outside,—carnivorously growling their haste at the rotund Pasquale. And for once Pasquale's eternal "Subito, signori, subito!" was brisk, even thankful; for did not those abhorred matutinal orders for *costolette* give him seemly excuse for expedition when he passed the hemicycle, where Teresa still sat, on his way back and forth to the kitchen?

She was a pale girl and too slim. Gown and kerchief—her very best, for she was dressed for travel—were dully brown. She was like a shadow, a nothing, a leafless bush, in the midst of the bright debris of long green eucalyptus wands scattered in last night's rain. Old Maria herself, geared for travel too, was twice as gay a picture where she sparkled against the gloomy kitchen entrance, out of which came no brightness save the low-keyed, indiffusive glow of a small charcoal fire and the occasional shine of some copper thing.

The making of a match between Teresa

and Pasquale was the constant aim of their mothers, and really it was a most sensible idea. Pasquale was nearly forty, very steady, and in point of *lire* well able to wed. His mother would not live forever: he would need some one to look after him when she was gone. Teresa, though young, was plain; her very mother wonderingly admitted it. It was time she wed, and she was just the sweet and tender little soul to lead Pasquale no wild chase, but keep him well contented and serene.

Teresa herself recognized the wisdom of it all, and more than acquiesced; by a sort of turtle-dove insistence she kept herself much beside him in their daily duties at the inn. Pasquale, for his part, admitted the beauty of the thing, and yielded far enough to be Teresa's squire in all the little squiring that he did. But—his mirror did not show much of the bald spot, and in his heart Pasquale cherished a dream, an anachronistic primrose in his spirit-garden that was otherwise gone to seed and gently dead. And in the last few days he had so nearly felt the very tissue of that dream within his hands that even the small claims of Teresa had grown irksome.

And this morning Teresa—she was not bold, she simply did not comprehend—strode every time he passed her to win his ear and to detain him. He would not heed. At first he muttered that she must not disturb him, he was very busy; then he only shook his head; last he would not even look her way. Then Teresa wept.

Yet, when her eyes were quite hopelessly red and swollen, she ambushed herself in the little bower of budding rose-vines at

the dining-room door, and when Pasquale came out, with both hands full as it happened, she took him by the sleeve and talked fast to him between her sobs.

"But surely you do not understand, Pasquale *mio*, we are going away for two whole days to Torre del Greco. It is a serious business—about money. We may never come back at all." Here her tears silenced her and she must let go his sleeve to cover up her eyes.

Pasquale had stopped and was looking down at her; her tears so close by troubled him. "Oh, yes, you will surely come back," he said—Teresa's handkerchief faltered a little from her eyes—"Donna Maria could not get on without you." The handkerchief copiously mopped again, but Pasquale passed resolutely on.

Just then there sounded from far down the village street a clear, long cry of "Arancie! Arancie! Finocchio!" At once Pasquale, both hands still full of dishes, hastened to the gateway and looked out.

"Arancie!" It was a woman's voice, shrill, but a little sweet even in its long, high note. Pasquale smiled foolishly to himself and had almost carried the empty dishes back into the dining-room before he regained his wits. Teresa, on the hemicycle again, wept still more to observe him.

In a little while old Maria and Teresa went away. Donna Maria, the *padrona*, herself came out from the kitchen and walked to the gateway with them. "Good luck!" she said. "I know you will carry off the very best share. You will come back too rich to speak to us!"

"No, no, no," laughed old Maria; "it takes only good luck to get, but good sense to keep. We shall be back in two days, or even in one if all goes well. Then I shall cook for you, and Teresa shall make beds as before."

"You will be too proud after you really get it, you will see. You will be buying the Villa Lava, and Teresa here will set up as an heiress." Bartolo, the *padrone*, spoke thus from the front door of the building, also of pink stucco, at the back of which was the kitchen.

So they went away with such laughter from all the others that no one saw Teresa's tears, nor heard her little gulping sobs. And even as they went along the road her mother, immersed in agreeable computations, paid no heed.

"Arancie! Arancie fresche!" The cry was quite close at hand now, and in a moment old Maria had stopped to chaff in ready mirth with these early merchants, a young man and a young woman, of whom Donna Maria of the Albergo del Sole was a constant patron.

Now the young man, Giuseppe, was a lovely sight for any girl to see, tall, but delicate in mold as a fine bronze statue, with hair that blew all curly in the morning wind and eyes that perpetually made entrancing love. But Teresa turned her thin brown back straight toward the vision and let her red eyes wander on the Sarno fields. Giuseppe did not mind, perhaps he did not even notice; but while he bantered loudly with old Maria, the girl, Battista, came round to where Teresa pouted, whispering kindly, "What is the trouble, Teresa *mia?*"

Teresa twitched her shoulder crossly. "Get away!"

Battista lifted her fine brows and her eyes shone mirthfully. "Is Pasquale still unkind to you?" she asked, smiling at the tight back hair of the aggrieved one.

Thereupon Teresa flashed one look of rabbit-wrath and retreated behind her mother from the clear, large laughter of Battista's handsome bosom.

Presently the two groups separated upon their opposite ways.

As the cart came up the road toward the Tavern of the Sun, there was threaded through the dickering sales and the calling of their wares a conversation of significance between Battista and Giuseppe. From all the tones of it, it seemed frivolous enough, but the drama was enacted in their eyes.

"So you think she is a beauty?" This from the girl, of course.

"Who? Teresa?"

"No, *stupido*, Brigida. Even you are not such a fool as to think Teresa a beauty. Though, on the whole, I do not know but that she is prettier than your Brigida, after all."

Giuseppe's eyes sparkled while Battista tossed her head. "Yes, Brigida is a beauty, but she never looks bright and angry like you," he said.

"Do you know why? No? Well, she is twenty. No girl can afford after that to show temper to a man."

"So? Then I wish you were twenty!"

"Why me, when Brigida is as you wish and in your basket for the picking?"

"But, my cousin, do you really think she cares for me?" Giuseppe's eyes were a study, but Battista's would not meet them.

"Yes, Giuseppe, I do think so." Had he but seen her eyes now! "Do not be discouraged about her, cousin."

"Thank you, I will not."

Then they were in front of the Albergo del Sole, and Donna Maria came bustling out with her eyes rolled up despairingly, Pasquale close behind. Thereupon, while Donna Maria chattered out a bulk of trouble to Battista, that young woman came and stood close beside Pasquale, smiling at him, to his half-alarmed delight.

Donna Maria was surely in trouble enough. Two whole double-vettura-loads of *Americani* had come, and that to stay, all eight of them, only the Blessed Virgin knew how long. And here were Teresa and old Maria gone, leaving no one but herself, little Vincenzo, and Pasquale to do the work. Bartolo was of no account except for the business part of it. The *padrona* was quite beside herself. But, after all, it seemed that Battista was the very one to appeal to; for the moment that Maria paused to breathe the girl proffered her own services to fill the gap. Then, when Maria, almost speechless by reaction from her voluble anxiety, had accepted with a blessing, Battista gave one look each to Giuseppe and Pasquale, and went into the garden, laughing.

Pasquale came into the garden and stood laughing too; but there were many in the dining-room now, and Donna Maria bade him fly. The laugh dwelt with him, however, and shook out now and then unexpectedly, in response to an order perhaps, or when he bent to chase Fifi, the little dried-grass-colored dog, from under the table.

How could he help it? Every time he went across from the dining-room to the kitchen he had only to look up through the long, bright branches of the trees, and there, on some part of the recessed and winding ruin of a balcony on the building that contained the kitchen, he could see Battista pounding away at mattresses or shaking comforters: Battista, with her color, her laughter! And Battista, always looking for him, always smiled.

Pasquale forgot that he was bald, forgot

that he was somewhat fat, forgot that forty years looks very old to seventeen, especially such seventeen as Battista's. He smiled in turn and grew a pleasing red.

Then he thought of his good mother and of how Battista could care for her and could attend to the selling of the oranges, which it was so hard now for his mother to fetch and carry up and down the stair from her store-room even for her little retail trade, and of how she could look after the one petted sheep. Then, too, she could make things go more economically perhaps than the somewhat feeble mother could. Surely Pasquale was forty! But just as surely Pasquale was no more, for all the while that Battista sang up there in the morning air and smiled at him he went on laughing to himself and to Fifi.

There was small rest between the last breakfast and the first lunch, and no conversation time at all for Pasquale with Battista. But, when it came, even the well-anticipated afternoon was harder still to bear. Half that Elysian interval, while the precocious March wakened summer perfumes in the garden orange-trees, he sat at the kitchen door ignominiously swathed in aprons, and plucked the feathers from the dinner chickens. At first it was an easy, even a pleasant task, for Battista was working near by in a third building of pink stucco at the back of the garden.

This building had but one story, and the one story held three chambers, the best of the inn, each opening by a double door on a narrow, fancifully railed balcony. In front of the balcony stood two young cherry-trees that made a snowy interlace of bloom against the rose-pink wall, and at the foot of the trees were purple fleurs-de-lis. Up and down the balcony between the cherry-blossoms and the wall, from the first room to the second and back, flashed Battista, in full song.

"I am coming to oversee what you are doing when I am through here," she called, and Pasquale was happy.

But just as she was about to come, a young painter, a Swede with bright-gray eyes, came out of his chamber, which was the third, the farthest from Pasquale, paused to survey the girl, then, taking her civil "Buona sera, signore" as excuse, drew her into conversation.

Pasquale was aggrieved, but this was not to be all. In a moment the painter had

gone and come again with a box of crayons. Then Battista sat down upon the railing and he put some cherry-blossoms into her hands. The effect was not right. The painter threw the blooms away and, with a gesture of impatience at himself, hurried down the steps and toward the kitchen, calling Donna Maria.

"She is away," said Pasquale, shortly.

"Well, you may get me some oranges, then, very large and ripe ones of fine color."

Pasquale rose from the damp feathers and went after the fruit heavily.

"Quick!" called the young man after him; "this light will not last half an hour!"

Half an hour! Ah, that was different; he had thought it would be quite sunset before she would be free.

Yet that half-hour was bitter; the painter kept the girl talking, laughing, as she sat there on the rail with the oranges in her lap. From where he sat, his hands full of the unpleasant feathers and his shoulders aching from the long stoop, Pasquale could not see Battista's face, but from the poisonings of her head he could guess something; and, knowing so little of the painter-craft, he suspected many things from the artist's long looks at that face. He grew morose. But it was little more than half an hour when Battista, dancing with delight, called him to see the picture.

Was that Battista? He looked at the painter, at the girl, at the picture again. Yes, there were all the colors of Battista, but there was also something else—something very gracious. It made you think as Battista herself once in a very long while made you think, only the thought the picture gave was so much stronger; it was the idea caught, and kept to you, while Battista herself would have blurred it in a moment. Pasquale was awed a little, and when, a moment afterward, she threw him a jesting kiss he vaguely wished she had not.

Yet he felt ill used again at her spending almost all the rest of the afternoon in an unaccountable quiescence, sitting for more than an hour motionless on the stone wall of the garden. And his heart leaped deliciously as, a little before dinner, she joined him at the gate when Maria, who had in her excitement that morning forgotten to buy enough oranges at the cart, had bidden him go up the street to his mother's for some more.

However, he could say nothing to her, though he had all day been planning little speeches which should indicate that age—moderate age—made one only more of a connoisseur. He could say nothing at all: she dazzled him.

The evening was cool; the sky, yet brilliantly blue, was flecked with high, thin-blown clouds of a bright, Norseland pink. Vesuvius was again a cold blue shadow, though the smoke was radiant. Along the street of low pale-stuccoed houses, here and there before dark, open doorways, stood braziers of burning charcoal, where children danced and old men warmed their hands, and housewives, economizing so the indoor fire, stirred the evening brew.

The chill wrought electricity in Battista; it coruscated from her high black pompadour and emanated profoundly from the wide curves of her arms and bosom under the tight-drawn crimson shawl. She smiled upon Pasquale, and, not minding that he but swallowed ineffectual words, she herself talked, to his unbounded joy. And more—could he believe it?—she talked of his mother and her shop, asked much of it, until Pasquale himself grew eloquent at last of the merits of the groves whose agency his mother held, of the rare, sweet apples she was rich enough to vend, and of the fine big sheep she owned, so woolly and so white.

When they had passed some scaffolding that projected in front of the great church, they could see the very sheep itself, picketed before the wide door of the house, beside it on the walk an armful of green lupine. When they had come to the door Battista laid her hand upon the sheep's head, and she smiled winningly to Pasquale as they went inside.

Afterward Battista, kneeling on the floor beside some hampers of the fruit, was picking out the needed oranges and piling them in scales of battered brass. Darkness was dense in the windowless house, and a three-wick lamp of clay shed a thick flare of cadmium upon the girl and the fruit and the scales, all suspended so in a space of darkness. Pasquale and his mother stood apart, Pasquale whispering:

"Would you like her for a daughter, mother?"

"No, Pasquale; not as your wife."

"Why?"—this in amazement. "She is a good, good girl, I—"

"Si, si, si; she is very good. But she has too much of the wild wind in her, my Pasquale. She would wear out your soul. I know the girl. Better bring me Teresa."

But Pasquale was unshaken. His heart was not to misgive him yet, though it troubled him a little, very subtly, when, outside the door, Battista caught the basket of oranges from his short arms and swung it to her head, straightening under it like a Greek caryatid.

"Donna Maria and I are going to Brigida's to-night for a little while; will you come with us? Brigida said to ask you," she said.

"What is going on?"

"Oh, dancing and singing for us; but you will surely find older people there—quieter ones."

He hardly knew whether her eyes were laughing, they looked so straight out from under the basket, but he made a vow touching that innuendo, and replied, "I shall be glad to go—a thousand thanks."

They were passing the church again now, and people were coming out from vespers. Battista, long-limbed, walked rapidly, and it did indeed make Pasquale hasten somewhat to keep pace with her. But the truth of it made him no less resentful when the word was bruited by a friend or two, and some one turned out of a whispering group near the church to follow them. Very black of brow, he was momentarily awaiting fresh insult when the girl spoke:

"They are fools. I know that a coward may have a big body. There is Giuseppe now"—why did she speak so loudly such dangerous things, he wondered—"he is not very large, but he is a good deal larger than you, yet I know you could worst him easily. Would you, for my sake?" Then, very earnestly, "You may be obliged to."

"Why?" Unreasoning terror gripped his throat.

"He is—*O veramente*—he is jealous of you." Her head perforce kept straight, but her eyes drooped.

Pasquale's heart shot fire to his head, ice to his limbs. Jealous of him! Giuseppe the dandy, the man-beauty! Ah, what gay fellows we of forty are sometimes! But—*Sancta Vergine*—he might fight!

Battista walked a step nearer. "But do not be hurt; do not be too rash. Remember me!" Why should a woman make such a

speech so loudly? "Be on perpetual guard. He is even following us now!"

Pasquale somehow stilled the clamor of his legs to run, but that writhing ache of spine which pursues children down dark hallways beset him fearfully until he was in the bright accustomed dining-room, and it had been arranged that Vincenzo and Battista were to bring the dishes in across that twilight garden.

Now it was Pasquale's custom, when the dinner work was quite over, to go home, pausing, if at all, only a very little while, at the *Sale e Tabacchi* shop near by for a fling of political argument in the yellow candle-light. His kindly face, that in his sleep betrayed the growing inner weariness of his years, was always on his peaceful, mother-smoothed pillow by nine o'clock.

As he sat at his own late dinner to-night, at the end of the kitchen table, even while he was looking at Battista he found himself hating the prospective revel. Then he remembered what Battista had said, and—Santa Catarina!—was he indeed irretrievably one of the older, quieter ones?

He bargained instantly with Donna Maria for an extra *fiasco* of common wine. Presently he had the joy to find himself very merry, and with such capability in song that Battista and Donna Maria, who too was young, leaned their shapely backs against the wall and screamed with laughter. It was enough; wine was proved potent. He ordered from Bartolo, who was much amazed, a bottle of good *Lacrimæ Christi*, at the awful price of three *live*. They drank it all together, and Pasquale was made.

On the way to Brigida's Battista pleaded: "Keep near me—Giuseppe will be there." Giuseppe indeed! Pasquale would break his head!

There surely was music and dancing at Brigida's house that night. Pasquale sang with the rest, and, very successfully, sang alone to his own accompaniment on the fine banjo of the amazed Giuseppe, whose ostentatious attentions to Brigida became markedly forced and presently failed almost altogether.

Pasquale danced. How limber his knees were! He danced with the rest, and, late in the evening, solo. His solo dances were from vague memories, eked with spontaneous supplementings of his own: memories of savage dances that black-bearded, ear-

ringed sailors, lounging about the Porto Piccolo, had taught him in his Neapolitan boyhood.

How easy it was, after all, to be young again! The warm sun on the wharves, the small, dark boats rocking on the water that was blue even in that shallow, the wild tales of fabulous "overseas," the smell of fruits, the folk-songs, swam up into his brain once more, and he utterly lost the large, faintly lighted room at Brigida's. He lost the figures of the old women, who, amazed, nodded to one another, regarding him without mirth; lost the figures of the girls, who stared, but shrieked out shrill, melodious laughter; of the young men, who kept time to his dancing and winked to one another scornfully; even of Battista, who, a shade more serious than the rest, stood near him.

At last his dancing slowed perceptibly—it was twilight on the Porto Piccolo to him—and the room grew very still. He stepped unevenly toward a chair,—to him it was a little boat on the blue water,—and a new, low, unpleasant laughter made an undertone all around. It grew until, just as Pasquale, sitting in the chair, dropped his head into his hands, Battista cried out:

"Giuseppe, come! You laugh at him. See if you can dance as well. Dance yourself, I say, if you can do as well!"

The crowd saw the ruse and was delighted to assist at this conflict of the gods. So, while Giuseppe glowered, and his head sank between his shoulders like an angry cat's, while Battista, railing, beckoned him to take the middle of the floor, the crowd laughed and chaffed him without mercy until, at last, they stung him up to dance.

Then, while he was performing a fierce Sicilian measure and the company were all intent on him, Donna Maria and Battista persuaded Pasquale quietly away.

NEXT morning, when Pasquale was awakened in his room by the brightness of a little square of sunshine traveling on his whitewashed wall, it was with a heavy sense of futility somewhere. It seemed strange, too; for even his usual morning mood was most lightsome, and had he not this last night gone to bed the all-but-accepted lover of Battista? He recognized the untoward condition of his soul and sat up to consider, his head between his hands. Something within him coldly said, "Re-

member!" Remember? What should he remember? He groped in an ominous mist. Just then a coin that had been under his pillow slipped, disturbed by his sitting up, and fell clinking to the cement floor.

"Ah!" It was with a gesture and a sob of genuine dramatic woe that Pasquale did at last remember. Two things he recalled: one, that he had been drunk—yes, quite drunk; and another, swiftly, when he heard the coin. This was a long event.

He went over it all again, with bitterness, while he dressed.

He was quite himself, he remembered, plus the *Lacrimæ Christi*, when they came out into the cool night from Brigida's; and the wine's addition had surely been to his advantage. He knew what he wished to say, and the blessed wine said it for him ardently, gracefully. Battista and he sat on the hemicycle, *Donna Maria* discreetly near, and once, twice, Battista let him hold her hand a moment.

His plea, he recalled it, was poetic, worthy of the hour, almost of the lady. She was pleased, too, urging him by her sweetness, applauding him by her sighs. As he spoke, her eyes shone more and more, she grew more restless on the little seat, until at last in a pause she rose before him, with both hands held out rapturously. (Pasquale shut his eyes now, the better to recall her.)

"O Pasquale *mio*," she cried, "will you always make love to me so, every hour when we are together?" (He opened his eyes again to the morning light, thinking grimly what the price would be of the pale amber wine the answering assurance that he gave her would entail.)

"Pasquale," she said again, after that assurance and a pause while she had stood with her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes fixed on the moon—"Pasquale, sing for me to dance."

Obediently he sang and the girl danced, spontaneously, with delight; slowly at first, then, nodding slightly at him to direct the music, faster, faster, faster, till she whirled, light as some brilliant wraith, where the moon shone under the straight, high trees. He sang and sang, mercilessly goaded by her eyes' impatience when he flagged; sang until he could sing absolutely no more, and must lean back, weary and amazed.

Then, after a few desultory steps without the music, she breathed a little sigh almost

as of return to consciousness, and, coming to him, sat down at his feet on the raised base of the hemicycle.

For a while her head was bowed, but at last she lifted it and sat looking off at the mountain-crest where the smoke, blowing westward in a great wind from the Apennines, was steadily illuminated by the glow from the new lava-stream on the Naples side of the mountain. While she looked a strange moonlight glimmer gathered in her eyes.

The hurt surprise vanished from him when she sat down at his feet; and while she was looking at the mountain he was slowly bending toward her, summoning his courage. When her eyes at length left the mountain and turned upon him, he did not heed the witch-light in them, but spoke at once.

"Do you love me, Battista?"

She breathed a gentle little laugh. "How do I know? How should I know yet? Pasquale, what—?"

But Pasquale went on, unheeding: "Battista, will you marry me?"

Again the gentle laugh: "Have you asked my good uncle? How can I tell, myself? Pasquale—*mio*—what would you do for me?"

He trembled with happiness. "Anything! everything!" he said.

The shine in her eyes grew brighter. The weirdness in them he had not consciously noted then, but this morning it assailed him.

"Pasquale, will you take a coin I have and in the morning bring it back to me fastened in a piece of the new lava? Will you? Will you have it here in the morning before sunrise?"

It was a trick only for guides, for old ones, and the best at that.

He gazed at her, dumb, while the thing flew through his mind. The obscure and winding road, with its sleeping villages and the ill-rumored stretches between; the long, bare, desolate slope of shifting ashes, tormenting to the tread; the mile of struggle over the recent lava, with its galling, cutting spines, its jagged hummocks, its rent hills where red eyes still glowed in the deeper crevices; the blind, blistered tempting of that demon at the last when the coal-red stream gushed out, rounded up like a thick snake. He saw himself slipping, falling, as he twisted out with an iron-shod staff a red bit of the lava, saw

himself fainting with the hot stench of the gas as he pressed the coin into the little darkening round and turned the soft edges over it to hold it fast embedded and prove his daring.

He imagined clearly everything that might happen, but all the while he was looking into the girl's eyes where the witch-light was, and he said, "I will go. Get me the coin."

She laughed that very gentle laugh again and went into the house.

Quite at the end of the building in the garden, where the cherry-trees were, was a little wing-like projection holding a fourth room, entered from the ground. It was a very tiny room; the doorway made its length, and the door, always swung back, just fitted the end wall.

Out of this doorway and far upon the deeply shadowed path that led to it shone a little shrine-light, burning before a picture of Holy Mary of the Rosary, the beloved Virgin of Pompeii.

A moment after Battista had gone into the house Pasquale knelt at this shrine, his bald head reverently bowed over his clasped hands. The Blessed Virgin's face looked on him from the chromo with tenderness, with understanding. And this last was very well for Pasquale, for his mind was much confused. Twice he rose and had almost left the shrine, yet turned and knelt again with emotion.

But at last he came quite out of the doorway into the path. Instantly a decisive hand reached out of the shadow beside the door and grasped his arm.

"Do not be a fool altogether!" exclaimed Donna Maria in a sharp whisper, and the hand actually shook him. "Do you not imagine that the Holy Virgin has better affairs to busy her than to watch over you running your head into unnecessary danger at a word from that lump of vanity? You would better keep peace of mind and a living for your mother than risk your neck to get a bit of rubbish which that girl will laugh at when you bring it, and lose in the dust next day!"

It was as if a sudden, ghostly embodiment of his browbeaten common sense, which had been vainly striving for audience, had risen in the dark and faced him. But all around him, in the sky-lit interstices of the trees, in the mild glint of the orange-flowers, he saw the compelling light of Battista's eyes.

"I must go," he said.

The hand again shook him with disgusted vigor: "You are a fool; and you are an old fool, so no one can change you!" Donna Maria's skirts rustled sharply as she left him.

Pasquale came down the path softly, not by design, but because he was moving under a spell. When he was passing the kitchen he heard Battista's voice. Surely it was Battista's, but as he had never heard it before, deep, tender, and now passionately remonstrant. He did not hear any other voice, but his heart explained instantly that she was making reply to some one who had expostulated against her favor toward himself.

He waited only a moment in the full light of the garden before she appeared, pressed the coin into his hand, and gave him a cloak and Bartolo's iron-shod staff.

"Good night," she said. "*Buona fortuna!*"

"Good night," he answered, and went away at once down the street toward Torre d'Annunziata, where one makes the first turn to go to Vesuvius.

But only a little later he was journeying homeward very quietly in the shadow on the opposite side of the street.

There had been much in what Donna Maria said, there had been no light in Battista's eyes that last moment in the garden, and Pasquale was forty and utterly tired.

As he passed the inn there was talk and there was laughter, Battista's sweet and loud, and Giuseppe's—unmistakably Giuseppe's—gaily answering.

It was the memory of all those scenes of varied joy and their closing in this traitorous mirth that woke at the sound of the falling coin this morning and brought the groan. Pasquale groaned again when he considered it. But he doggedly picked the bronze disk from the floor and thrust it into his pocket to return to the girl.

He took up the cloak and the staff and went slowly out into the street. He was glad that his mother did not hear him. He gazed a moment, sadly reminiscent, at the

sheep's curly frontlet, then dubiously journeyed down the street.

How should he meet her? He was her declared suitor, but, alas! even the rags of his dream that were left in his hands were dull gray to his awakened eyes. He was still tired and forty in the morning sun; the girl, he knew, was no less a lovely folly-fire than yesterday.

How should he account for the coin lavaless? Should he brave her displeasure, use dignity, authority? With *her*? Yet, if he should appear repentant, what task to-night? Withal, what of Giuseppe?

He was already late, but he leaned against one of the uprights of the scaffolding before the church, not far from an orange-cart that stood there, its master evidently within at early mass. He was in deep thought.

In a few minutes two people came out of the church and approached the orange-cart, walking among the scaffolding and in the shadow of it. Then, while he shrank back noiselessly from upright beam to beam, Pasquale saw Giuseppe and Battista kiss each other.

When Pasquale came into the inn-garden at the Tavern of the Sun it seemed quite deserted. He looked into the dining-room. No one was there, and he sat down on the old sofa in the corner, his face between his hands.

Then some one came into the room, so softly that he did not hear the step at all, and Teresa bent over him, with her soft, thin little cheek, quite a rose-color just now, against the bald head. Teresa's hair had been made very frizzy, as becomes an heiress; she had on a new, bright-blue gown; and around her thin throat were rows and rows of the pinkest coral beads that ever graced a shop-window in Torre del Greco.

Pasquale, making a plaintive kind of note, looked up at her, gazed with an arrested eye. Then he took her hand and held it to his cheek, while she bent above him shyly, sweetly, yet with some dawning trace of archness.

"Teresa mia," he said, "will you marry me?"



Drawn by Louis Loeb. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THEY DRANK IT ALL TOGETHER, AND PASQUALE WAS MADE"



## ALLADE OF THE MANDOLIN



KENTON  
FOSTER  
MURRAY



W  
EIRD THE VIOLIN'S REFRAIN,  
PASSIONATE ITS NOTE AND CLEAR,  
FIT FOR NORSEMAN OR FOR DANE,  
FIERCE IN WRATH AND WILD IN FEAR;  
PIPE AND TABOR ALL REVERE,  
SOME THE BASSOON'S LUSTY DIN;  
BUT TO ANY GENTLE EAR  
SWEETEST IS THE MANDOLIN.

H  
ARP AND LUTE SHOULD NONE DISDAIN  
(NAUGHT BY MINSTREL HELD SO DEAR);  
OFTEN HATH THEIR TENDER STRAIN  
DRAWN FROM NOBLE EYES THE TEAR;  
MANY A MAID WILL TAKE FOR CHEER  
DULCIMER OR CLAVECIN;  
NONE OF THESE 'T IS BEST TO HEAR —  
SWEETEST IS THE MANDOLIN.

I  
N THE SUNNY COURTS OF SPAIN,  
LAND OF DON AND CAVALIER,  
LOVE AND MUSIC HOLD DOMAIN,  
SPEEDING ON THE FLYING YEAR;  
THERE THE GAY GUITARS APPEAR—  
DOMINO AND HARLEQUIN.  
SUCH IT IS IN SPAIN, BUT HERE  
SWEETEST IS THE MANDOLIN.

### L'ENVOI



P  
RINCE, BELIEVE ME NOT SEVERE —  
SILVER-SOFT THY FLUTE HATH BEEN.  
EVEN IF PAN HIMSELF BE NEAR,  
SWEETEST IS THE MANDOLIN.



Drawn by Harvey Ellis. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

# THE MAKING OF THE UNIVERSE

BY JOHN HENRY FREESE

Observer at the Harvard College Observatory<sup>1</sup>

AFTER looking through a telescope of high power at such objects in the heavens as nebulae and star-clusters, or perhaps at the "mountains on the moon," visitors at the Harvard Observatory always marvel at their delicacy of definition and general magnificence, and often make the inquiry: "Do stars change, and is any order of change discernible?" In the present article I shall consider this question.

Under my analysis, the inquiry means, Has the nebular hypothesis been proved or disproved in the light of facts disclosed by recent astronomical research? Great thinkers of the past have thought that the sun and its planets, including the earth, existed long ago in a diffused nebulous state, rotating on its axis, from which the sun and its planets have evolved by the natural forces of attraction and condensation. At the present time this theory is widely accepted among astronomers.

Sir William Herschel, the renowned English astronomer and indefatigable explorer of the stellar realm, extended the aforementioned nebular hypothesis beyond our solar system. His great intellect conceived the evolution of the stellar universe in a manner that has received striking confirmation from recent stellar photographs.

Let us consider whether the nebular theory applies to all the stars, or, as the visitor puts it, do real changes take place in the stars, and can we discern the order of change? Do these "unnumbered sparks" grow up from an infancy, live a life, and then undergo extinction and dissolution, only to be recreated by the forces of nature?

Changes may be of position, of form, and of composition, though these divisions are closely related.

Detecting changes of the position of stars with reference to one another involves an exceedingly nice observation and calculation, but numerous independent researches have confirmed the general principle that the stars in the constellations of Hercules and Lyra are apparently spreading, and those on the opposite side of the celestial sphere are growing nearer together. It was Sir William Herschel who made this great discovery, and he argued from it that our solar system is moving rapidly through space toward Hercules, an analogous apparent motion being that of groves of trees, when a person moves from one grove toward another, in which case the trees behind him seem to be growing nearer together, and those before him seem separating farther apart. Aside from these general changes, occasioned by the translation of our solar system in space, it is certain that many of the stars are moving irregularly in reference to one another,—some this way, some that,—stars near together tending to move in the same direction. One star, known as No. 1830 Groombridge's Catalogue, moves ten degrees in five thousand years; Arcturus moves five degrees in ten thousand years, both being extraordinarily great changes from the astronomical point of view. Professor Arthur Searle of the Harvard Observatory has recently detected a star having a very large proper motion, and such new discoveries are becoming commoner every day.

Many stars show a tremendous velocity

<sup>1</sup> The illustrations are mainly reproductions from prints made by the writer, being his interpretation of negatives made under the direction of Edward C. Pickering, Director of the Harvard College Observatory.

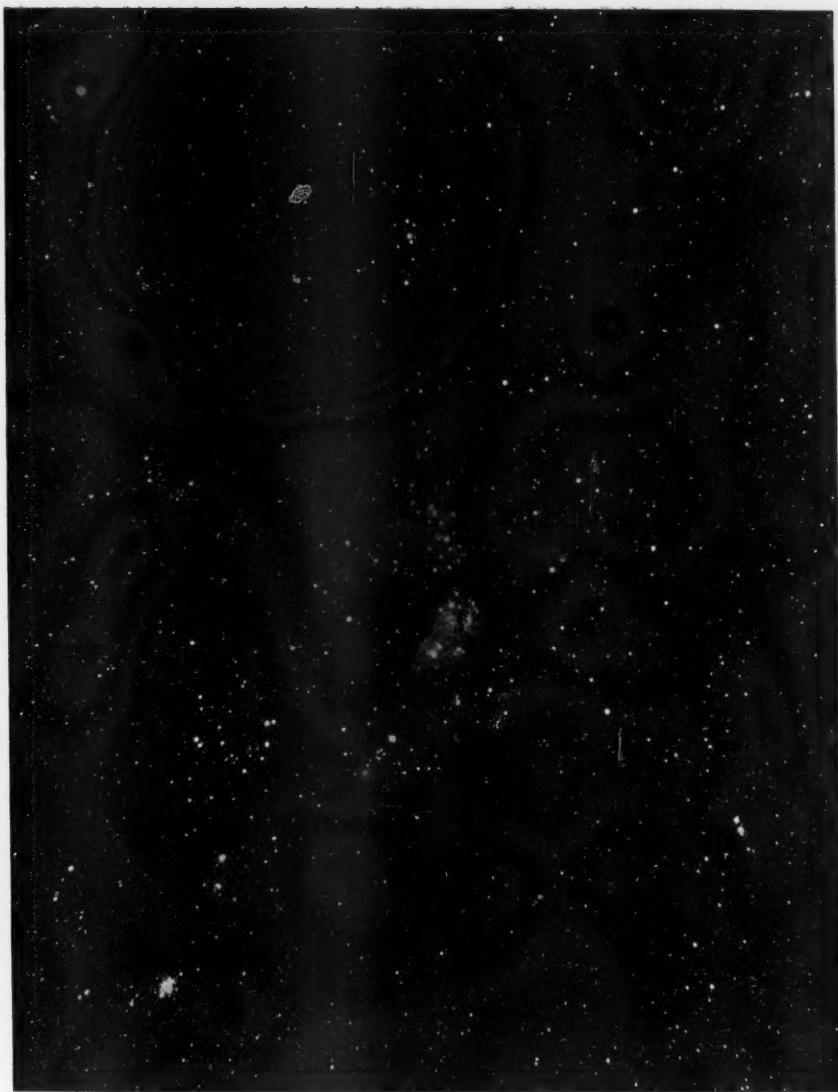


FIGURE I. A RICH FIELD OF STARS. FROM A PLATE COVERING ONLY FIVE SQUARE DEGREES, BUT SHOWING OVER 400,000 STARS BY ACTUAL COUNT

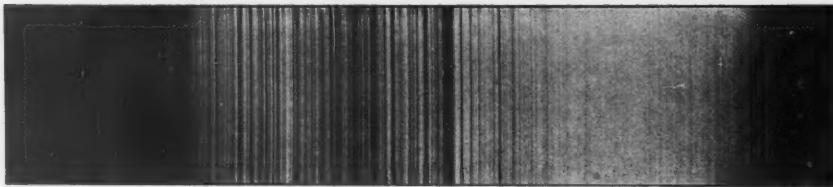


FIGURE 2. SPECTRUM OF ALPHA BOÖTES

in the line of sight, some moving toward, others away from, the earth. Sir William Huggins discovered the ingenious means of detecting this phenomenon by the spectroscope. A single point of light passed through a prism gives what is called a spectrum. When spread out by a cylindrical lens, or by a trail on a photographic plate, this appears as a ribbon of light crossed by certain lines. These lines stand for certain chemical elements—hydrogen, calcium, and so on. Figure 2 shows a spectrum of the star Alpha Boötis, photographed at the Harvard Observatory. The lines crossing the band of light shift their position as the body moves nearer or farther from the observer, and the amount of change can be measured, and the movement in the line of sight can be detected and estimated.

Changes in form and composition I shall discuss together, and endeavor to work out a definite cycle of evolution.

As a starting-point in this endless chain of stellar evolution, conceive the existence of a vast amount of molecular matter, or perhaps gaseous atoms, much diffused in space, and too remote and infinitesimal to be perceived by any human agencies of discernment. Space is filled with such atoms, and they are continually changing their position with respect to one another. Changes in this mass of "star-dust" are exceedingly slow, for thousands of years are but momentary in the scale of cosmic time. At length, however, mutual gravitation brings the atoms near together, and simultaneously, uninterruptedly, and with increasing activity, mutual pressure and increase of temperature bring about chemical union. At length these united molecules, by combining with one another again and again, aggregate into irregular, spiral, and annular clouds of nebulae. It is the steady pull of gravity which overcomes atomic repulsion and compels mutual approach



FIGURE 3. THE GREAT NEBULA IN ORION



FIGURE 4. THE TRIFID NEBULA

of the particles. Figure 3 shows one of the earlier forms of nebulae. Here I believe a tremendous collision between stars in all probability took place many ages ago. The colliding bodies may have been bright stars, but more likely were stars cooled and darkened by radiation and contraction. Then atomic concentration began, and has continued until a nebula of enormous extent

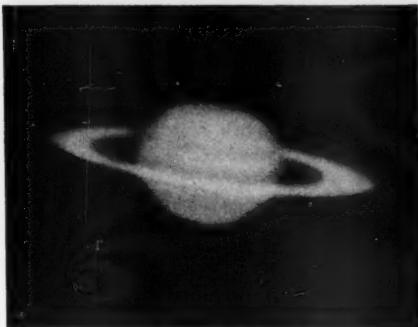


FIGURE 5. THE PLANET SATURN.

is established, the more or less homogeneous mass probably rotating around a common center of gravity. Continued condensation and centripetal action cause accelerated motion, while, on account of the centrifugal force, division of the nebula may take place, as is shown in Figure 4. Here, in a later stage, the nebula is seen divided into two parts, and the larger component shows unmistakable evidence of an approaching division into three parts. There are various forms of concentration, just as we observe the same phenomena in sky-clouds and dust-clouds. Such forms depend upon the shape of the nebula, its density, motion, size, etc. The photographs themselves are self-explicable, indicating that the form really depends upon the accident of creation, whether by collision of stars or by the attractive accumulation of star-stuff. The whole nebula may revolve, throwing off outer rings, as is shown in Figure 5, which represents the planet Saturn, and in Figure 6, which shows the planet Jupiter. These photographs give autobiographical evidence, the latter of the existence of attached rings in ages long gone by, while the rings of Saturn remain clearly intact. The bands upon Jupiter's surface and the rings of Saturn may be

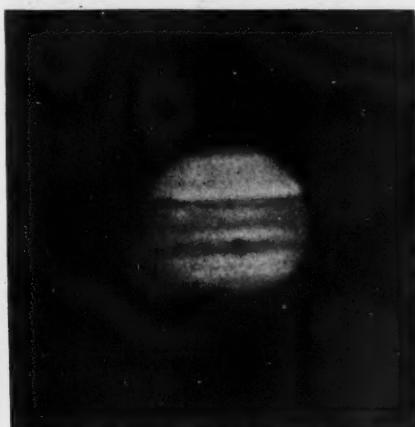


FIGURE 6. THE PLANET JUPITER

seen clearly with a telescope of low power. Figure 7 shows a more extended state of condensation, and is not easily interpreted. Here groups of stars are shown surrounded by nebulous clouds. Gradually the nebulous matter is absorbed, and the perpetual recurrence of curves and lines of equal stars regularly interspersed, having strikingly similar configuration and being self-delineated on the photographic plates just



FIGURE 7. NEBULA IN CARINA



FIGURE 8. GREAT NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA

By courtesy of Dr. Isaac Roberts of England

connected with nebulous matter, adds proof to this hypothesis. Figure 8 shows the nebula in Andromeda, its spiral formation appearing quite clearly. Here, notwithstanding the unfavorable inclination of the axis of the spiral, we see a strong central nucleus encompassed by dark bands, showing divisions between symmetrical bands or rings of nebulous matter, the center of which must be many times larger than our whole solar system. Figures 9 and 10 show two other examples of spiral nebulae, and these nebulae are profusely distributed throughout the heavens, and they almost all show strong central nuclei, the outer portions being more or less broken up, from which innumerable nebulous wisps extend out-

ward—in all making a strong pictorial argument, tending to show that large star-clusters are the result of the convolutions of spiral nebulae. Probably the outside of nebula breaks up first, and so we find many with uniform stars on the outside, but with centers which cannot be resolved by telescopes of the highest power. Figure 11 shows a cluster in process of condensation, the outside being condensed into the stars, and the nucleus being irresolvable. Figure 12 shows a cluster which can be resolved almost wholly. In all probability this was once a spiral nebula, and we see it in a much condensed state, looking along the axis of the spiral—looking into the cone, as it were. Figure 13 shows

the group of stars known as the Pleiades, it being a condensation almost consummated, a faint nebula only remaining around the newly formed stars.

Thus we have viewed the transformation of nebulae into stars. To complete the cycle of evolution by understanding the change from stars into nebulae is most perplexing. But the spectroscope comes to our aid. With the spectroscope we can



FIGURE 9. GREAT SPIRAL NEBULA IN HYDRA

quite certainly determine star-temperatures, which gives us an indication of the star's age. This is done by an analysis of the star's spectrum, a star-spectrum being shown in Figure 2. Sirius and other bluish-white stars give spectra crossed by heavy hydrogen lines, indicating a high temperature of the dense primordial matter and its envelopment in hydrogen gas of high temperature. This stage I conceive as an early one in stellar life. As condensation and radiation progress, the gaseous star grows brighter, as may happen to a star as explained by Lane's law. In Capella and other stars having spectra resembling our sun, the carbon and metallic lines are conspicuous and numerous, indicating a much more condensed state than Sirius, and recording the extensive dissipation of energy in the form of light and heat. These stars may be called middle-aged. In Aldebaran and other of the lighter-red

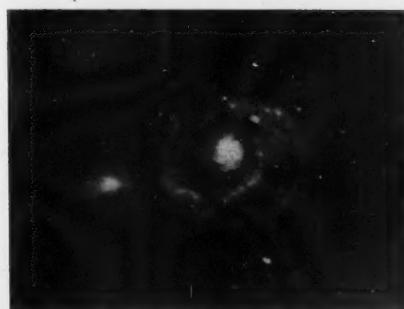


FIGURE 10. GREAT SPIRAL NEBULA IN CANES MAJORES

stars, the spectra are crossed by faint metallic lines and dark bands, faint toward the red end of the spectrum. In other deep dark-red stars the metallic lines are faint, and the dark bands are faint toward the violet end of the spectrum, these two latter stages, in my opinion, being the last stage toward total extinction of light.

Stars, after gradually absorbing all surrounding nebulous particles, at the end of the transition from a gaseous state sink in temperature. Like our sun, they gradually cool off, and sometime become dark and dead. This, to my mind, is also proved by the fact that so many stars are apparently cooling off, varying extensively in the amount of light-emission, which irregularity has not as yet been adequately explained. At present there are a great many long-period variable stars, many of which I have observed myself. These stars are periodically compared with the stars near them of apparently constant magnitude, the comparison stars being of graded degrees



FIGURE 11. CLUSTER IN HERCULES



FIGURE 12. CLUSTER IN CENTAURUS

of brightness and perhaps being lettered from A to K, A being the brightest, and K several magnitudes fainter. At maximum brightness, a star may be as bright as A or B, and at minimum as faint as K, an unquestioned change of several magnitudes in brightness. I believe that in time to come, perhaps not for many centuries, the course of variation of all stars, apart from the cycles of variation now so easily fixed, will be found rising or falling, and unquestionably determined to be at some stage in cosmic life or in the cycle of evolution as revealed by the spectroscope. Extensive variation, I believe, is a symptom of extreme decadence, dark-redness being a prelude to extinction. Becoming dark and of smaller and smaller mass affects velocity and increases perturbations of motion, and they become at length more and more irregular. Then it must follow that collisions and grazings of stars occur. Figure 14 shows the recent "new star in Perseus" as photographed at the Yerkes Observatory. It is the most perfectly ob-

served of all "new stars," and is an instance where, in all probability, either a small body or small nebula collided with a similar body or a tremendous internal explosion took place. It blazed out in February, 1901, at a place where no star had previously been observed, and has ever since been subsiding. Besides this one, astronomical history has recorded at least fifteen similar instances.

But you ask, "Why do not bright stars collide, since they are so thick?" To this I say that, from the astronomical point of view, stars are not thick, but are separated by vast distances in space, and, further,

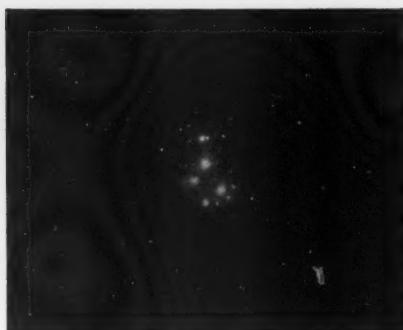


FIGURE 13. THE PLEIADES

that our universe has existed for such an infinitely long time—for millions and millions of ages—that it has reached a high degree of stability, and, by the theory of chances, such collisions are extremely unlikely, though they must occasionally occur.

This primary diffusion of molecules is not only brought about by collisions of stars themselves, but by the collision and disintegration of comets and meteors, and by volcanic action and star-explosions and the incessant chemical action going on in space.

Extraordinary as it may seem, two hundred tons of meteors fall upon the earth daily, working tremendous geological and chemical effect in a long period.



FIGURE 14. THE "NEW STAR IN PERSEUS"

By courtesy of Mr. G. W. Ritchey, the Yerkes Observatory

# THE VISION<sup>1</sup>

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

I

"I MIGHT ez well fly round an' stir up a few crulls an' make a nutcake," sighed Ma Gladden from the kitchen table one March morning, "fer we 'll shorely hev Doc Briskett here afore midnight."

"Why, ye 'pear to be purty peart this mornin', ma," replied her husband from the open door.

"It 'll be fer yerself, pa. Ye 'll shorely be needin' him ef ye try plowin' thet south field arter hevin' the roomatics sence Christmas."

Pa turned upon his partner with a look of mild reproach.

"Drusilly, thar air times when ye 're a leetle too wordy. It 's an awful drawback to a woman. Ye know I 'm lookin' forrad to plowin' thet field, an' so ye make it a most distressin' subjekc."

"Ye air allers likely ter hev yer own way, pa. I hain't fergot thet barn."

Pa began a soft, sibilant whistling of "Old Joe Bowers," which seemed to convey a great deal of meaning. Then he silently rose, with a mended bridle in his right hand. Ma softened at once.

"Thar 's yer dinner," she announced, holding forth a good-sized basket, "an' thar 's a plenty. I never knew ye to come hum from the south field with a crumb. Thet air a good locality to get rid o' good food."

"The basket gin'rally does show its bare bones scand'lous," assented pa; "but I 'll tell ye how it is, Drusilly: ef 't ain't folks it 's creetur's, an' ef 't ain't creetur's it 's birds an' squirrels thet sassy thar 's no denyin' 'em."

<sup>1</sup> See also, in THE CENTURY for December, 1901, "The Mystery Play," a story by the same author, in which Pa and Ma Gladden appear as characters.—EDITOR.

Ma Gladden shaded her eyes with her hand to shut out the strong sunlight.

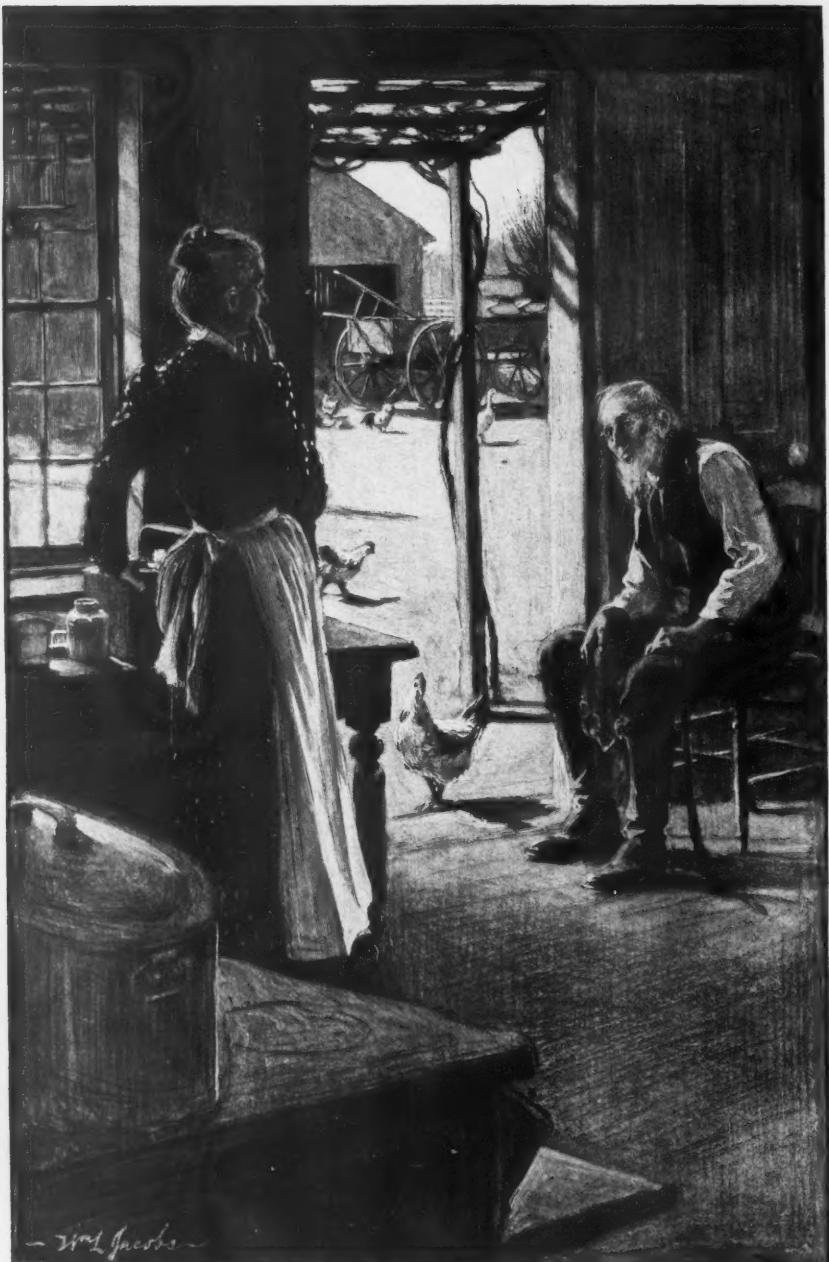
"It air a fine day, shorely," she smiled, "still a leetle wet underfoot. I hev real misgivin's, Asahel."

"Waal, I swanny, Drusilly," exclaimed the small man, now thoroughly roused, "ye shorely know thet the kernel of the hull year ter me is in the plowin' of thet south field. Ef thar air one spot on the place thet I hev a nateral affection fer, it 's thet spot. It air suttinly a locality whar man kin peruse his own idees. I been born inter the speerit thar ag'in an' ag'in. Actoonly, ef ever I am held in the holler of the Almighty hand, it 's when I 'm pursuin' Cephy up an' down them long furrers. Me an' Cephy works out the hull problem of the resurrection thar once a year. I don' warn't ter forgo thet sort o' blessed 'sprience, Drusilly. I been havin' a reg'ler tussle with Satan an' the roomatics all winter, an' I do want revivin' bad."

Drusilly nodded her head slowly.

"I know ye 're sot on it. I 'll hesh up, pa, an' put a leetle mullen an' vinegar on ter steep. So go 'long."

Pa waved his hand as gallantly as a young lover and strode away to the great barn quite briskly for a victim of the rheumatism. He loved to be abroad in the awakening of the world, and this was the great birth, the morning of the spring. All life in earth and air was reviving. Tiny springs and streams glittered everywhere. The sunshine had a crystalline clearness, the air had a spicy tang in it. Distant woodlands seemed mystic forms wrapped about with diaphanous veils of mist, rose, violet, and faint green. Nearer tree forms



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"IT 'LL BE FER YERSELF, PA'"

were nymphs in swirling garments. Over the deeper brooks and pools hung ethereal mists, formless, dissolving, fleeting, returning. Pa Gladden drew in deep breaths as he gazed. He realized, in his inmost being, the deep throes that went on beneath his feet. His heart chanted its choral:

The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Behold him, a half-hour later, in the south field, backing a faded red wagon into a fence corner, and directing Cephy with a beautiful disregard of any distinction in intelligence between man and beast. To the most casual observer it would have been at once patent that Cephy appreciated this sweeping away of barriers. He watched Pa Gladden and listened to his conversation with respect and reverence. Between them was not only faith, peace, and concord, but a sympathetic affection.

"Stand over a leetle, Cephy," directed Pa Gladden; "seems like ye 've lost yer calcilation of how ter git inter this plow, hain't ye? Don't ye be disturbin' the peace of my mind, Cephy, so that I 'll hev any speeritoal 'rastlin's ter calm it. It ain't too fine a day. My mind air goin' ter rise erbove all things mortal, Cephy, an' ye must do the plowin'. It 's a day that air carryin' ter the speerit, shorely."

Cephy turned his head and whinnied several times, but finally settled down into a steady going forward up and down the long field, that was, of a truth, like the hollow of God's hand. It was an oval dip between gracious slopes. The sides gently fell into an emerald bowl, all tree-bordered and hedge-bordered with sweetest, wildest growths. Here were locust-trees still thinly clad, the budding dogwood and the reddinged sassafras, the bursting wild berry and greenbrier, the palest emerald of the wild-grape tendrils, and all those wanton-natured creepers that cling to tree and shrub alike. In this bit of nature's choicest work Pa Gladden stood, the one thing human. Beneath the translucent dome that roofed his chosen temple he moved and fed his soul with infinite suggestions.

He walked forward steadily, a figure well in accord with the place. His faded blue overalls were tucked into his high boots, his red neckerchief was carelessly knotted over his calico shirt, and a woeful old felt hat was drawn well down over his

forehead. Yet he saw all. Not a nesting bird building in the hedge-row, not a bright-eyed squirrel venturing out of its hiding-place, but he noted; not a wafting about of the intangible growth-aroma but made his heart leap. When he reached those spots where the sun shone, his blood pushed and leaped in his veins. From the ground came new odors, and the upturned earth seemed full of those forces that calmed and strengthened him.

Two months of rheumatic suffering had tried his soul. He felt that he needed spiritual as well as physical regeneration. Racked with pain, he conceived it the absence of God's favor and chided himself for his depression of spirits as a tangible evidence of spiritual retrogression. Through the dark days of winter, kept from his usual active tasks by his ailments, he cried out in longing toward the spring. Then and only then, he explained to Elder Becks of the Pegram church, could he expect to return to the full favor of his Lord.

Elder Becks listened respectfully, but he was rarely able to rise triumphant above the trials of the Pegram pastorate.

"We are to see through a glass darkly, you know, not now face to face."

"But I been right nigh ter God two or three times," persisted Pa Gladden. After the elder's departure, nowise cast down, he confided in Drusilly:

"Ma, Satan suttinly works on the elder's liver an' keeps him low down in heart. Why, some days he 's actoolly green in the face. It 's borne in upon me that one of my greatest' marcies is hevin' ye ter do my cookin'."

Elder Becks, in this conversation, had also spoken of the insignificance of the individual, the great good of the whole, and the small chance any one person had of special recognition by God. Pa Gladden was pondering upon this as he followed the plow. His conversations were always directed at Cephy.

"Oh, yes, Cephy, I 'm a pore worm jes like that wriggly brown one thar, jes an atom, ez the elder says, but I feel clean ter the bone that the Omnipotent has mastered his hull job. I don' hol' that one creetur he has made air overlooked er fergotten, nary one lost outen his jurisdiction. He may not call ter me now, but ef he does, I 'm a-listenin'—listenin' an' lookin', Cephy."

His thoughts were uplifted in his own soul's psalm-making:

"Lord, thou art entirely witnessed in this upliften' mornin'.

"Thy servant asts ye ter come right down inter the middle o' this new life, Father of love, inter the ground an' the sunshinin'. Lemme feel that thrill o' grace an' redeem-in' love that I been sorrerful fer of late!"

"Pore worm that I be, I been closet ter thy feet oncet er twicet. Make me fit ter see thy face in some time nigh at hand."

Undoubtedly Pa Gladden liked things to happen. Hours passed, and the coveted thrill of grace was denied him. It was almost "lyin'-by time." Pa Gladden was standing wearily by the plow, and he had just remarked, "Oncet up an' oncet down, an' then we'll call it a mornin'," when Cephy gave a curious snort and shied violently. As pa had his head rather despondently upon his chest, he saw nothing. At Cephy's sudden movement he was at once awake and alert. He looked to right, to left, and swept the oval with the keenest glances. Nothing unusual was in sight, but pa went to the horse's head with the fullest confidence in him.

"So I hev missed suthin', Cephy? Mebbe I was noddin'. It stan's ter reason that my thorts war suttinly not fixed on my Maker. Ye saw suthin', an' I missed it. Lord, I am shorely a most errin' human.

"Oncet up an' oncet down, Cephy, an' we'll rest a spell. These hain't the days of meracles, but thar's nothin' in Scripter sayin' that them days won't return. Thar war cows in the stable when thar leetle Saviour war born, an' shorely ye could sense the presence o' yer Lord. Yer a reformed animal an' ez smart ez a whip."

Half-way down the furrow Cephy shied once more and suddenly stopped. Pa Gladden reverently lifted his head.

There seemed that moment a holy stillness in all the place. Every bird was hushed. Suddenly a baby's ecstatic laugh bubbled out over the stillness, sweet, reasonless, thrilling. It came again, and high along the southern slope ran a lovely, bare-headed boy child, his fair curls flying in the high winds, his arms uplifted. At him man and beast gazed and trembled. Was this a sign? There was no such child in all the countryside. The boy disappeared, and Pa Gladden knelt on the damp earth, his lips pleading:

"Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

## II

PA GLADDEN came slowly over the slope in the soft gray twilight of that day. Already the lamp was lighted in the kitchen window, Ma Gladden's beacon-light of home. No need to ask "What cheer?" at that port. As long as that lamp was trimmed and burning it sent forth a message of warmth and welcome to the weary. Along the path came Ma Gladden, laughing like a girl, to meet her tired spouse.

"Air ye all right, Asahel? Thar's a powerful wedge outen that nutcake a'ready," she chuckled. "Doc Briskett's been here an' gone. He was hungry ez usual an' worried ez seldom. He warnted ter consult with ye, pa, an' that's the truth. He owned up ter needin' counsel erbout a case, an' thort ye could boost 'im erlong. Whut d' ye think o' that?"

Pa smiled, quite important at once.

"Doc Briskett air all right on the book-larnin'," he announced, "but he hain't come ter the deeps o' human bein's as he wull when his intellect hain't so uppermost. 'T ain't hardly proper fer me ter boost a sawbones erlong. He jes warnts a lift over suthin' that's wuss 'n sickness. Doc kin foller the course o' nater an' close the aged dyin's eyes, but he does git kerflummixed a-losin' a case outen the common run. He said oncet that his motter war, 'From battle, murder, an' sudden death, good Lord, deliver us.' Thet air a pow'rful tellin' motter fer a docter, hain't it? Who's sick, Drusilly?"

"He never told me," said Ma Gladden, with heartfelt regret in her tone, "fer all my hintin's. I been so busy I hev eeny-most lost tab on folks fur an' near. Mother Omerod's bedridden these six months, but I don't imagine it's her. Waal, anyhow, ye'll see doc erbout noon ter-morrer. He said he'd eat a snack with ye in the south field ef the weather held good. So ye got along to the day's end? Thet's hopeful. Supper's waitin', an' I got a s'prise fer ye in the way of apple dumplin's."

Arm in arm, the two walked through the falling shades. The glow from the lamp showed Pa Gladden's well-lined face.

"Ye look purty happy, pa," added his spouse, "so I s'pose ye been uplifted."



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"FER THIS FOOD"

"Ter the skies," returned Pa Gladden; "the hull afternoon in the peace o' God that passeth all understandin'—honest."

"It's plumb onpossible," said Pa Gladden to his equine confidant the next morning about eleven o'clock, "fer a common mortal to satisfy his nateral curiosity an' be pursuin' the Speerit at one an' the same time. It air like oil an' water, an' don' mix. I hev spent the endurin' mornin' wonderin' whut Doc Briskett warnts ter consult me erbout, an' I feel trailin' on the airth, Cephy, cl'ardown inter the dust. Yestidday war all glory an' mystery, to-day air common things. Waal, a mortal can't be expectin' the hull of eternity to unwrapp afore him every day, kin he? Sech air the hours of life, the pump-handle goin' up an' down an' water comin' all the time. But, Cephy, we'll lie by with this furrer an' rest a spell. It's erbout time fer doc ter be comin' erlong over them ridges."

When Cephy was turned out to graze in the corners, Pa Gladden thought he heard the sound of wheels afar. He went over to Tarleton Road, which ran along the edge

of the southwestern slope, and climbed on to the fence in his favorite attitude, his heels holding firmly to the second rail, his body well balanced from long practice. The doctor's stout little mare, Jinny, soon came in sight over the next ridge, and trotted briskly toward him. Pa, taken unawares, did not perceive that the doctor was not alone until it was too late to unwind himself from his perch. Pa was entirely unconscious with Doc Briskett, he being a part of his accustomed environment, but his companion seemed to Pa Gladden a being from another world, and indeed of a quality to disturb a more serene mind. He was tall, rather portly, and impressive. He was clad in the garb of the Episcopal rector who is a great stickler for form and ceremonies. He walked slowly beside the doctor and stood before Pa Gladden. Then the farmer saw the unutterable sadness of the well-controlled face.

"Pa Gladden, I've brought a visitor to see you. We're all doctors together. He doctors souls, I doctor bodies, and you, good old pa, doctor hearts and happenings."

Pa fluttered like a young girl. For the first time in his life, he was really embarrassed. In a moment he rose to the occasion.

"Ye're welcome," he said, holding out his small, hard hand. "This air truly a

upon. Pa led the way to a sunny nook near the merry brook that fell turbulently down the western slope. They could look over the whole south field, the emerald pastures yet untouched, the brown furrows



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick  
"SHORELY, SHORELY, ONE OF GOD'S LEETLE ONES, DRUSILLY!"

beaut'ful day to be outdoors. An' Drusilly, expectin' on ye, has purvided a fine cold snack fer every one. Jes ye wait, doc, an' I'll lower them bars a leetle so's ye kin step over."

It was evident that the invitation was expected, for Doc Briskett tied Jinny to graze with a long rein, and brought the buggy cushion for the clerical guest to sit

already turned for the harrowing and planting. Cephy grazed nearer and nearer. Pa Gladden could always be very deft and dainty in his handling of anything, and he set out Ma' Gladden's luncheon with a loving pride. Drusilly had arranged everything. There were plates, knives and forks, and napkins and a fair white cloth.

"This air a reg'ler picnic," beamed Pa

Gladden. "Draw to, gentlemen; but properly we'll fust ast a grace. Cephy, thet air not good manners. I did n't bid ye to-day."

For the horse was seemingly in waiting on the turf at pa's left hand.

"Ye must really 'scuse Cephy," explained pa; "I hev plumb sp'iled him a leetle, favorin' him when we're alone."

Then, baring his head, he stood above his guests and in his mildest voice said:

"For this food, fer life, fer health, fer marcies onspeakable, fer the good in the world and God above, let us be truly thankful."

"Where did you get that grace?" asked Doc Briskett, with his hands full of chicken, but his eyes shining.

"Nowhar," returned pa, heaping a plate; "it made itself. Don't it kiver the case? I'm allers too 'tarnal hungry ter spread out much on sech occasions."

"It covers," broke in the stranger in his deep voice—"it covers everything. But what have we here, doctor—new guests?"

"Birds, beasts, and creeping things," returned the doctor, laughing; "they all know Pa Gladden, and he knows them."

For the squirrels were coming down from every corner, and the birds came hopping near. Cephy reminded them of his presence by frequent whinnies, and, between taking his own mouthfuls, Pa Gladden bestowed scraps and crumbs generally and indiscriminately.

"Who ever saw a horse eat bread and butter before?" observed the stranger.

"He eats everything thet I kin," answered the farmer, proudly, "an' ef he's got any real preference it's fer a fried egg. But you see Cephy hain't a common hoss, sir. He air a reformed animal, an' knows a heap. He knows more of redeemin' love than mos' people."

"A reformed horse!" exclaimed Dr. Torrence. "Do tell us about it, Mr. Gladden."

"Jes ye say Brother Gladden, sir, ter feel ter hum."

"Well, Brother Gladden?"

Doc Briskett, who had planned this very episode from start to finish, leaned back well pleased, and put his fat thumbs into his big waistcoat pockets, while he laughed out:

"Let me tell you that it is only one of Pa Gladden's good deeds, doctor. I want to say also that Cephy was the worst horse in the country, and that I know it."

"Plumb onregenerate to the core," asserted Pa Gladden, "naterally vicious-like, an' soopernatural smart. His pedigree must hev been suthin' fearsome, an' all his nateral faults war aggravated by no one's understandin' of his ways. Cephy war indeed far down the dirt road when I tuk 'im up. He had a reppytation fer bitin' people's garments cl'ar off from 'em, an' he admired ter make 'em think he war goin' ter onkiver their brainpans by ketchin' a firm hold on their scalps. Them playful habits purvented folks from purseivin' thet he had any good p'ints. He war owned by most every kind of folks, storekeepers an' milk-men an' farmers an' livury-stables, which are the hardes' on hosses, 'cause it's all work an' no play. Cephy got lower an' lower. Then he bit inter a nigger boy's scalp a leetle too deep, an' thet made his folks real anxious ter part with 'im at any price."

"Still, you bought him—believed in him?" queried Doc Briskett. "He might have killed you, pa."

Pa hastily finished a large piece of the nutcake.

"Waal, doc, it war like this. I war passin' an' saw Cephy in his disgrace. I got ez keen a nose arter a good hoss deal ez any one, an' I don't often git bit. I seen Cephy that day, an' Cephy seen me. He war tied fore an' aft with ole rope. That war a movin' expression in his eye thet I hope will never be seen thar ag'in, pore dumb creetur. I went up ter 'im an' teched 'im on the nose, jes whar a hoss senses a human quickes'. He jerked his head aroun' an' regarded me mournful-like.

"Ye understand's hosses' naters,' he meant by thet look, 'but I got sech a bad name an' no 'frien's. I would n't deceive ye.'

"Thet clean unsettled my mind, an' I hung roun' until Cephy war put up ter auction. A ragman war biddin' right ag'in' me, an' he says thet he would conquer Cephy er kill 'im, so he would. I went up to the hoss ag'in an' considered Cephy, an' Cephy ag'in considered me.

"Ef I buy ye," I says ter 'im, 'I shall be fair with ye, but ye must reform. A low way of actin' has fetched ye right here. Ye must change yer ways.'

"Waal, gentlemen, that war jes the best hoss deal thet I ever made. Cephy air a sober, hard-workin' animal now. He airns

his keep an' loves his dooty. We understand's each other, Cephy an' me, an' we've been workin' tergether more 'n three years. I don' deny that I favor him over all my hoses because of his reformin' an' fer his smartness. He understand's human talk, an' he likes me ter hold converse with him same ez ef he war a man."

"But the means?" said the clergyman, slowly, as Pa Gladden threw Cephy a cruller. "You must have used some extraordinary means so to change a vicious animal."

Pa beamed his best smile.

"Elder, ye shorely know that redeemin' love kin do anything. Thet'll move the hull roun' world."

"That is a great force," the stranger replied, "but from what source do you draw your great store? You seem imbued with faith, Brother Gladden, faith, hope, and love—the things God gives as rewards to very few people."

Pa Gladden threw a handful of crumbs to right and to left. The birds flew and twittered excitedly. Then he turned his rosy face to his questioner.

"Redeemin' love air not bought ner made," he said; "it's jes lived, like the sun risin' every mornin', Sunday an' all. But that! I eenymost fergot Drusilly's jug of fresh milk down in the brook. Ye inus hev some. Do; it air real good an' col."

Doc Briskett lifted his cup, drank silently, and set it down gently.

"Pa Gladden," he said a little hoarsely, "we came here with a purpose. Dr. Torrence is bowed down under a great sorrow, an uncommon sorrow. He has a beautiful little son who was bright and strong, his only child. A year ago he was ill and lay near death's door for some time. He recovered, but—but he knows nothing, pa; he notices nothing. He will not speak and goes aimlessly about. All that remains to him is his baby laughter, and that—it is such a heartbreaking sound. Great doctors have told his father that he must stay in the country, and he has been here a month or more under my care. I had Aunt Willy Geeder, beyond the wood there, take care of him. She has been quite faithful, and the child thrives in body. But his mind, Pa Gladden, stays the same. He may never be better. That sickness seems to have burned out his wits. Now what can

your philosophy say to your suffering brother there?"

Pa was visibly trembling. He rose, his height seemingly increased by a terrible intensity.

"A leetle child! A boy—a leetle boy that laffed? An' ye say he don' notice nothin'? Oh, no, no, doc; ye can't tell me that. Doc, he has tuk notice. He war runnin' erlong that field over thar yesterday, laffin' at me an' Cephy. Give 'im time. Trus' God; trus' in his revivin', redeemin' love."

His own voice broke, because there came a sound of a man's deep sob.

"I thort it war a vision, vouchsafed arter strong 'rastlin' in prayer, but this war better. I tell ye thet child noticed; ef he noticed oncen, why not ag'in? Trus' yer Pa Gladden ter reach thet leetle feller, doc. He ran erlong, right up thar 'tween me an' heaven, an' then my soul it uplifted remarkable. God shorely meant suthin'. Thet leetle feller war laffin' at me an' Cephy. Le's see whut me an' Cephy kin do fer 'im, doc. We're jes humly folks, but ye fetch 'im ter me an' Drusilly an' Cephy, an' we wull teach 'im ter notice."

Doc Briskett's voice was suspiciously bluff and hoarse.

"The very thing, Pa Gladden. Doctor, if there is a chance it lies here. Are you willing?"

"Willing?" trembled the father. "God bless him! Tell him that there's no lack of money—money for everything, anything."

Pa Gladden laughed gaily.

"T ain't a case o' money, elder," he said cheerily; "it's plumb beyond it. It's plumb onchristian ter mention it. Me an' Drusilly air pa an' ma ter all the livin', sence we hain't no special chillern. It'll suttinly be an all-absorbin' game ter study out how ter make thet leetle boy notice, won't it? Elder, yer tribblelation has been deep, but don' ye never doubt yer Lord ag'in. He air in all things, ef we kin jes sense him, like a hoss senses water afur off. This air another trick o' Satan, an' must be dealt with accordin'. Why, my ole arms air jes achin' ter hold thet laffin' baby! Thet laff—why, doc, thet went clean through me like breakin' glass. Whut in all creation 'll Drusilly say ter see me comin' home with a leetle Moses from the south field? Cephy an' me got intrusted

in him; why, you could n't guess, doc. Now, elder, lift up yer speerits, 'cause yer Pa Gladden don' b'lieve but whut this matter air boun' ter come out all right. Trust yer Pa Gladden."

ONCE again Pa Gladden approached the small brown house in the mysterious sweetness of the spring twilight. Once again the saffron glow of sunset still low on the horizon and the lamplight from the kitchen window showed Ma Gladden hurrying along the path toward him. She was coming quickly, for her keen eyes had shown her that her husband carried a burden. By his side gravely walked the beautiful collie that had one day appeared at Pa Gladden's barn door and ever after stayed with him. Her unusual appearance near the house added to the solemnity of the picture. It was strangely suggestive of that one of the Good Shepherd that adorned the big family Bible. Drusilly's heart beat as she neared that burden and felt intuitively that it was no late lamb or sick puppy. With a most tender face she held out her arms to relieve her spouse and to share the burden.

Pa Gladden's eyes were misty.

"Ye shorely air a good woman, Drusilly," he said, "an' if ever yer heart melted ter water, it wull be at this sight."

Lifting a light shawl thrown over the child, he showed her the strange white face, one placid but unlighted, one that made Drusilly gasp awe-struck and fold him closer to her loving heart.

"Shorely, shorely, one of God's leetle ones, Drusilly, an' sent as a sign of favor ter us. Come in, an' I'll tell ye the hull tale. It's one ter wring the heart sore."

### III

HIGH on a branch in a tree that leaned over the south field a gorgeous cardinal sat triumphant. Below him, in a deep tangle, was his new nest, and in praise of life he poured forth liquid ecstasy. Near him, on a swinging bough, hopped and twittered a warbler, a tiny thing, as gray-green as new foliage, with orange touches that lightened underneath to lemon tints as he flew above the dogwood, white with bloom. Attendant were they upon the child sitting on the greensward below, playing vaguely with flowering branches

and a number of brilliant dandelions. In the very center of the field, Pa Gladden dropped corn and watched the little head, almost as yellow in the streaks of sunlight as the dandelions.

Cephy browsed up and down. Sometimes Pa Gladden talked to him, sometimes called cheerily to the child. Cephy was apparently the interested listener, but the farmer knew no discouragement in talking to either. The self-imposed task of rousing the child's interest had never been given up, although more than a year had passed away. The same patient hope that taught him to go on planting his crops after discouraging years made him persevere. Good years were God's years, and Billy, the child, would have his good year yet.

A whole year's cycle, and a strange year at the Crossroads farm: a year when the child rule was the rule of the utmost tenderness and love over both Pa and Ma Gladden; a year when, as pa expressed it to Doc Briskett, "more things kep' on-foldin'" than these good folks had dreamed of in existence; a year when Ma Gladden gave up her usual visits to relatives and held most tender disputes with Pa Gladden as to Billy's physical upbringing. It was a queer quest, that search for the clue, the end of the thread of intelligence which they believed in so thoroughly. The two were sure that he knew them, sure that he realized the refuge of Ma Gladden's warm arms and of Pa Gladden's strong shoulder. But Billy remained an animated doll, one growing stronger, heavier, ruddier, but still as listless and as dead in mind. At times he would sound that reasonless sweet laughter, a peal that seemed to come from a far-away consciousness. So laughed the babes in Paradise, thought these tender souls, but Dr. Torrence could not bear it.

Pa Gladden, now passing up and down his field, remembered last year and his spiritual longings. They seemed to him selfish.

"It air true," he mused, "thet larst year my prayers war all fer myself, my own vain-glory an' hypocrisy. This year they air all fer leetle Billy. Ef ever I hears the voice o' God, it'll be when thet child says 'Daddy,' knowin' o' me. The Lord air takin' his time erbout this 'ere duplex business, but I'm waitin' fer the Word same's larst year, an' hopin' pow'rful."

The next time he stood erect to wipe the

sweat from his brow and look at the boy he heard the laugh he loved yet dreaded. It seemed louder than ever. Cephy, always a joint owner in Billy, had gone a meandering way around the perfumed hedge-row, where there was a well-worn path. Reaching the languid boy, he affectionately nosed him, despite pa's shouted cautions. Pa Gladden started across to the pair, but paused half-way.

"It do 'pear ter me," he was saying to himself, "thet Cephy air about the same business ez we all hev been, jes tryin' ter make leetle Billy notice some. Ef Cephy hain't smart, I miss—" But here Pa Gladden stopped amazed. Something had happened at last. The child had risen voluntarily and, with a flowering branch upraised, was striking playfully at the horse.

Pa's heart beat wildly, but his judgment never forsook him.

"T ain't anything fer me ter mix in jes now," he thought, both trembling and curious, "but I 'll jes wait right here. God air movin' here in this south field. God air movin' in Cephy. God air movin' in the child's mind."

Slowly Cephy backed away from the child's light blows, slowly and with low whinnies. Again came that burst of wild, sweet baby laughter, and then the child advanced a few steps, following the horse. Cephy still backed, shaking his head and whinnying in play. Suddenly he dashed quickly through the brook, and Billy, running forward, fell in with a great splash and at once lifted up his voice in a healthy outcry that went to Pa Gladden's very heart and knowledge.

Quick as he was across the furrows, Cephy was first. The horse jumped to the pool, and with those strong teeth, so much feared in other days, lifted the small Billy by his serviceable petticoats and deposited him on a flat stone. There Pa Gladden, stumbling and breathless, found Billy roaring lustily.

"Did he fall inter the brook, pore leetle feller? Well, jes come here ter yer daddy, an' he 'll strip ye ter oncen."

The loud roar never ceased, but there were notes in it sweeter than music to that anxious heart. Reduced to nature's state at the red wagon, Pa Gladden wrapped the child in the table-cloth Drusilly had placed over the lunch-basket, and hung out his clothing to dry in the sun. In the mean-

time he addressed the attendant Cephy with much feeling:

"I don't s'pose thet ye meant it, Cephy, but thet hain't good manners. Howsomer, ye ondone yer mischief. Thet air a right deep pool."

Billy, a mummy enthroned on an old feed-sack, soon ceased his wailing under the influence of Ma Gladden's cookies.

"I wisht fer oncen ye war a nuss-gal, Cephy," said Pa Gladden, "fer thet larst furrer er two must be finished this afternoon."

Cephy remaining obediently by the wagon, Pa Gladden at length went back to his labors. It was very warm for so early a spring day, and he felt no uneasiness as to the child's unclothed state. He was more concerned as to how to remove the coverings from that shrouded mind.

But Pa Gladden mused cheerfully on Nature's ways and trusted her with this task.

"Boun' ter come out," he declared, "boun' ter come. He 's spinnin' his own web o' thought now, an' outern thet, like a butterfly, he 'll jes come all right. I feel things movin' in thet child's mind quite plain-like."

Up one furrow, and the child was sitting as quietly as before, a yellow-headed mannikin in a Dutch blue-and-white drapery. Down another furrow, and the far sound of wheels came along Tarleton Road. Up the furrow half-way, the sound of wheels nearer, and the joyous, happy laughter of a child at play sounding loud. No small figure sat in the red wagon, but a rampant bit of marble sculpture, save with yellow streaming locks, ran high on that woodland road where he had rioted last spring, a figure pursuing Cephy with mocks and gibes and a rod of blossom.

With a prayer of joy in his heart and on his lips, Pa Gladden sprang across the plowed field to intercept. As he ran and stumbled again, he also saw, above the fence-bars, the faces of those he would have most wished there. On came the reformed horse, curving and veering and jumping at a good safe distance from the capering figure so wildly reckless in pursuit. Pa Gladden caught up the small dancing form and endeavored to hide it in his encircling arms. He struggled with it toward the fence. When he reached the two men there, his mouth was quivering.

"This here air scand'lous, gentlemen; but ye see he's begun ter notice suthin', an' I'm plumb boun' ter say that he promises ter be full o' speerit. Look at them eyes, elder! Thar's a light kindlin' thar. Oh, praise God that some day he'll know me ter call me daddy jes oncen! I b'lieve it. Ye limb! an' ye warnt ter get down ag'in in thet state? Oh, no; stay with yer daddy."

No one had noticed the weather, but behind the florescent southern hedges hung a sullen cloud-bank that now boomed out a thunderous warning.

The child heard it, started with fright, and clung to Pa Gladden's neck with wild shrieks. Unintelligible at first, they resolved themselves into a sobbing word:

"Daddy, daddy!"

Big drops fell unheeded. Doc Briskett supported a man's shaking figure at the fence-rails, while Pa Gladden, holding the child aloft in utter abandonment of joy, cried out, in a voice deep and glorious with happiness:

"The Voice—the Voice! Glory, glory be ter God!"

## HEROISM IN EVERY-DAY LIFE

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

**S**OME three years ago, in a talk among friends, a discussion arose as to whether the civilized world was improving in altruism. The talk at last narrowed to the question of whether the modern man and woman are any more altruistic in their tendencies than they of, we may say, the seventeenth century.

The question was not of the sacrifices involved in any form of charity in giving money, but simply whether self-risking heroism is, or is not, on the increase—a very hard question to answer. Most of us believed that it was, but agreed about the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory proof.

It occurred to me later that to secure some statistical relation of the amount of heroic conduct in every-day life might perhaps be of value. I therefore engaged one of the clipping agencies to send me for a year the reports of perilous self-devotion to be found in the American daily papers. The net thus cast was large, but by no means could be made to catch all even of the published cases. I myself saw from time to time a number in the papers which were not among the clippings sent. The most important journals are supposed to have been searched; but there are some twenty thousand papers printed in the United States, most of them

weekly or half-weekly. To include all of these was past hope. Moreover, in private life occur, as every one knows, numerous examples of heroic endeavor which never are within reach of the reporter. Indeed, it is true that they who do for their fellows acts which involve self-risks are usually those who avoid public appreciation.

Notwithstanding these limitations of my quest, I found that I had as the product of my order a mass of matter requiring care and restraint in the use I made of it. It became, indeed, so large that at the end of ten months I called a halt, had the clippings pasted in books, and only of late have had the courage to deal with them.

It is needful that the reader understand that the splendid roll of coast-guard rescues has no place here. What a sailor or soldier did does not now concern us, nor the action of men working in masses, as miners or as firemen. I sought only records of what unaided individuals did when face to face with emergencies where to act was dangerous. Despite my instructions, much that fell among the excluded classes found its way into my collection; and I also discovered that I must, for other reasons, shut out a good deal that was gallant.

I found that I had in ten months eleven hundred and sixty-three records. I began

to deal with these by striking out all cases where mothers ran risks to save a child. Here we have to do with instincts and extravagant motives which must always have existed. Many cases were repeated over and over, with such changes as at times were bewildering. The quality of some of the reports made me reject them, for plainly it was out of the question to attempt verification.

Having thus, and perhaps even too critically, sifted my reports, I felt sure that, while I might have rejected many true cases, there was reasonable security of the reality of what remained.

My exclusions left me with a record of seven hundred and seventeen examples of men, women, or children who took grave risks to save persons in peril.

Of these two hundred and fifty-eight were attempts to save the drowning.

One hundred and ninety-four were efforts to rescue from fire. Among these quite one third were by single firemen acting alone; the rest were by men, women, or children, and involved various kinds of danger from fire, such as carrying out children or adults from houses on fire, taking great risks to alarm persons asleep in such places, running elevators amid terrible fire risks, etc.

Sixty-one were acts of self-devoted courage on the part of railway engineers, brakemen, switch-tenders, or others employed on railways. Among these were many amazing examples of high conduct amid appalling risks, with a lamentable list of fatal efforts to drag from a railway-track persons in grave danger. I am assured on good authority that a large number of cases of heroic behavior by railway employees are never reported, and that this list is much too small. More remarkable is the number of persons who, not being in this employ, made like efforts to save the lives of children, women, or drunken men from the swift approach of trains. Forty-eight such instances were thus reported.

My miscellaneous list numbers one hundred and fifty-six. It is largely made up of efforts to stop runaway horses, of which about one third were by policemen. It also includes a curious variety of rescues. Several were from noxious gases in wells; twelve from bulls; others were contests with mad or ferocious dogs; there were seven attempts to save from awful death by a "live electric wire"; and, finally, two cases were of per-

sons who sucked snake-bites—probably a harmless effort, but popularly regarded as endangering the operator.

Surely this simple relation is an interesting addition to the better preserved statements of the heroism of men disciplined by years of familiarity with risks, as is the sailor, and, best of all, the coast guard.

My record invites comment which, it appears to me, may be of interest. Generally it fails to tell us the social status of those concerned as rescuers. I make out, however, that usually these chances are thrown in the way of and accepted by laboring men—mechanics or others, to whom personal injury means what it does not to an easier class. But men, women, and children of all classes are on my list, and there are some negroes.

I was surprised to discover how many instances of heroic acts by children remain among my credible examples. I was forced to leave out many, since when the reporter described children of four or five years of age as trying to save others as young, or younger, from fire or water, he was probably often in error—as to the age, at least. Nevertheless, I am able to keep and believe fifty-three statements concerning children under fifteen who have tried to save others from water, fire, or other danger. Of these fifty-three, twelve concerned girls who tried to save drowning comrades or others previously unknown to them.

Three very brave rescues from water were undoubtedly attempted by boys from five to six years old, and as to these the evidence was good. The rest of the boys who took such risks were from six to fifteen years old, and some of these lads were reported to have more than once saved the drowning.

It is to be said that the lads who frequent city docks are always good swimmers, and that, in the country, boys of any spirit will, in summer, swim two or three times a day, and probably never think of, even if they understand, the immense danger in assisting the half-conscious, frightened victim.

The reported attempts of children under fifteen to save others from fire are to me a remarkable part of this collection. Of my fifty-three trustworthy statements, thirteen were efforts to carry out babies on fire, or to put out their blazing clothes, or to awaken persons amid perilous fire condi-

tions. In three undoubted instances little fellows of four, five, and six respectively did very gallant acts of this kind, and all were more or less painfully scorched.

As these statements may appear improbable, I ought to add that I am personally aware of at least six most heroic efforts to save life from fire made by children of six or seven years. All of these were by little ones brought up in luxury, one being a girl who is permanently disfigured. It may be, therefore, that I myself have set aside as incredible too many alleged examples of heroic childhood.

Two lads of fourteen and fifteen respectively made splendid rescues of younger children who were crossing rails.

I regret that I cannot describe at length some of these many acts of intelligently guided self-devotion, of which even to read makes one proudly glad.

When I came to estimate the cost to the long list of men, women, and children who undertook these varied kinds of rescue, I found an appalling catalogue of injuries, concerning which it is obviously impossible to give accurate reports. More sadly definite is the roll of death. Of the whole seven hundred and seventeen, one in every eleven lost his life in trying to save that of another, and usually that of one strange to him.

Efforts to rescue the drowning gave the largest list of fatal results, chiefly because such attempts are the most frequent. Next in number came the deaths from fire; but the fatal results to rescuers from the rail were, in proportion to their totality, far the greatest. Deaths from trying to stop runaways were few, but the number thus injured was large.

I like to add that in this long record of heroic conduct there were twelve attempts to save the lives of dogs or cats or birds, not to mention more valuable animals.

I foresaw the impossibility of comparing statistically these records with the conduct of individuals during, we may say, the seventeenth century. But at any period the general feeling, and the legal and other relations of man to man, are probably fair representations of what individual action will be at that day, under circumstances involving the need for self-devoting courage.

To give force to my comparison and value to my inferences, and at the risk of stating well-known facts, I take the liberty

of reminding the reader of what large changes civilization has brought about in the humanitarian attitude of man to his fellows and even to animals. Slavery and the slave-trade have been abolished. Torture and extreme punishments for minor offenses no longer exist. Animals are protected from abuse and cruelty. It is scarcely worth while to add the gains made in the treatment of women, the protection of childhood, hours of work, the liberal aid for the sick, the wounded, and the helpless, or the humane changes in the care of the insane and the feeble-minded.

The growing regard of mankind for the needs and rights of others is seen, too, in a large way in the fostering of education, in freedom of modes of worship, and in liberty of speech. All of these vast changes show, I think, an ever-enlarging conscience as to the duty man owes to man. It should not surprise us, therefore, that by degrees this has come to affect the actions of the individual and to exhibit itself most nobly in a select group of such persons as in emergencies are obedient to that spirit of duty which is more or less the child of all the altruistic influences which have determined the larger changes thus briefly summed up.

It is also interesting to note, for comparison, the feeling of the Orient, as in China, in regard to the subject here discussed. Torture is freely used; the prisons are actually prolonged means of torment; there is no legislative effort to provide for the many calamities which befall mankind. This general expression of callousness to suffering, this low valuation of human life, finds equivalent representation in the conduct of the individual man, to whom the pain, the suffering, and the lives of those outside his family are matters in which he feels small concern. The Oriental man does not risk his life for others in houses afire, or to save the drowning. In other words, the individual is as the race. The better the breed, the nobler and the more numerous are they who represent in self-devotion the spirit of their time and their nation.

Undoubtedly the civilized man is acquiring something valuably efficient which urges him to take for others risks which he probably would not have taken in former days. I find far fewer of these records of rescues in English journals. The reason is

somewhat humbling to our pride. In England rails are guarded with care. Animals, such as horses, are more thoroughly trained. Driving in the great cities is remarkably better than with us. The houses of the poor are less combustible. Bathing at English waterside resorts is carefully watched, and limits are set for bathers.

Beyond the urgent sense of duty which we proudly claim as racial, and the sources of which are large and general, there are motive influences which act with varying degrees of power to urge to acts of self-devotion. Primarily, courage is required. That it has not been lessened by the gentle effects of civilized life all now admit. Courage is the ability to attempt what involves physical risk or subjects one to disagreeable consequences which are not physical. The first is physical, the second moral courage. We have here to deal only with the first, and with that type of courage which is promptly active in emergencies. The one thus gifted is usually he who has all his faculties raised to their utmost competence by danger—is, in a word, the man valuable in war. Because he is brave he can do the thing needed. But what motives urge him on? The time for consideration is always brief. The house on fire, the drowning man, the runaway animal, the express-train thundering down on the child, give no time to weigh risks or to consider motives. Men are in emergencies the puppets of their past, which of a sudden pulls the unseen wires and determines action. The gun was loaded long ago: occasion pulls the trigger.

As there are degrees of courage, so may these, in certain persons, cause hesitation and allow of self-debate; but the men who do gallant acts are rarely indecisive. They do not preconsider what may happen to themselves, nor, at the time, are they conscious of dominating motives. The person who stays to ask himself whether he shall undergo peril for another is not the one who ends by accepting it.

Having always been curious about this subject, I have many times asked men to tell me why they took such risks. Usually they replied that they did not know and were simply conscious that they must do the thing. One, a man of unusual intelligence, said when thus questioned: "I had a sense of queer mental confusion, and then I did

it. I have never been able to feel that I had any conscious motive."

If now we go back into these lives and seek to know what were in the past, the educating preparations which at the moment of invitation to action proved so despotic, we find them numerous and interesting.

Where those of a family are concerned, love must count for something as a determining motive in many rescues. The general good-natured willingness to help other people becomes in an instant acutely active. The joy in adventure goes for something, the pleasure of using faculties felt to be competent, the strange happiness danger brings to the courageous:

The marge of perils sweet.

Nor can we omit the influence of example, of things heard or read in the past—a motive not easy to analyze.

I do not doubt that in fostering heroism the relation of acts of self-devotion in the daily papers has its use. What this or that man did I can do. It is a constant call on self-respect. Out of all these contributory influences comes the construction of characters which represent at its best the growing altruism of modern life, and prove its influence.

The many attempts at rescue by children require an added word of comment. Here, too, I have questioned, and the reply always was: "I don't know why; I just had to do it." There was something like the force of instinct in the act. Have children in the far past been like this? Or may we believe that it is the result of something contributed by generations of gradual gain in altruistic tendencies? It cannot be from education, or precept, or example. Many of these little ones are, or were, too young to feel these influences. How strong was the impulse, how unthinking the act, is shown most strangely by some of the cases where small boys, or in two cases men, who could not swim plunged into deep water to try to save the drowning.

I have by no means exhausted a subject very attractive to the student of human motives, but assuredly here is ample material for those who, fed daily in the journals by the focused horrors and crimes of seventy millions, find in them support for pessimistic beliefs about mankind.



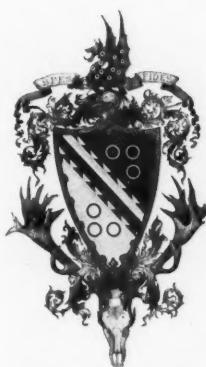
SCOTCH FIR-TREES AT WARNHAM

## ANIMALS IN BRITISH PARKS

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT AND J. M. GLEESON

### I. WARNHAM COURT

BY ANNIE HARDCASTLE KNIGHT



COAT OF ARMS OF CHARLES  
JAMES LUCAS

LXV.—28

WARNHAM COURT is the residence of Mr. Charles James Lucas. It lies between the town of Horsham and the picturesque village of Warnham, in the county of Sussex. About five hundred acres of the estate have been converted into a park, which is highly artistic in its arrangement. On every side the observer is pleasantly greeted with vistas of hills and green fields interspersed with woods and shining lakes. Between the trees one catches glimpses of red and fallow deer quietly grazing, and over the whole there rests a pervading serenity which it is hard to realize can exist within thirty-five miles of the greatest of cities. But all is quiet, save for the chimes from the clock-tower.

The house is a large and beautiful dwelling of gray stone in the

Elizabethan style, built upon the highest of several terraces, almost surrounded by mounds of flowers, and commanding an extensive view of the park and country beyond, with the far-off South Down hills fading away in the distance. To the south are the pleasure-gardens, in which are statuary, rustic seats, tennis-courts, cricket- and croquet-grounds; and a little farther on are the flower-gardens, with their glowing masses of color. A stone balustrade, twined with purple and white clematis and ornamented with urns of flowering plants, separates these grounds from the park proper. A short walk leads to the Rock Garden, where many varieties of rock-growing plants are cultivated. Near by are numerous hothouses of fruit, orchids, and palms, and row upon row of trellised gooseberry-vines, supporting luscious berries far exceeding in size and flavor any that can be grown in America.

Scattered here and there are the workmen's houses, modern and attractive in appearance. Contrasting with these in age, and more interesting from a different point of view, is the keeper's cottage, several hundred years old, built in the early English style of architecture, and resembling in general construction the home of Shakspere at Stratford-on-Avon. It is built of half-timber and pebble-dashing, and roofed with large slabs of stone in lieu of tile or thatch. It is almost entirely covered with roses, and presents a most picturesque appearance, with the evening sun brightening its patches of green moss while its shadow slowly lengthens upon the grass. Over a hundred years ago it was used for secreting smuggled goods brought from the coast of France. The present occupant, Taylor, is a typical gamekeeper, strong-bodied and thick-legged, and always accompanied in his walks by two fine retrievers. As he passes along with his gun over his shoulder, he presents a formidable appearance indeed to would-be poachers.

Down through the meadows we come to the playground of the poet Shelley, where the old mill still stands, its grinding-stones propped against its sides, quietly registering the flight of time. Swans glide to and fro upon the pond or rest upon its edge; black-and-white rabbits scurry across the wooded paths; fan-tailed pigeons disport upon the lawn; in the tall grass tiny fawns feign sleep, while furtively watching with half-closed eye; and everywhere the mischievous emu

stalks about in conscious pride of his importance in this strange land.

Being a special aversion of the game-keeper's, this bird takes apparent delight in annoying him in every way. Prying about until he finds a choice nest of pheasant's eggs, he despatches the dainty morsels instantly, thereby destroying the hopes of both keeper and hen. Every effort to break him of this pernicious habit has been unsuccessful. Once the keeper resolved upon a plan which he thought would without doubt prove effectual. Having hard-boiled a number of eggs, he carried them in steaming-hot water to the field and placed them before the ever-ready emu. Much to his surprise, the dish seemed to appeal strongly to the voracious appetite of the bird, for in a twinkling they were gone, a seeming look of wonder accompanying his grateful appreciation of this unusual attention.

The chief entrance to the court is through a granite lodge gateway flanked on each side by square towers. The inner walls are decorated with sets of red-deer horns, the peculiar cup-like upper tines of which furnish ideal spots for nesting birds.

A drive, with the most charming outlook on each side, leads to the house, which contains many apartments, bright and cheerful and homelike in the extreme. Some of these are furnished with antique suits of armor and rare pictures.

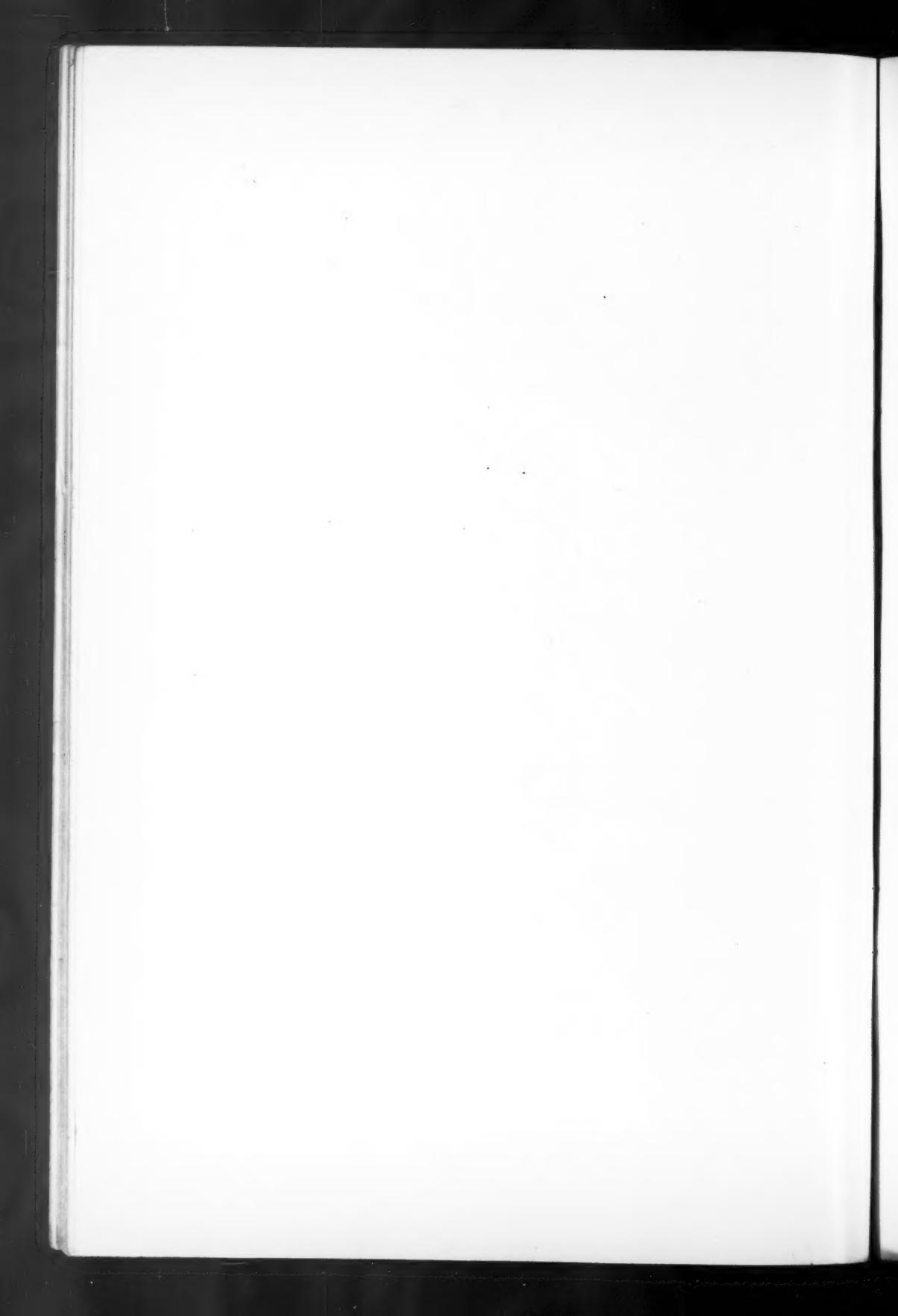
Mr. Lucas's particular "den" is ornamented with spears, javelins, trophies of the hunt, and prizes won at cricket and tennis. The men of the family have long been famous cricket-players. The present Mr. Lucas is very keen at the game, and his two sons at Eton bid fair to sustain the family record. With the exception of a few weeks' shooting and fishing in Scotland, the greater part of Mr. Lucas's time is spent at Warnham Court. Here is seen a fair sample of the life led by the country gentry of England. Home is the center about which an Englishman's thoughts revolve, home life is his most cherished sentiment, and right cordially he welcomes his guests to share its enjoyments. There are many gay gatherings at the court during the hunting season, which begins in October with the pheasant-shooting.

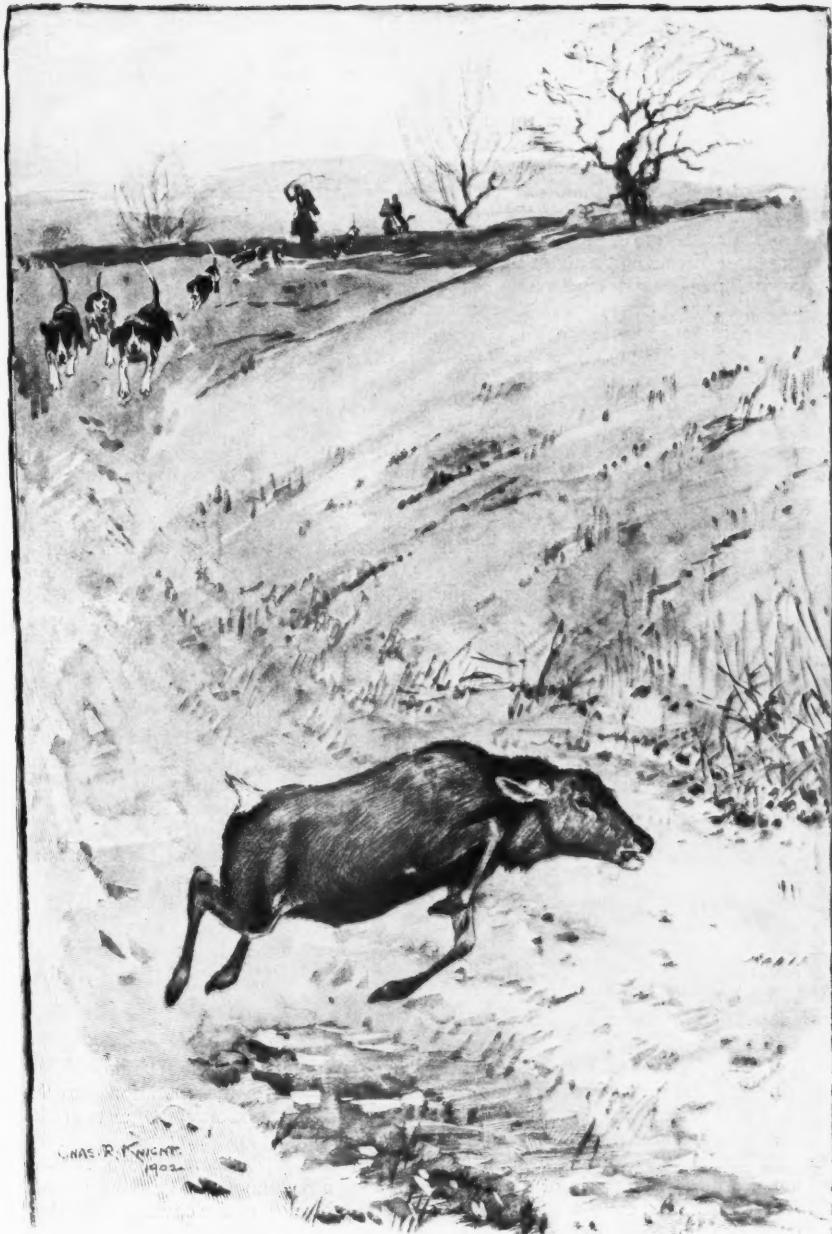
This bird is not indigenous to England, but with great adaptability he contents himself in the large area of open field and woodland cover which is provided for



From a water-color drawing by Charles R. Knight

PHEASANT FEEDING—PHEASANT ATTACKED BY A STOAT—  
PHEASANT-SHOOTING, WARNHAM COURT





Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

RUNNING THE DEER—NEARING THE FINISH

him in that country. His welfare is looked after by the keeper, whose vigilance is not relaxed from early spring until late in the autumn. His first care is for the eggs. With several assistants he searches the covers for the rudely built nests, which are usually concealed in the dense shadows of the thickets, marking each clump of secreting bushes further to aid him upon his return, ten days later, to collect the eggs, of which each nest will then contain about eight. In the meantime he has constructed false nests of sticks and leaves, elevated upon a structure of branches, in which he has placed several eggs, and beneath them a trap set for the destructive jackdaw. Frequently, in bad weather, the eggs are found here and there upon the ground, where they have been dropped by the capricious bird, who lacked patience to build and sit upon a nest. Eighteen eggs are put under a common hen to hatch, while the pheasant is left to lay another seven or eight, which she is allowed to dispose of as she wishes. In many cases the mother instinct, with the assistance of the warm earth, triumphs, and after retiring for three weeks she may be seen (about the middle of May) proudly parading the outskirts of the cover with a brood of tiny turkey-like babies, of whose youth limitations, however, she has no conception, for, unless circumstances be very favorable, the chicks succumb in early infancy to the wet and cold, or later to hunger, should there be a protracted dry season.

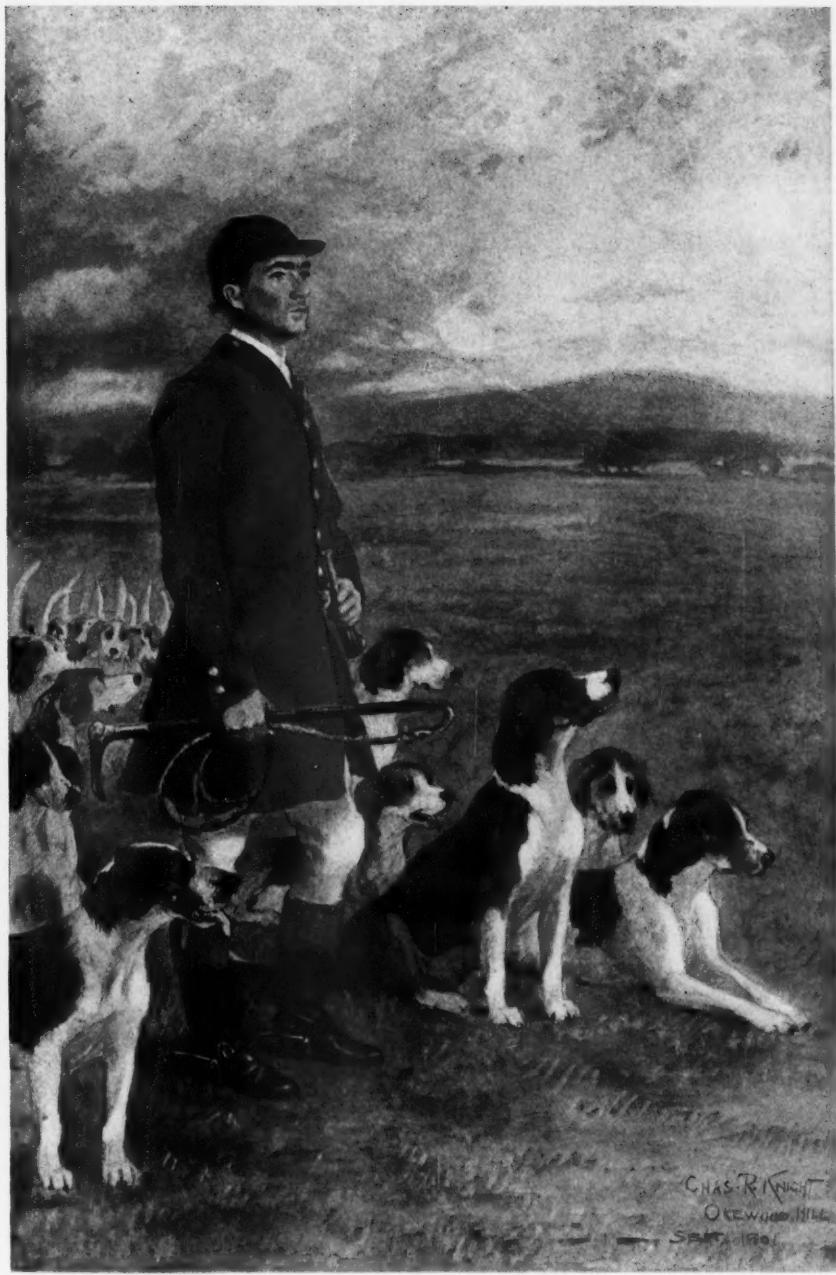
Simultaneously the open fields become a chirping, moving mass; a miniature city appears, its avenues bordered with tiny laurel-trees, each shading a pent-roofed house, the occupant of which is the hen with her adopted fluffy mites, not half so large as she might naturally expect them to be. The front of each house is composed of slats, with spaces between for the little ones to run in and out, and large enough for the mother to put her head through and warn the chicks at the slightest sign of danger. Their only drink is an occasional drop of rain or sip of dew; but the food is moist, and consists of rice, barley, lettuce, onions, maize, rabbit, etc., chopped fine and boiled together. This mixture four times a day is strewn through each path where the little ones expectantly gather. They are very shy, but soon learn to recognize the feeder in the distance, and

as he strolls carelessly along, whistling his call and dispensing the contents of his basket, some, made bolder by hunger, venture to meet him and forget their fear in the enjoyment of his bounty, while others, whose efforts at providing a meal for themselves have been more successful, hold aloof and stealthily mingle with the grass until one ceases to distinguish them.

Ants also form an indispensable part of the young pheasant's diet. Huge hills of these insects and their eggs are sometimes thrown up by the spade, and these are received by the old hen with glutinous and inviting clucks. She fully realizes the dependence of her and her family upon the good keeper, and usually greets him with expressions of delight, though once in a while, in great distress and excitement, she tells him of an attempted sally upon her young by a weasel or his big brother, the stoat. At such times, after comforting her as best he can, the keeper, gun in hand, takes his stand, motionless and hidden from view, awaiting the reappearance of the enemy, who at length crawls cunningly past the trap set for him in the small hill-side, and darts upon the flock, quickly seizing and killing one here and there before he is brought down by a shot from the keeper. A clatter of rejoicing resounds from the throats of the hens, and in a very few moments they see their enemy dangling from a tree or bush, a ghastly warning to other marauders. And in the mysterious light of the moon the owl himself avoids the spot as he circles through the air, frightening with his flight the pheasants in his way.

The birds are shifted in about seven or eight weeks. The cocks have by that time begun to show their distinguishing plumage, and some of the more precocious ones have already wandered off to care for themselves. A damp or windy evening is preferably selected for the operation, that the sound of footsteps may not disturb the sleeping brood. Sacks are carefully slipped beneath the coops, secured above, and the whole placed upon a low wagon and conveyed to the edge of the covers, where they are evenly distributed. From this time life begins in earnest for the young bird, and he is gradually weaned from feeder and hen.

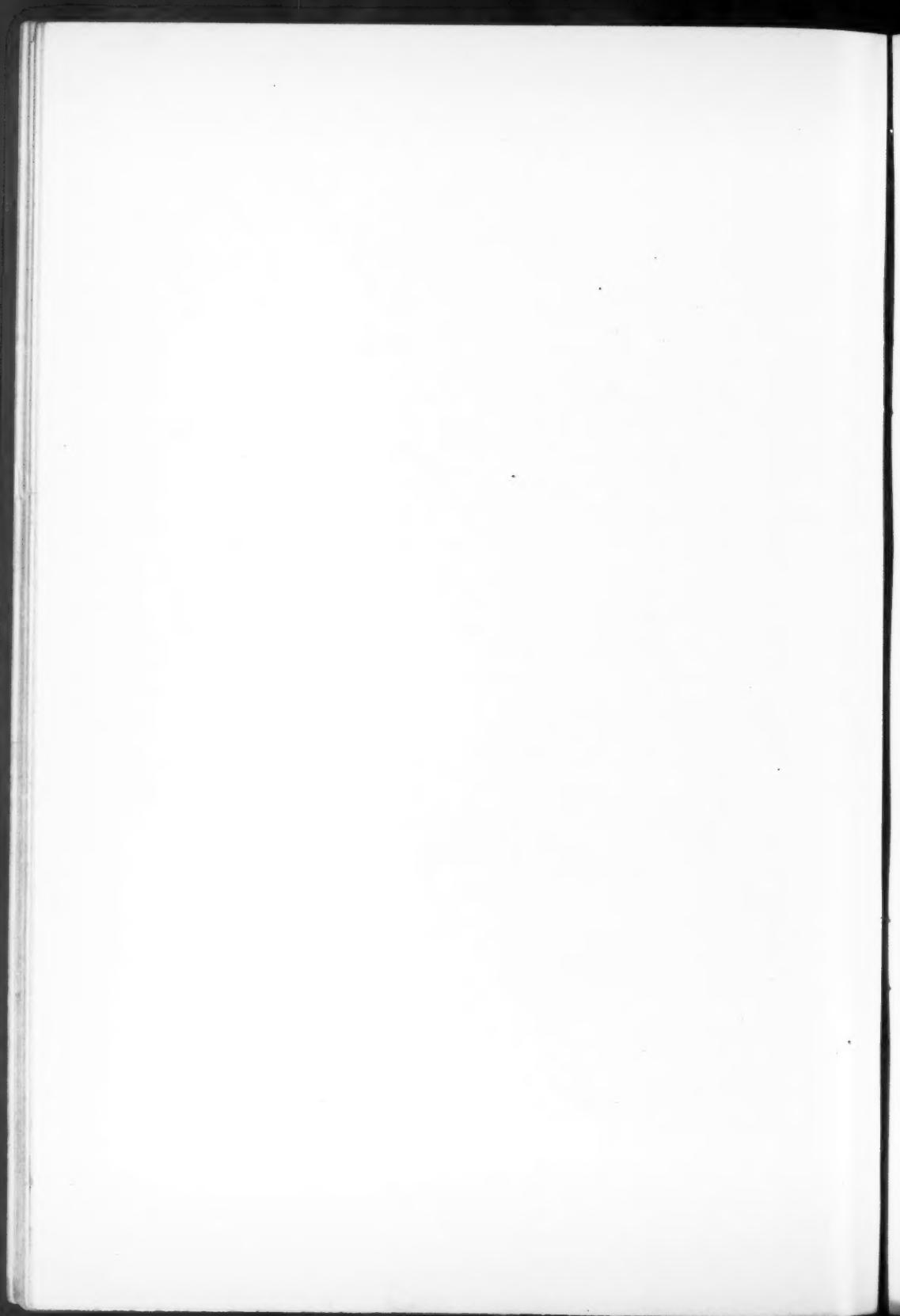
One season the keeper made a pet of a young cock, which became so completely

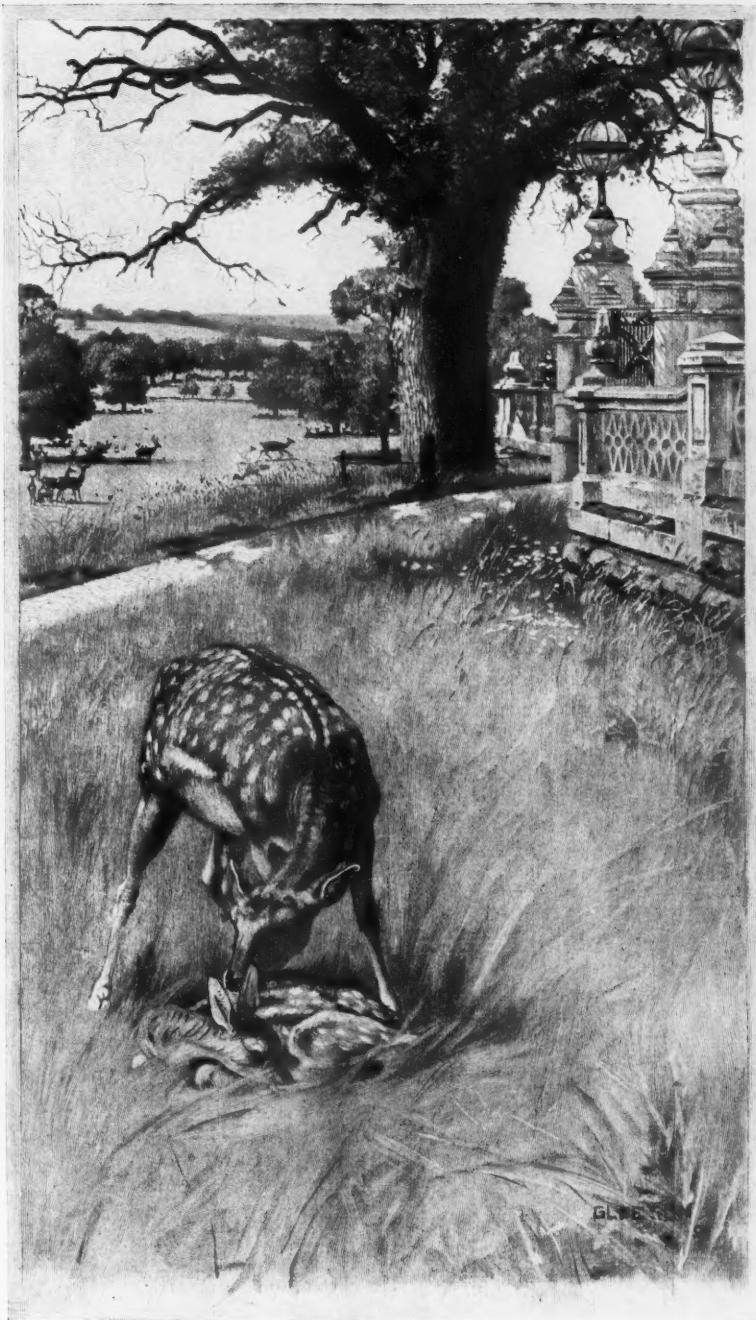


From a water-color drawing by Charles R. Knight

THE HUNTSMAN, WARNHAM COURT

CHAS R KNIGHT  
OKEWOOD HILL  
SEPT 1901





Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ENTRANCE GATE, WARNHAM COURT

tamed that even after taking up his abode in the cover he would, at the familiar call, cautiously emerge, compare the general appearance of the man with the voice, and, being satisfied as to his identity, walk quickly toward him, ready for the usual frolic. The keeper would imitate that peculiar whirring sound of the bird and make a sidewise lunge; at the same time the young pheasant would raise his wings and dart forward and backward before his advancing and retreating opponent, and watching his chance, dive at the keeper's hat and knock it upon the ground, then, turning swiftly, make for the cover, his vanishing figure presenting a ridiculous appearance of inward and stifled laughter.

This same cock, which was rather remarkable for the unusual expanse of white round his neck, afforded the keeper much amusement one day in a conversation with the cowman, who wanted to know if all that white was "natural." "No," Taylor replied, taking advantage of the other's ignorance; "I catch him every Saturday night and change his collar." "There," exclaimed the exultant cowman, "I told my wife it could n't grow that way!"

With many others, this interesting bird came to his death in a most unfortunate manner. At the sound of an approaching mowing-machine he took refuge in the erstwhile protecting length of the grass, and was cut and mangled in the knives.

In spite of the many casualties, the birds number about six hundred in October, when the host assembles his guests for the shooting.

Upon an early morning the keeper stations "three guns" well back between each

two covers, and the beaters, dressed in white smocks, enter the bushes to startle the birds. As they rush across the open for the next cover, they are met by a volley of shot. This operation is repeated until a semicircle is described, and the sportsmen find themselves opposite the starting-point.

The running of the deer begins in November, and it is said they often take as keen an interest in the hunt as their pursuers. The hounds are never allowed to kill them, and the same ones are often run for several successive years. Twenty-five of the heifers and does are selected for the season's sport, and two are usually run in a week. The one chosen for the day is drawn in a queer-looking two-wheeled covered cart to the appointed place. The back of the cart is lowered until it is level with the ground. When the door is opened, the deer steps out, sniffs the air, with his head up, and takes a sweeping glance around before he is away like a shot. He is given five minutes' "law," while the well-trained hounds and horses stand tremblingly impatient to be off in pursuit.

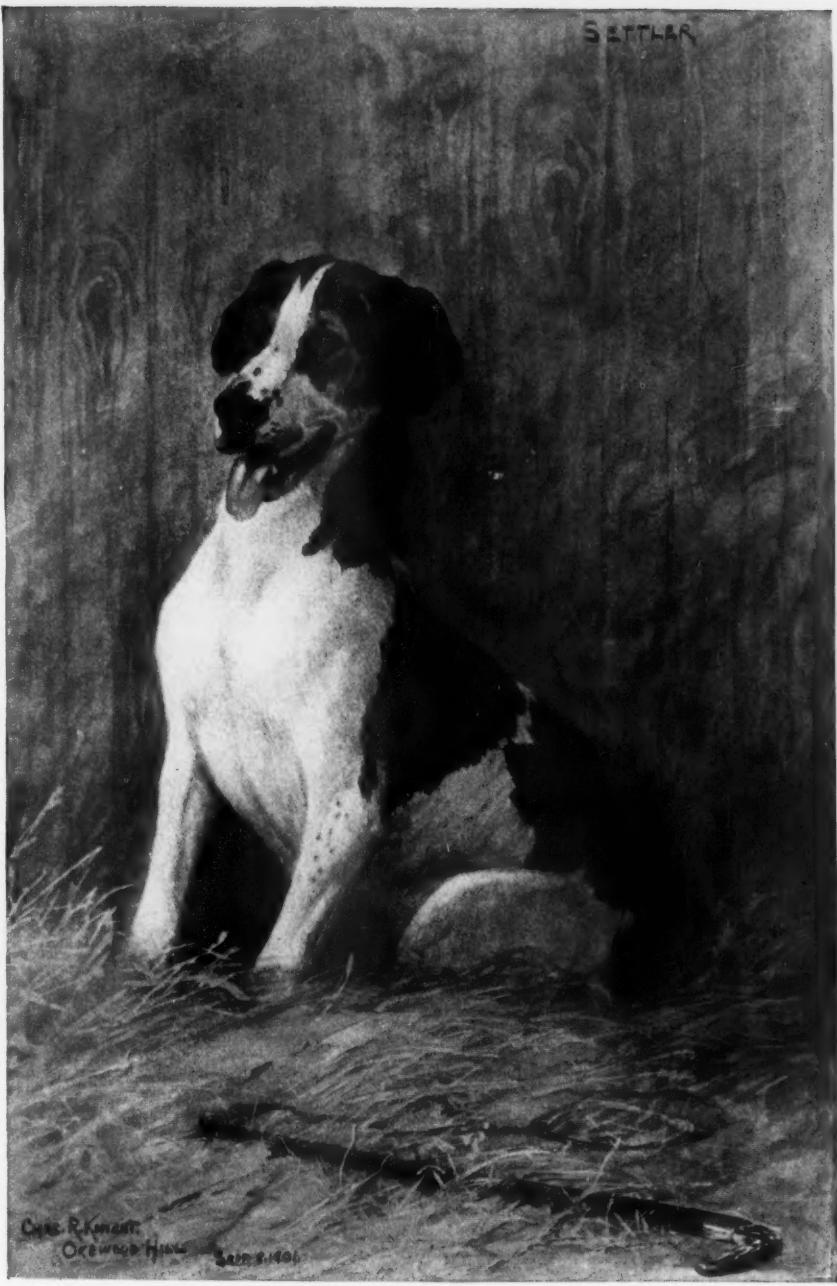
The old English staghounds have become extinct, and foxhounds, bred for the purpose of the chase, have succeeded them. So fleet are they that the horses become jaded in their efforts to keep up with them.

Spring and summer in turn affords its own particular sport—tennis, cricket, croquet, etc. And never must be forgotten the hospitable afternoon tea, served upon warm days in the shade of the lawn, when one feels comfortable in the knowledge that even the laborers in the field are resting for the nonce and enjoying the refreshing cup.



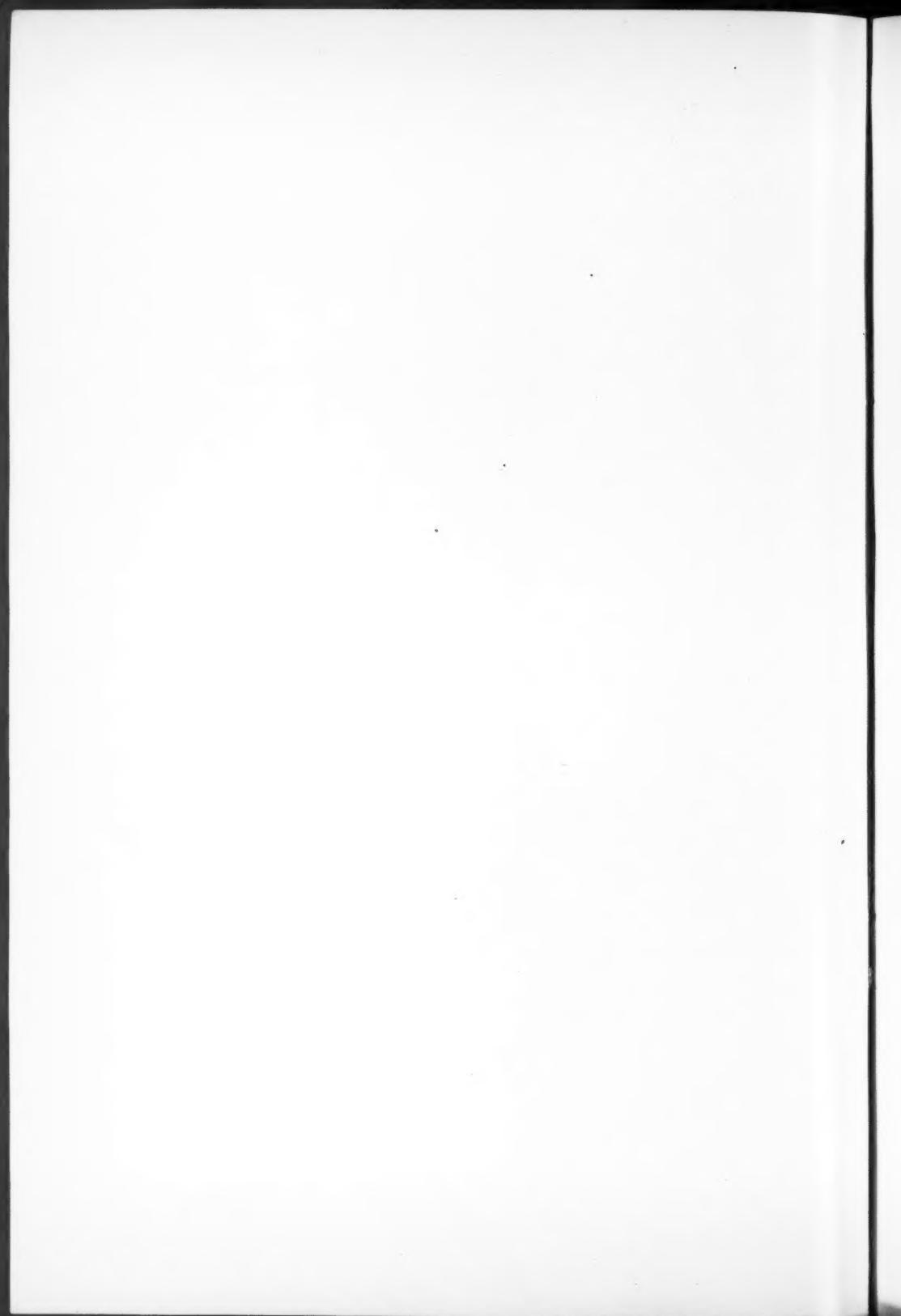
Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

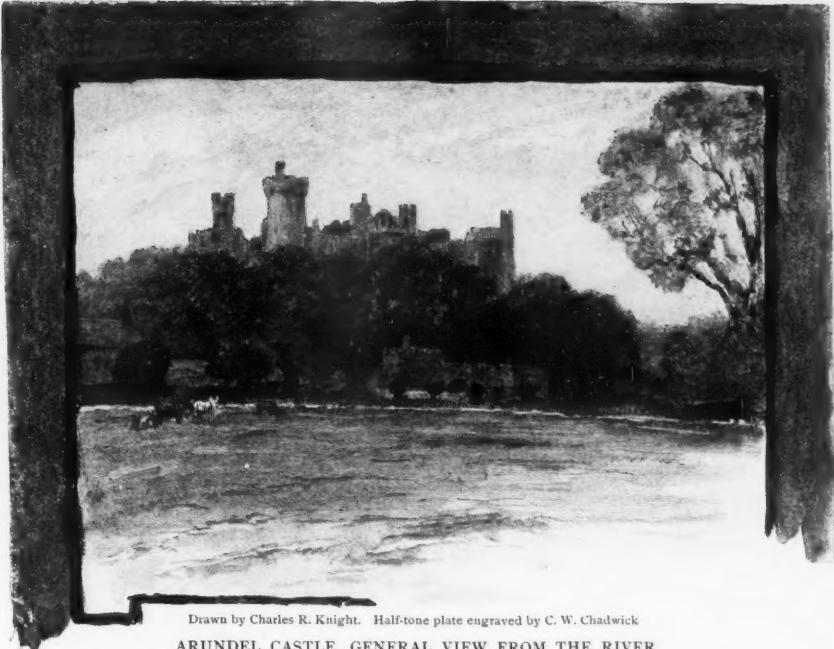
FALLOW-DEER HEADS



From a water-color drawing by Charles R. Knight

STAGHOUND "SETTLER," WARNHAM COURT





Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick  
ARUNDEL CASTLE, GENERAL VIEW FROM THE RIVER

## II. ARUNDEL CASTLE

BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT



ARMS OF THE DUKE  
OF NORFOLK

In the little town clustered at its base all is brightness and freshness: the tally-hos bringing throngs of visitors from the neighboring seaside resorts—a gala crowd off for a few days' holiday from smoky London, or else the ambitious American tourist prying and poking here and there among the gravestones in the old church-

WITh its mighty turrets and battlements rising warm and brilliant against the deep-blue sky, Arundel Castle, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk, stands on the summit of a hill overlooking the vale of the Arun River, in

the county of Sussex. Flanked on each side by verdure-clad hills, in front the landscape stretches away in a flat plain toward the English Channel, four miles distant.

Then, too, the great gates of the castle were closed and barred, and on the turrets the sun glinted on the spears and polished helmets of its defenders, and the stern old castle stood like a stag at bay, facing stubbornly the swarms of Norman invaders that hurled themselves against its walls and surged about the massive base. Fearless it stood thus, impregnable against the spears and arrows of the enemy until the advent of gunpowder. Then even the heavy masonry gave way before the storms of solid shot that rained against its side, and to-day nothing remains of the original building

but the keep, a great tower built on the top of a high hill which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country.

The present castle, therefore, is of com-

might be expected, rather a failure from an architectural point of view. Fortunately, the son, Henry Howard, realized fully the desirability of having the restorations car-



Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A GLIMPSE OF ARUNDEL CASTLE

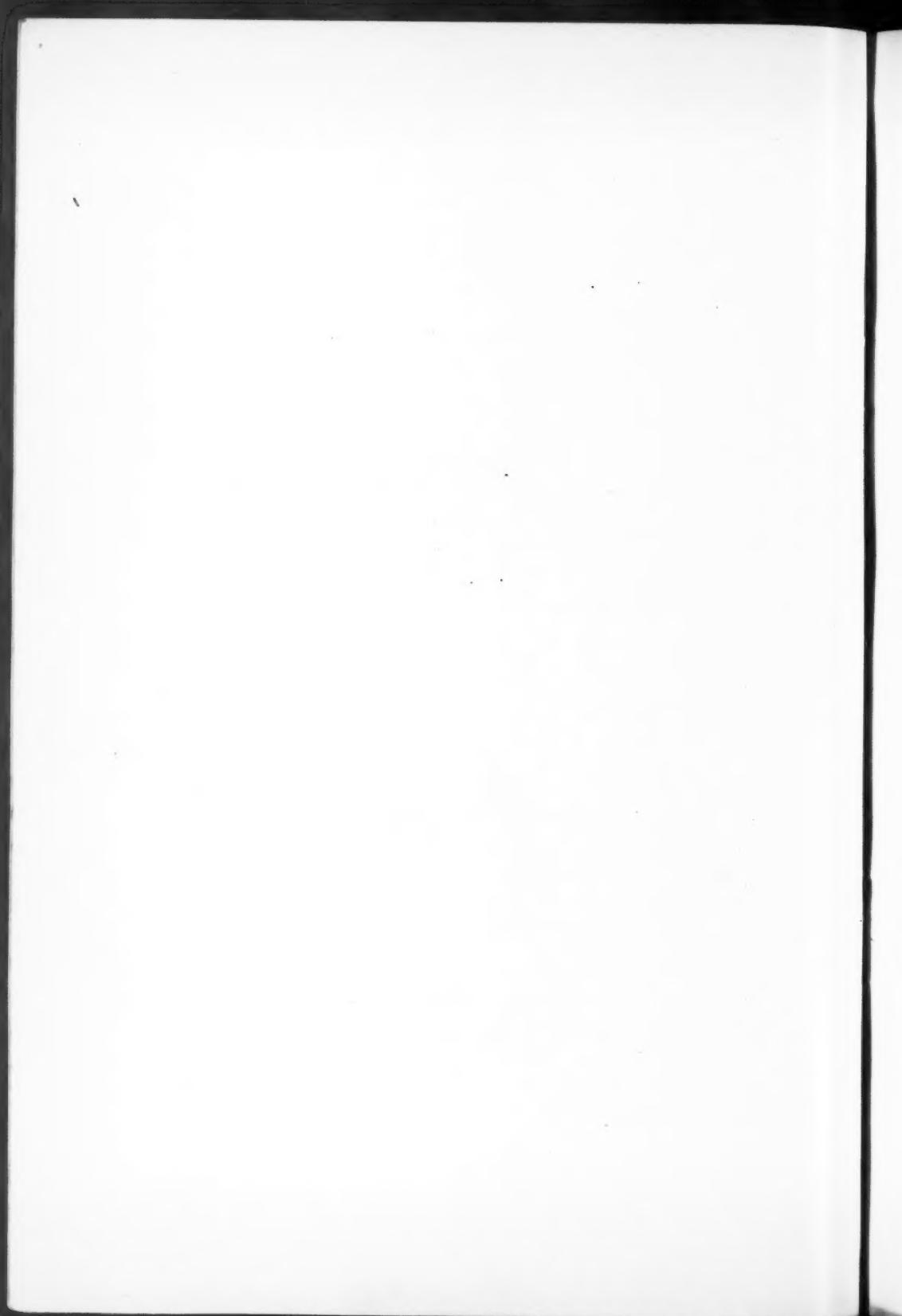
paratively recent date; in fact, the greater part has been restored within the last thirty or forty years. The father of the present duke undertook this truly herculean task, but was ill advised in the restorations by incompetent men, and the result was, as

ried on in a proper way, and with that end in view he has had many portions of the structure torn down and rebuilt on very much better lines. To-day the castle stands as an example of the feudal style of building, when a man's castle was not only



From a water-color drawing by Charles R. Knight

RED DEER, ARUNDEL  
1901.



his home, but a place of refuge from his enemies.

Picturesque and precipitous as the town may be, it gives very little idea of the beauties to be found in the great park of thirteen hundred acres which surrounds the castle on three sides. The principal entrance to the park lies through a splendid avenue of trees, the twisted roots and moss-covered trunks of which line the road for a short distance on each side. The park itself rises and falls like huge billows—great stretches of woodland interspersed with smooth green grass, while looking toward the sea fainter and bluer hills obscure the horizon. Across the valley a herd of red deer are feeding, while close at hand, under the grateful shade of the trees, a band of fallowbucks huddle closely together, waving their horned heads ceaselessly to and fro, to keep away the insects which annoy them greatly.

So far the bucks have not assumed their full gala attire, and the graceful palmated horns are still in the velvet. Already, however, the sharp, hard points are beginning to show through the soft skin, and the creatures rub back and forth against a convenient tree-trunk in order to loosen the now dead and useless covering which hangs like Spanish moss from the perfected horn. Owing to the continual presence of visitors in the park, the deer, both red and fallow, are tame, and will allow one to approach almost within touching distance. While most of the red deer here are normal in color, a few have a peculiar white streak down the middle of the face, while in others the entire head is white. The horns of the bucks are of ordinary size and shape, but those of the fallow deer are unusually large and handsome.

The red deer are rarely shot for venison, and for this reason are perfectly tame, while of the fallow deer a certain number of bucks and fawns are killed every year, in order to keep down the increase. Very

cunning are these fallow bucks, and after two or three have fallen victims to the keeper's rifle, the rest become exceedingly shy of him, and it is with great difficulty that he is able to get a shot at the desired one. They seem to know that he will not dare to shoot while people are about, and will circle and double back and forth, trying always to keep near the visitors. The continual presence of tourists in the park makes a random shot impossible, consequently the keeper is obliged to shoot only when he can kill. When a deer is killed, it is taken in a pony-cart to the safe or larder, where it is dressed, and prepared for the owner and his friends.

The duke himself is not given to hunting, so that the whole work devolves upon the head keeper, a

Highlander by birth and a man brought up in the very atmosphere of such things, his father and grandfather having been keepers before him. At present there are also kept here a small herd of Highland cattle, shaggy brutes with sharp horns and very malicious in appearance, but, as a matter of fact, extremely gentle.

Curiously enough, the park is used as a drill-ground for the troops, and rifle practice goes on here weekly. It seems rather an incongruous place for such things, as a number of people are always wandering about through the grounds and might easily be struck by a stray bullet. On the eastern side of the castle, and running for some distance along the valley, lies a small lake over which the swans glide to and fro, ever greedy for the morsels of food given them by the visitors. I have noticed also along the shores of the lake a great number of coots or mud-hens, seemingly tame and oblivious of the passer-by; on several occasions a mother bird with her young ones swimming along or diving suddenly under the water in their jaunty, fussy way.

From the lake we walk along the new wood, constructed only a few years ago,



Drawn by Charles R. Knight

HEAD OF FALLOW DEER IN VELVET

until we are under the castle walls again. One is amazed, on closer inspection, to note the great thickness and solidity of these walls and to appreciate the difficult task that confronts any prospective invader of such a place, surrounded as it is by its deep moat and placed high above the level of the river, which winds slowly by its walls to the sea. The duke is a very busy man, possessed of at least a dozen titles and holding endless offices. He is very often away for weeks at a time, but during his absence everything goes on in the usual way. The extensive alterations are not quite completed, and others are already in view.

The castle is constructed of a rather soft stone, warm and gray in color, very pleasing to the eye, and lighting up splendidly under the sun's rays. Neither money nor time has been spared to make the building beautiful, and the construction is of the finest. Indeed, I doubt whether the former owners ever gave so much time and thought to the effect as a whole, and judging from the remains, the old castle must have been a rather rude affair, although it is very difficult to tell just where the old part ends and the new begins.

The keep, which I have mentioned, is of course the most interesting portion of the building to the visitor, but architecturally it is poor and rude in style, and very much battered and worn. In days gone by a

great well, some three hundred feet deep, kept the besieged from dying of thirst. One window at the top of the keep remains entire, and through it one may have a charming view of the landscape, the side of the window forming a perfect frame. For some reason a number of owls were kept here for many years, but now only the very much faded and badly stuffed bodies of the birds stare at the visitor from behind glass. As is usual with such places, an air of mystery is maintained concerning the true variety to which these owls belong; that they are a "peculiar" horned breed is all the information that it is possible to elicit. For my own part, I should say they were simply the great eagle owl of Europe, a bird closely resembling our own great horned owl.

The interior of the castle accords in grandeur with its exterior, the stone construction being visible throughout; and while it presents a slightly chilly effect to the eye, it is nevertheless harmonious in color and texture. The carving both in stone and wood is excellent, the character of the material being preserved in each case. The arms of the duke figure prominently in many of the decorations, and as they are very ornamental, the effect is not unpleasing. The view from the windows is superb, the blue plains stretching away for miles, and the peaceful river winding through them to the sea.

## NIGHT ON THE DESERT

BY EDITH C. BANFIELD

**S**ILENCE hath sound, and darkness hath a tongue  
 In all God's lands but this, where no sounds be.  
 There is a whisper in each slumbrous tree  
 When every little bird his song hath sung;  
 A myriad murmurs, when the stars are hung,  
 Uprise from wood and riverside and lea,  
 And all the dwellers by the ancient sea  
 Hear through the dark the eternal breakers flung.  
 But here upon the desert is no voice,  
 No speech, no language, but the emptiness  
 Of the primeval void. No hills rejoice,  
 No quenchless streams and rivers leap to bless.  
 On these still sands, alone with outer space,  
 The starlit night is awful as God's face.

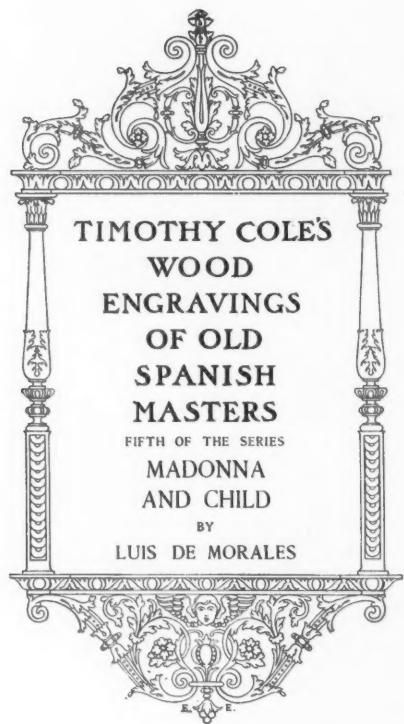
[The above, written by a resident of the West, was suggested, in part, by one of Mr. Baker's articles on the Great Southwest.—EDITOR.]



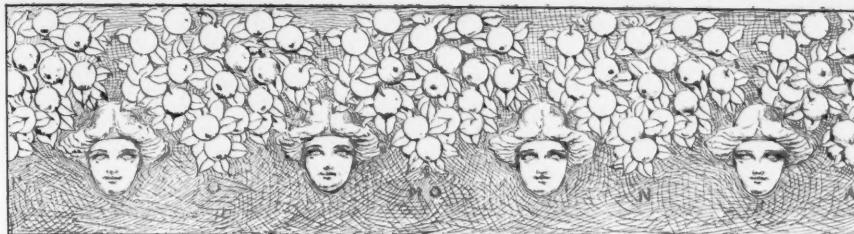
From the original painting in the Bosch collection, Madrid. See "Open Letters."

MADONNA AND CHILD. BY LUIS DE MORALES

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF  
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: FIFTH OF THE SERIES)



LUIS DE MORALES



## DE APPILE-TREE

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

DAT 'S a mighty quare tale 'bout de Appile-tree  
In de Pa'dise gyarden whar Adam run free,  
Whar de butterflies drunk honey wid ol' Mammy Bee.  
Talk 'bout good times! I bet you he had 'em—  
Adam—

Ol' man Adam un' de Appile-tree.

He woke one mornin' wid a pullin' at his sleeve;  
He open one eye, an' dar wuz Eve;  
He shuck her han', wid "Honey, don't you grieve!"  
Talk 'bout good times! I bet you dee had 'em—  
Adam—

Adam an' Eve un' de Appile-tree.

Den Eve tuck a bite er de Appile fruit,  
An' Adam he bit, an' den dee scoot  
(Dar's whar de niggers l'arned de quick callyhoot),  
An' run an' hid behime de fig-tree.  
Talk about troubles! I bet you dee had 'em—  
Adam—

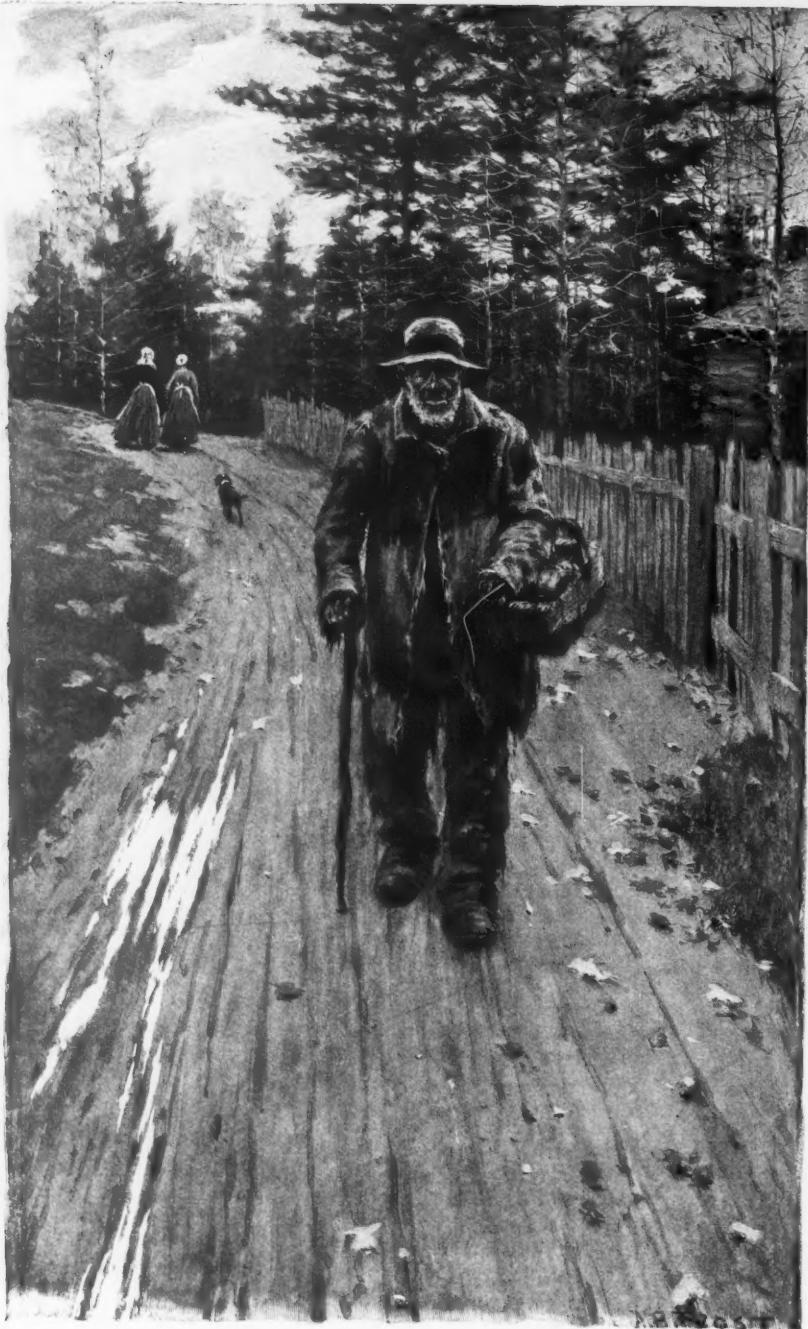
Adam an' Eve behime de fig-tree.

Dee had der frolics an' dee had der flings,  
An' den after dat der fun tuck wings.  
Honey mighty sweet, but bees got stings.  
Talk about hard times! I bet you dee had 'em—  
Adam—

Adam an' Eve behime de fig-tree.

'Kaze out er dat gyarden dee had fer ter skin,  
Fer ter look fer de crack whar Satan crope in.  
Dee s'arch fur an' wide, an' dee s'arch mighty well—  
Eve she knowed, but she 'fuse fer ter tell.  
Ol' Satan's trail wuz all rubbed out,  
'Ceppin' a track er two whar he walked about.  
Talk about troubles! Well, I bet you dee had 'em--  
Adam—

Adam an' Eve an' all der kin.



Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"BUT WATCH ME KEEP IN DE MIDDLE ER DE ROAD"

An' when dee got back, de gate wuz shot,  
 An' dat wuz de pay what Adam got.  
 In dat gyarden he went no mo';  
 De overseer gi' im a shovel an' a hoe,  
 A mule an' plow, an' a swingletree.  
 Talk about hard times! I bet you dee had 'em—

Adam—

An' all er his chillun, bofe slave an' free;  
 Dee had 'em—  
 Bekaze er de fruit er de Appile-tree.

An' de chillun er Adam, an' de chillun's kin,  
 Dee all got smeared wid de pitch er Sin;  
 Dee shot der eyes ter de big hereatter,  
 An' flung Sin aroun' wid a tur'ble splatter,  
 An' collegued wid Satan, an' dat what de matter.  
 An' troubles—well, I bet you dee had 'em—

Adam—

De chillun er Adam dat fergit ter pray—  
 Dee had 'em—  
 An' dee keep on a-had'n' 'em down ter dis day!

But dat wa'n't de last er de Appile-tree,  
 'Kaze she scatter her seeds bofe fur an' free,  
 An' dat 's what de matter wid you an' me.  
 I knows de feelin's what fotch on de Fall,  
 De red Appile an' ol' Satan's call—  
 Lor' bless yo' soul, I knows um all!  
 I 'm kinder lopsided an' pidgin-toed,  
 But watch me keep in de middle er de road,  
 'Kaze de troubles I got is a mighty load.  
 Talk about troubles! I got um an' had um,  
 An' I know mighty well dat I catch um fum Adam  
 An' de Appile-seeds what he scatter so free—

Adam—

Adam an' Eve an' de Appile-tree.





Drawn by Albert Stern. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"STREVETZKY WAS AT THE PIANO"

## A DECEPTIVE CADENCE

BY ELINOR COMSTOCK



I

"HO is playing, Katharine?" asked Claire de Villiers in her pretty Belgian French.

"Why, Strevetzky, of course," replied the American girl. "Don't you recognize his playing—those clean-cut, powerful chords, that rich, round, solid tone? It's magnificent! He has a great future before him."

"It is *colossal*," Claire assented, listening with kindling eyes. "He will make a sensation at his *début* next week. Even the professor says it. But he is not *your* discovery, Katharine," she added scornfully, her brows contracting as she glanced up at her companion's lovely face.

Turning away, she stood in the doorway listening. There was something exceedingly striking about this young Belgian girl. Her face radiated happiness. Her liquid brown eyes, singularly full of passion and intensity, were yet always dancing with fun and merriment. The dark cloud of hair was pushed back carelessly from the laughing face, beautiful in its freshness, rich coloring, and vitality, but also strong and resolute, showing a will-power which no obstacle could divert from its purpose. She was a self-centered nature, carrying out her aims, ambitions, and desires with perfect unconsciousness of other lives, though with no thought of selfishness. She was like a flower, shedding brightness and happiness about her as she grew, but ruthlessly thrusting all hindrances out of her way, without even knowing that she was doing so.

The room in which the two girls stood talking was the library of the Herr Professor Paul Lanovitch, the world-renowned

master, who has had no equal but Liszt. To his pupils it was as thrillingly historical as the prison of Chillon is to the world. It was, in fact, the inquisition-room where for years each applicant for lessons had awaited his doom. Its very walls diffused an atmosphere of dread, exhaling the tortures of those who had agonized there in the past; for the Herr Professor was as autocratic and erratic as he was celebrated, and a lesson with him was an ordeal which daunted the greatest geniuses who came to him.

Claire de Villiers and Katharine Gifford were no exception to this rule, as was apparent now by their nervous, strained faces.

"I am petrified with fear," said Claire, shivering and laying her cold hand on Katharine's.

"What! you nervous, Claire? I am in a quiver from head to foot, but *you*, *Lieblings-kind*, what have *you* to fear? If I had one half your genius I would not be nervous at all. But come, let us go in."

In the long music-room across the hall a class of fifty or sixty pupils was already assembled. There was a unique charm about this apartment. The long, low windows opened out into a garden of tranquil bloom which filled the room with fragrance, marble busts of the great masters cast their spell over it, and scattered about in profusion, lending it an atmosphere of extreme culture, were curios, souvenirs, photographs of the greatest musicians of the day with quaint autographic inscriptions, rare paintings, and books in every language. The students stood in groups, chatting in low tones. One was practising five-finger exercises on a dumb piano, others were doing the same on their laps. Strevetzky was at the piano, playing detached bits from one of his own

compositions to the eager crowd surrounding him. Suppressed excitement reigned. Suddenly the chatting ceased. Every one rushed to his seat. A dead silence fell over the room. *Der Professor* stood in the doorway!

No outsider could conceive the mingled feelings of awe and veneration, fear and love, which his pupils felt for this great man. No monarch ever ruled more despotically or governed a more servile kingdom. His will was law, his smile or frown life or death. As he stood there now, bowing and smiling to different ones, inquiring who was to play and arranging the program, no one would imagine the tyrannous will behind that gracious mask. He seemed merely the lovable, genial, sympathetic master. Yet an occasional glance from those deep gray eyes revealed him. He was a man of medium height, between fifty and sixty, lithe and supple in figure, with iron-gray locks pushed back from a strong, intellectual brow, a gray mustache which partly covered the cynical, rather cruel mouth, and a closely cropped beard. Possessing an overpowering personality, a colossal intellect, a keen-edged wit, and a lightning-like perception, he wielded a power which made him feared as if superhuman. The most reserved character had no fastnesses which his marvelous insight did not penetrate at a glance, nor was there any weakness which his barbed and cruel wit failed to find and wound in a few stinging words. His praise was rare, yet, when accorded, was generously given and seemed to crown the pupil with laurel in the sight of a jealous but applauding world.

The professor took his seat at one of the grand pianos and surveyed the silent crowd. His glance was an electrical current bringing each individual will under his power.

"Who plays the Saint-Saëns concerto?" he cried.

A young Swede stepped forward and seated himself at the piano. The professor played with him, interrupting him every few moments with criticisms, witty little sarcasms which sent a ripple of laughter over the class, but did not improve the nerves of the player. Others followed, and finally Claire de Villiers was called.

She was a favorite with the professor, and as she took her seat, with a bright glance at him, though he had been crotchety and exacting all the evening, he

smiled at her, lighted a fresh cigarette, and ejaculated proudly, "Now we are to have something!"

Claire struck the opening chords of Schumann's "Faschingsschwank." Instantly the room was quiet. A strained and excited interest was depicted on every face. Claire de Villiers ranked next to Strevetzky among her fellow-students, most of whom, before coming to Altstadt, were already professional musicians. Her touch was like a man's. There was a vibrant quality in it, a brilliancy and verve and abandon that held you captive at once. The professor said nothing at first beyond an occasional "*Gut*" or "*Schön*," but toward the end her memory failed her once or twice. She hesitated only a second, but the professor's face darkened.

"Why do you not work?" he muttered angrily. "You have talent, you have capabilities, but you are so lazy!"

Claire had really played magnificently, and there was a suppressed murmur of applause as she left the piano disheartened. The professor's disapproval, slight as it was, gave her a sense of failure unusual to her.

Katharine Gifford followed. All eyes turned to her admiringly as she took her seat at the piano, the high-bred calm of her manner betraying but little of the nervousness beneath. She was tall and willowy, with a winning sweetness of manner, and a face resembling a miniature, with its delicate tints and wavy black hair drawn down over her ears in a quaint, old-fashioned style. Her eyes, which were of a vivid blue, in striking contrast to her hair, were raised now to the professor's face, waiting his signal to begin.

"But why do you not play?" he cried impatiently. Claire had not left him in good humor. Every one felt sorry for Katharine, but her forgetfulness of self generally carried her through such ordeals, and she was soon lost to everything but her interest in her work.

Despite her fine musical qualities, Katharine was by no means Claire's equal in talent, and her self-possession and poise seemed always to irritate the professor. He interrupted her now at nearly every bar, telling her in one place that she played like a machine, in another "like a hen," one of his favorite comparisons, until finally she came to the last piece in the

group, a most original and charming composition of the professor's own. Katharine liked it particularly, and it brought out all the sympathetic quality of her touch and her full singing tone. She played it now with exquisite artistic feeling, and the professor was pleased in spite of himself.

"Good!" he cried. "That was exceedingly well played!" And he turned and shook hands with her.

The color rushed into Katharine's face at this unwonted praise. But Claire, from the far-away corner where she had hidden herself, saw only the look of comradeship and understanding which Strevetzky and Katharine exchanged as she reseated herself among the others.

## II

In the hall, as the class broke up, every one crowded about Katharine. She had won the professor's favor, and all bowed at her shrine, though with envy in their hearts, while she, inwardly as happy and elated as a child, outwardly preserved her usual sweet dignity of bearing.

As she and Claire passed out, Strevetzky joined them, and they walked down the shaded street of the little suburb where the great master lived, Claire in her very gayest mood, too proud to show the humiliation which she felt she had received.

The beauty of the evening tempted them to walk on through the byways of the quaint suburb to the meagerly lighted city. For in Altstadt by ten o'clock at night all doors are closed, every one rushing home before that hour, as if from an impending catastrophe, to escape the small tax demanded for admittance later. Only the cafés and hotels remain with open doors, making gay spots of light and color at far intervals in the deserted thoroughfares. In these brilliant places half of the sunny-hearted, improvident, insouciant Altstädters seemed to be gathered. The rest had apparently gone home in accordance with the parental wishes of their government, save where a stray *Kutschler* trolled one or another of the many distinctive *Volkslieder*, or some student hummed the refrain of the most characteristic of them all:

Mir ist alles eins, mir ist alles eins,  
Ob ich Geld hab' oder keins.

Leaving Claire at her pension, Strevetzky and Katharine walked on. Claire's face

lost its sparkle of animation as she looked after them a moment with a sudden in-drawing of the breath. Then turning sharply about, she entered the house, brushing without a word past the rosy-cheeked *Mädchen* who met her with a cheery "I kiss the hand, Fräulein."

Reaching Katharine's home, Strevetzky rang at the monstrous iron doors of the apartment-house. They opened after long waiting, revealing a sleepy, half-dressed concierge. Katharine took the lighted taper from the man in exchange for a small tax-coin, and bidding Strevetzky good night, proceeded to mount the four flights of stairs leading to the artistic little apartment occupied by herself and her mother.

She made a picturesque and happy-looking ghost as she wound slowly up the long flights, holding the wax taper high above her head. Excited, flushed, and triumphant, she threw out ecstatic little sentences, under her breath, to the lonely walls as she climbed:

"I will succeed!  
"I will be famous!  
"What an inspiration the professor can be!  
"Anton, too, was proud of me to-night! I know it! He was never as he was to-night. Ach Gott! how happy I am!"

## III

LATE in the afternoon of the next class day, Claire, who had been kept away by an engagement, had returned to her boudoir, where she had thrown herself down in her pale-pink gown, among the rosy cushions of her divan, when Katharine came eagerly in.

"Claire, it was tremendous! I have brought Herr Strevetzky with me to tell you about it. May I bring him in?" She impulsively summoned him as she spoke.

Claire, who had sprung to her feet, gave a startled look from one to the other. What had they come to tell her? Why had they come together?

"Herr Strevetzky played his whole concert repertoire through this afternoon! It was magnificent, Claire!"

"But, you know, that is not what we came to tell mademoiselle," said Strevetzky, greeting Claire with his usual cordiality.

"But if only you had heard it, Claire!" Katharine persisted. "The whole class went wild, and the professor fairly embraced him!"

"*De grâce! De grâce!*" exclaimed Strevetzky, laughingly. "This is entirely apart from our errand."

Anton Strevetzky was soon to make his débüt before the public, and all prophesied an unexampled future for him. Paul Lanovitch called him a genius, "and there is but one in a century," he said. Simple and modest as a child in heart and manner, Strevetzky nevertheless gave the immediate impression of strength and poise, while the rare magnetism of his personality was as marked an ingredient in his success as his genius. The sensitive, delicate mouth and high-bred, aristocratic features reflected every passing emotion, yet the deep, veiled eyes seemed always guarding the high secrets of an inner world of inspiration.

"We have something much more interesting to tell you, mademoiselle," he continued to Claire. "The professor is to give a soirée on the 15th, and for that occasion he has selected you, Miss Gifford, and the Hoffman to play."

Claire roused instantly. Her eyes brightened.

"At the professor's? A week from tomorrow? Really?"

"*Parfaitement.* It is to be a grand affair. All the critics of Altstadt are to be there."

"Only we three are to play," Katharine broke in. "Of course Herr Strevetzky will not play so soon after his débüt, but think of my being chosen for one of the three! You, of course, Claire, but I too! Think of that," she continued, going up to her and putting her arm around her.

"But you forget your success of the other evening," Claire answered, with an odd little smile. "And what do you intend to play, Katharine?"

"Oh, the Rubinstein D moll, of course, Claire! You know it is my chef-d'œuvre. I should not make a success of anything else."

"And to make a success of that means a great deal," said Strevetzky. "It is the most effective among the modern concertos. It requires an immense versatility."

Claire looked up quickly. Some sudden resolve seized hold of her.

"Nor have I ever heard any one inter-

pret the second movement better than Mademoiselle Gifford," Strevetzky went on, turning to Claire. "She makes it poetical and spiritual, not sentimental, as so many do, and her tone is perfect for the melody—round and pure and rich in quality. You lose all thought of the instrument as she plays it. It is like a beautiful voice sustaining the melody throughout the movement."

"I quite agree with you," replied Claire. "Mademoiselle renders the andante with rare sentiment, and her tone is always *sans reproche*. But the last movement—has she the technic for it? Ought it not to be played at a tremendous tempo and with great abandon and dash? In my opinion she plays the Schumann concerto, as a whole, far better. It suits her American temperament."

"Oh, but I have not practised that at all lately," Katharine interposed anxiously. "I am not up in it now. I have put aside everything for the Rubinstein. I have not touched the Schumann for weeks."

"*Eh bien,* some one must be interested in what *I* am to play," said Claire, a little impatiently, "but I suppose the professor will tell me at my lesson to-morrow."

Strevetzky made her a ceremonious bow.

"Mademoiselle will be a success in anything she chooses. We shall all be at her feet that night."

Claire threw back her head and looked him straight in the eyes a moment. Every line of her glowing face expressed an indomitable determination.

"Yes," she said very quietly. "Whatever I play *shall* be a success. You shall *all* be at my feet that night."

#### IV

EARLY the next morning Claire was awaiting her private lesson in the inquisition-room.

"How did it go? Is the professor in good spirits?" she questioned nervously, as the pupil who had preceded her came out from her lesson.

"Ach, it was horrible!" said the flushed and tearful fräulein. "Everything went wrong! Have you not heard how he screamed at me? He shouted out everything as if he were a captain on a ship. He frightened me so that I could do nothing—*nothing!*"

This was not a propitious outlook. But Claire pulled herself together and hurried into the opposite room, where the professor was pacing up and down like a caged tiger, running his hands through his hair and showing every sign of extreme distress. His nervous system was as delicate as an aeolian harp. Untalented pupils tortured him.

"What have you brought to play today?" he said to Claire sharply in German, continuing to stride up and down.

"The Rubinstein D moll concerto, Herr Professor."

"The Rubinstein? Why bring that again?" he said gruffly.

"I have been working very hard on it, professor," she answered demurely. "I want to show you how much I have improved. Please let me play it," she said with the utmost persuasiveness.

"Well, play then," he agreed, though still unwillingly.

Claire seated herself at one of the grand pianos. This was her chance. She would carry through her intention at all hazards.

During the first bars the professor sat at the second piano with his face in his hands, the picture of despair. But her playing was the tonic that he needed. After a little he straightened himself up, lighted a cigarette, put on his eye-glasses, and watched her a moment with a keen glance of interest, then joined in with the orchestral part with unexpected energy and fervor.

Those who were privileged to hear Paul Lanovitch play never forgot it. His touch was incomparably magnetic, and behind his strength and immense technic was a power that moved the very soul, a tenderness and ideality which seemed incredible. He interrupted Claire now frequently, shooting out detached sentences while he played with her, trenchant criticisms, encouragement, sometimes commendation. In one passage he told her that the pedal should be like a smile across it, and again and again he brought in such striking similes and suggestions that the whole composition was transformed, giving it color, life, and plasticity. Claire, with her rare tact and musical talent, was able to put this sensitive, high-strung organization in tune, and at once he became again the great pedagogue and artist, the wise and wonderful critic, and a lesson with him under these conditions was a never-to-be-forgotten inspiration.

"*Nun!* You *have* worked. That was well played!" the professor admitted, looking at her proudly, as she finished. "What will you play at the soirée?"

"Oh, *this*, professor," exclaimed Claire, her eyes and face brilliant with the excitement of the lesson. "You have given me so much to-day. I will make a tremendous success in this, if only you will give it to me!"

"But I thought the Gifford must play that," replied he, smiling indulgently at her radiant face. "Has she anything else?"

"Oh, yes, the Schumann concerto. She plays it finely! May she play that and I this? *Bitte, bitte, lieber Herr Professor!*" she insisted almost tragically, going up to him and clasping her hands in entreaty before him.

"*Nun, gut*—play it," he said, yielding. "But tell Fräulein Gifford to bring the Schumann to the next class. She must have a lesson on it, and I have no time for a private lesson between now and then."

"Certainly, certainly, Herr Professor," and he noted with amusement the look of determination and triumph in her face. This talented little Belgian would certainly do whatever she chose! "She will have a career also," he said to himself as she passed out.

## v

MA BIEN CHÈRE KATHARINE: I had my lesson yesterday. The professor insists that I play the Rubinstein concerto at the soirée. Vous le connaissez. Il le veut. C'est assez. There is nothing more to be said. I shall *have* to play it.

He told me to tell you that you are to play the Schumann, and that you must bring it to the next class, as there will be no time for a private lesson. N'avez pas peur, chérie. You play the Schumann splendidly, and you will reap all the honors.

I am just leaving town and shall be back only in time for the soirée. I shall miss the next class again. N'est-ce pas dommage? Was not Stretzky's début last night beyond all expectation? Il avait un succès fou. C'était étonnant! That man will have worldwide fame! I was so sorry I could not see you after it. Au revoir; je vous souhaite beaucoup de succès.

Votre amie dévouée,

*Vendredi.*

*Claire.*

## vi

WEDNESDAY evening the class was gathered again at the house of Paul Lanovitch. It was a strange conglomeration of races

—Swedes, Norwegians, Poles, Germans, Greeks, Russians, and Americans, all drawn together by the singleness of their aim and the magnetism of a great personality. Nearly every member was present, it being known that a special program was to be played. The dining-room was thrown open in order to make place for all, and the students were crowded into odd corners everywhere.

Strevetzky stood beside Katharine, looking surprised and worried. She had but just told him that she was to play the Schumann instead of the Rubinstein concerto. She herself looked exceedingly pale and nervous. Ever since receiving Claire's note she had worked over the Schumann concerto without ceasing, seeing no one and scarcely eating or sleeping. She had not attempted to intercede for herself with the professor, knowing that his word was always final and that there was no choice but to do her best with the work assigned.

This evening a general excitement prevailed, and all were awaiting the professor's appearance with impatience. He was late, and word had been sent down that he was far from well. At last his voice was heard in the distance, a high, thin, rasping voice, which to-night sounded especially tense, and he entered the room without his usual bow, took his seat at the piano, and lighted his cigarette.

A newly arrived American boy, who was to play part of a Beethoven sonata as a trial performance, was the first to come forward.

The professor apathetically allowed him to play on without a single interruption, omitting even that small sign of interest, the putting on of his eye-glasses. At the end the poor boy looked up at him expectantly. The professor leaned forward, removed his cigarette, and asked with solemn distinctness:

"Do you know how to wash clothes?"

Utterly taken aback, the victim stammered out a faint "No."

"First," said the professor, slowly enumerating the processes on his fingers, "you soak them, next you rub them, rinse them, dry them, starch them; last of all you polish them. Do you understand? When you are ready for the polish, come to me. Until then—*adieu, monsieur.*"

After this came a slim young Englishman. He was to play the B Minor Sonata

of Chopin, and was greeted with the skeptical remark, "Now we will see if an Englishman can play Chopin." Soon the professor began to get restive, and his voice became high and thin again, denoting intense effort at self-control. Once he remarked that the fellow played like a blacksmith, and again that his cook knew more about piano-playing than he did. Several times he cried impatiently, "It is too English!" But the young man kept on phlegmatically, unconscious of the professor's growing impatience, until suddenly he became aware that the whole class was laughing. Turning, to his intense astonishment, he saw the professor kneeling, with upturned eyes and clasped hands, in front of a marble bust of Chopin, as if entreating that great master to forgive this intolerable rendering of his composition. Paul Lanovitch was not always so cruel, but he was in no gentle mood to-night.

"*Nun, Fräulein Gifford, what have you brought to play to-night?*" he called out in a loud voice, when it came her turn to play.

Katharine's nervousness increased to an actual tremor. What could she do in such an atmosphere? Her strength almost refused to carry her to the piano. The professor scanned her face narrowly, but said nothing. He did not like nerves. She struck the first chords of the Schumann concerto.

"Why do you not modulate?" the professor shrieked at her. He usually changed the key himself, and his ingenious and clever weaving of the theme of the last composition into the one to follow was a marvel to the class. But now he was in a satanic mood, and it amused him to test Katharine's nerves. She made a simple modulation, from B minor to A minor, not daring to trust herself to anything elaborate. The professor smiled sardonically, but let her go on, playing the second piano with her in an uninterested way, though still criticizing her occasionally. She managed to take his ideas at first, altering phrasing or nuance or pedaling as suggested; but she labored under difficulties. She felt his mood, and she was afraid of him—a fatal mistake, for Paul Lanovitch was cruel to those who cringed.

At last there came a passage where he desired a certain rhythm. He played it for her, and she repeated it after him, but he was not satisfied.

"*Nein*," he said in a snarling voice, and played it again. It seemed to Katharine as if she imitated him exactly, but this time he fairly roared "*Nein*" at her, played it once more, and then waited.

It was an awful moment to Katharine. She knew she could not satisfy him. Her ear was not fine enough to detect the infinitesimal gradation of rhythm which he wanted. She hesitated before repeating it again.

"*Ach Gott!*" he roared out, bringing his hand down on the piano. "Why do you not play? Can I sit here all night waiting for you?"

Katharine was no longer able to realize anything. She saw vaguely the long room filled with distressed faces, all turned toward her, the open doorway with people standing in it; the agony of the moment was supreme. She played the passage again, but like an automaton. She knew there was no hope for her. In that single instant she realized the desperateness of her fight and the completeness of her failure, and saw her life, devoid of career, reaching endlessly and colorlessly out before her. Then came the end! The professor towered over her like a madman.

"Go! Go back to America!" he thundered out at her in a voice that almost shook the rafters. "You have no talent! You can make nothing. Go!"

Katharine rose with the look of one struck with death, and walked out of the room. A terrified stillness reigned. Not a word was spoken. The seventy or eighty students hardly breathed. The professor went into the dining-room. Strevetzky, white as a sheet, followed Katharine. The silence was unbroken, save for a murmured whisper now and then. Katharine was known and loved, and the scene had shattered every nerve.

## VII

CLAIRE DE VILLIERS had just risen from the piano, triumphant, transfigured, inspired, conscious in every throbbing vein of the immensity of her success. Everything about her radiated light, from her transparent skin and dazzling eyes to the shimmer of her white gown. Her perform-

ance of the Rubinstein concerto had been a stupendous one. The audience had scarcely yet recovered from the excitement of the last movement. She had swept through it at such a dashing, whirling speed, with such rhythmic, incisive phrasing and virile tone, that the effect was electric. There was a breathless instant before the thunder of applause broke out on every side. Critics, whose verdict made or marred a reputation, crowded about her, unanimous in enthusiasm. The atmosphere vibrated with emotion.

Claire stood, tense yet quivering, the center of the brilliant scene. One thing she yet lacked. She looked across at Strevetzky, an imperious summons in her eyes. In an instant he stood beside her.

"Mademoiselle," he said, bending to kiss her hand, "it is as I prophesied. It was wonderful, overwhelming, beyond words! I lay all my homage at your feet!"

Claire, speechless and expectant, looked at him imploringly.

The professor at the second piano, beaming with pride and graciousness, was turning toward her from the guests about him. Strevetzky caught sight of him.

"The Herr Professor would congratulate you," he said. "I must make place. But as I shall not see you again, let me at least bid you good-by."

"Not see me again? *C'est donc adieu?*"

Strevetzky, a new radiance shining in all his face, noticed only her surprise.

"*Mais oui.* Have you not heard? Have you not seen Katharine? Mrs. Gifford takes her back to America at once, and I — have you not already guessed? I sail with her."

The great, brilliant room turned suddenly empty and dark. Claire shrank back, shivering visibly, despite a desperate effort at self-control.

But already the professor stood in Strevetzky's place and had both her icy, nerveless hands in his, and was shaking them exultingly, crying out so that all the room could hear:

"A triumph! A triumph, fräulein! Superbly done! Magnificently done! Tonight you have entered upon your career! Congratulations! Congratulations! A thousand congratulations!"



# UNCLE BIGE'S CREAKING HEART

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

**I**T began one evening after supper. I had brought Uncle Bige's corn-cob pipe out to him on the side porch, and was watching him fill it up, thinking maybe he'd tell me a story after he'd got it to going just right, when, all of a sudden, he let the pipe fall and dropped back in his chair with his hand to his side, and looking kind of green around the gills, like I saw a girl get once riding on the razzle-dazzle.

He groaned once or twice, while I sat there staring at him, with my tongue sticking to the roof of my mouth and cold shivers chasing each other up and down my back.

"Oh, my poor Mary!" he moaned after a while. "Sam, run an' tell Mary t' come here quick, ef she wants t' see me ag'in in this life."

Well, I did n't need to be told twice, and I just loped out to the kitchen, where Aunt Mary was putting up some tomatoes.

"Oh, Aunt Mary," I cried, "Uncle Bige is took. He says t' hurry up."

"Took!" cried Aunt Mary, wiping her hands nervously on her apron. "What d' y' mean, Sam?"

"Come on!" I said, and ran back again to the porch, with Aunt Mary at my heels, her slippers going flip-flop like a horse trotting along a sandy road.

Uncle Bige was still lying back in his chair, groaning kind of mournful every now and then, but he brightened up a little when he saw Aunt Mary.

"Good-by, Mary," he said, in a sort of hoarse whisper. "Good-by. I guess I'm a goner this time. Jest listen at my heart."

Aunt Mary put her ear down to his vest on the left-hand side and listened a minute, and when she straightened up again she looked 'most as scared as Uncle Bige.

"We must git y' t' bed, Abijah," she said, kind of subdued-like, just as if she was in church. "Does it hurt you much?"

"Not much. Only makes me feel weak and sick-like."

Aunt Mary nodded.

"I 'll bet it does," she said. "I 'll run an' turn down th' bed in th' spare room, so 's you won't have t' go up-stairs. Sam, you stay here with your uncle, an' call me if he gits any worse."

I said I would, and I went up and stood right close by Uncle Bige's left side, for I was mighty curious to find out what it was had scared Aunt Mary so. He was leaning back with his eyes shut, breathing slow and painful, and so I put my ear down about where Aunt Mary had put hers, and gee! but I did jump.

Every time he breathed up and down you could hear his heart creak like anything. It reminded me of the time our old horse had the wheezes, only this was worse. I thought maybe what it needed was some oil to sort of slick it up and make it run smooth, but before I could say anything Aunt Mary came back again.

"Now, Abijah," she said, "I 've got th' bed fixed. You lean on me. Sam, you take th' other side."

So we helped Uncle Bige up out of the chair, and started for the spare bedroom. He was mighty weak and tottery, and leaned on me so I could n't hardly stand; but we finally got there, and Aunt Mary whisked him into his nightgown and put him to bed. Pretty soon Uncle Bige said he believed he felt a little easier.

"Listen at my heart, Mary," he said. "Seems t' me he's sort o' got his wind ag'in."

Aunt Mary listened quite a while.

"I can't hear nothin'," she said at last. "I 've heard that them kind o' spells soon

pass off, an' if they don't kill you right away, you're safe till th' next time. But I reckon you had a mighty close call."

"Yes, I reckon I did," said Uncle Bige. "But th' worst's over now, an' I'm glad y' don't have t' call ole Sprigg."

Old Dr. Sprigg was the only doctor for five miles around, but he and Uncle Bige did n't gee very well since the time Uncle Bige thought he was bitten by a snake in the night and it turned out to be only a mosquito. He said after that he'd sooner die than have that old fool of a doctor in the house again.

Well, he did n't die this time, for by morning he was so much better he could sit up in bed and eat his breakfast. He said that the spell had made him uncommon hungry, and so Aunt Mary had to fry him two extra eggs and another slice of ham before he got enough. Along toward afternoon he sat up awhile with a blanket around him out on the porch, in a big chair that Aunt Mary fixed for him.

The day after that he got up for breakfast, and said he felt about as usual, but he guessed he'd go a little slow, because any sudden shock might bring on another spell, and he'd heard that the second spell was fatal, or the third one, anyway. After breakfast he went down to the field to see how the men were getting along with the corn, and I went with him, because I thought maybe his heart might get to creaking again, and I did n't want to miss the chance to hear it. Uncle Bige walked around the field awhile and bossed the men, and then he remembered about his heart, and sat down by the fence to rest. Well, sir, it was n't more than a minute till I saw him fall back on the ground with his hand up to his side.

"Boys!" he yelled. "Boys!"

We all ran to him as fast as we could, and one of the men threw some water into his face out of the water-jug.

"I'm gone," he moaned. "I'm gone this time, sure. She's creakin' ag'in!"

And sure enough I could hear it now even without putting my ear down. The other men heard it, too, and you could see the sweat break out on them. I tell you it was a scary thing to stand there and hear his heart making such a noise every time he took a full breath.

They lifted Uncle Bige into the wagon mighty slow and careful, and it was n't no

easy job, either, for he weighed considerable over two hundred pounds; and then I got in and held his head while Bill Hawkins drove the team back at a walk to the house. It reminded me of a funeral that I was to once, and I kept looking down at Uncle Bige to be sure he was n't a corpse; but he lay there as white as a sheet, and his heart still a-creaking every time he breathed. Aunt Mary saw us coming a good ways off, and she came flying down the road.

"Is he dead?" she screamed, as she came up alongside of us. And then she looked over into the wagon. "Are you dead, Abijah?"

"Not yet, Mary," answered Uncle Bige, faint-like. "I guess maybe I'll pull through it ag'in this time."

Well, we put him in the spare bed again, and he came around all right, and the next day was able to be up. That afternoon his heart got to creaking again, but this time he just sat right still on the porch and let her creak, with me and Aunt Mary standing there expecting to see him drop over every minute. But after a while it stopped, and he said he did n't feel much worse and would n't go to bed. He sent me over to the drug-store at Springtown to get him a bottle of cod-liver oil, and he said that maybe if he got enough of that in him, his old heart would get greased up again and quit making such a fuss.

After that Uncle Bige got to be a big curiosity all through that part of the country. People would come for six or eight miles to listen to his heart and stay for dinner. Aunt Mary said she was getting mighty tired of running a boarding-house, but Uncle Bige seemed to like it, and as he could n't do much work on account of his heart, all these visitors helped him pass the time. Besides, Aunt Mary did n't know what minute he might drop off, so she kind o' humored him.

Well, one Sunday afternoon the house was full. There must have been twenty-five people sitting around on the porch and in the front yard, and they were all taking turns listening to Uncle Bige's heart, which had an uncommonly bad spell on, when up came Dr. Sprigg a-driving along the road. He stopped out in front and looked at the row of buggies hitched there, and then he got out, hunted up a place to tie his own horse, and came in.

"What 's the excitement?" he asked, as he got around to the porch. "Having a picnic or a wedding?"

The folks looked at one another sort of sheepish, thinking that they had been having a good time out of Uncle Bige's being so sick, and then one of the men took the doctor over to one corner and whispered something in his ear.

He kind of snorted, and then he came over to Uncle Bige.

"Bige Cheney," he said, "what 's all this humbug about your heart squeakin'? 'Nother case of snake-bite, I reckon!"

"Dr. Sprigg," answered Uncle Bige, very haughty, "I object to bein' addressed in that manner, sir. It ain't no humbug. You see a man on the edge of the grave."

"Well, don't get mad," said the doctor. "We 'll look into this. Where does it hurt you?"

"It don't hurt meanywheres—not much, anyway. But every time I breathe you kin hear it creak."

"Every time you *breathe!* Why, good heavens, man, you don't breathe with your heart!"

Uncle Bige did n't answer, but he made a little motion toward his left side.

The doctor put his ear down and listened a minute, while Uncle Bige breathed slow and solemn. Then he undid his vest and listened again. Then he took hold of Uncle

Bige's suspender and worked it up and down two or three times, and then he began to laugh. I never saw a man laugh like he did. He just rolled around and held his sides and yelled. It made you laugh to look at him; and pretty soon the whole crowd was yelling like they was at a circus and the clown had just come in. Only Uncle Bige sat there solemn and pale-like, and Aunt Mary by him.

"Dr. Sprigg," he said, when the doctor had to stop a minute to get his breath, "it may be fun fer you, sir; but it ain't no fun fer a man that 's lookin' in th' face of death."

"Face of your granddaddy!" snorted the doctor. "Here, Bige Cheney, listen to this"; and he grabbed Uncle Bige's suspender and worked it up and down. "Hear that? That 's your suspender-buckle creakin'. Put a drop of oil on it, Bige, and your heart 'll be all right again."

Well, you ought to have heard them people yell. Uncle Bige sat as still as a statue for a minute, and then got up and kind o' staggered into the house; and the people hurried out to their buggies and climbed in. But we could hear them shouting a mile down the road.

And Uncle Bige has never been quite the same man since. I can hardly ever get him to tell me a story any more.



## WHITE NIGHTS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

THE sea sobs low on the dune  
Where a wave awakens and dies,  
And the whippoorwill mourns to the moon,  
And a whispering night-wind sighs.

With its passion the dusk is still,  
And the tide turns back to the sea,  
And the wind creeps over the hill,  
And my heart goes forth to thee!

# A FORSAKEN TEMPLE

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Author of "The Rescue," "The Confounding of Camelia," "The Dull Miss Arc-

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

## PART II

**T**HE end had come; not of Christina's love, not of her absorption, her need, but of Milly's. At first her mind refused to face the full realization; groped among the omens of the past; refused, even now, to fix on Dick as the cause of all. She could trace the gradual, the dreadful severance; Milly's slow loss of interest in her—in their life together. It was at first only for the fact of loss that she wept—that, only, that she could look at. But by degrees, as her stifled sobs grew quieter, she was able to think, to think clearly, fiercely, with desperate snatchings at hope, while she crouched by the bed, pushing back her hair from her forehead, pressing her hot temples with icy hands.

Why should Milly lose interest? How could she? How could love and truest sympathy, truest understanding—how could they fail? "Love begets love. Love begets love," she whispered under her breath, not knowing that she spoke, and, in this hour of shipwreck, clinging unconsciously to such spars and fragments of childish, unreasoning trust as her memory tossed her. No other friendship threatened hers; she was first as friend—she knew it—irrevocably. First as friend did not mean to Milly, could never mean, the deep-burning attachment that it meant to her; but such friendship could not die without some cause other than mere weariness of sameness. And the truth, no longer to be evaded, leaped upon her: Milly was falling in love with Dick. Whether the weariness was the cause of her love, or whether the latent love had been the cause of her long weariness, Christina could not tell, nor, as she acutely guessed, could Milly. But now, this abnormal interest in

a man so utterly alien to her, this gentle eagerness, this frank comradeship—above all, this indifference to herself—could only mean one thing: Milly was falling in love; and she was frank and happy because she did not know it; and he did not know it. Like two children with a fresh day of play and sunshine before them, they were engaged in merry, trivial games—picnics, make-believes, no thought of sentiment or emotion in them to account for the new sympathy; but from these games, these picnics,—Christina saw it with burning eyes,—they would return hand in hand, all in all to each other, needing no one else.

Maps! travels! adventures! Africa!—folly! folly! Did they not see these things as silly toys—as she did? What could Milly care for such toys? That she should play with them—as if she placed tin soldiers and blew a tin trumpet—showed the fatal glamour that was upon her; glamour only; a moonshine mood of vague cravings. Dick happened to have stepped into it, and it was fastening around him. How dignify by the sacred name of love this sentiment—all made of her weakness, her impressionability, her emotionalism—that swayed her toward her husband?

Passionate rejection of the degradation for Milly swept through the stricken friend and mingled with the throes of her anguish for herself. For how could she live without Milly? How could she live as Milly's formal friend, kept outside the circle of deepest affection, the circle where, till now, she had reigned alone? Ah! she understood Milly's nature too well; saw that, with all its sweetness, it was slight. Love, with her, would efface all friendship. Like a delicate, narrow little vase, her heart could hold but one deep feeling. She

simply would come not to care at all for Christina—would come? Had she not come already? In her eyes, her smiles, the empty caressing of her voice, was there not already the most profound indifference?

Had Milly's relation with her husband been normal there could have been no such appeal as that upon which their friendship was founded, and when the relation ceased to be abnormal the need of the stop-gap friendship would cease.

The essence of Milly was a complete self-abandonment to one, surrounded by complete reserve to everybody else. She could never give herself to two; Christina saw that. What she did not see so distinctly was that Milly had never really given herself to her; that it had always been she who gave and Milly, tenderly smiling, who received; she did not see that Milly was essentially the woman who must be in love, the woman who must have somebody in love with her. How she would be in love she did see: how she would idealize Dick; imagine him strong and stately, and proceed to lavish upon him, encompass him, and decorate him with all her clasping vines and tendrils. Milly would remain fond of herself as she had been fond of little Joan Ashby—a fondness all sweet demonstration, all emptiness. Yes; she saw it, felt it, luridly: the greater Milly's need of her had been, the less it would be now. She would mean much less to her for having meant so much. She would be the quaffed cordial that had sustained Milly over the desert of quite illusory disillusion, to be cast aside when the desert was passed and her uses gone.

And all the forces of Christina's nature rose in rebellion. She felt the rebellion like the onslaught of angels of light against powers of darkness; it was the ideal thing doing battle with some primal, evil force. She measured herself beside Dick Quentyn, her needs beside his. His life was cheerful, contented, complete; hers would be without Milly a warped, a meaningless, a broken life. Strangely her thoughts in all their anguish turned in not one reproach upon her friend; rather, her comprehension, from heights of love, sorrowed over her with infinite tenderness. For, so she told herself, she could have resigned her to true greatness, to true comprehension, to true companionship; but Milly, her Milly,—made hers by all these years,—in love with Dick!

It was a calamity, a disease, that had befallen her darling. It would last with her, too; she would not learn to unlove him. This love, asking no heights, would slowly lead her down to contented levels, and her life, too, in all true senses, would be warped, meaningless, broken.

In Christina's mind there grew, inflexibly, the determination to fight for Milly as well as for herself, to save herself, and Milly too. She armed herself with desperate measures.

Meanwhile in the library Dick said to his wife: "Are n't I interrupting you? Don't you want to read—or talk with Mrs. Drent?"

And at the question, alone with him as she was, Milly made a swift, surprised little survey of the situation. She was sitting contentedly—more than contentedly—talking with her husband; she did not want to talk to Christina; she wanted to go on talking to Dick. Her thoughts did not carry her further, did not dwell on Christina. She had not yet realized—as Christina had—that Christina was profoundly indifferent to her; she had not realized that Christina's presence had become an interruption, a burden. Christina's personality merely seemed blurred and very far away.

"Oh, no, you are not interrupting me; Christina and I have read everything—talked of everything," she said, smiling, and yet, though she was unconscious of it, blushing faintly; Dick, as unconscious of its meaning, gazed at the blush; and then they went on talking.

When Christina came down to dinner that evening her eyes were only very slightly shadowed with her weeping.

Her task was enormous. She must never let them feel her there, as a barrier between them, and yet she must be there always, and always as a barrier. She was all ease, all lightness, all unemphatic adaptation. She seemed as soft, as unmenacing, as she was resolute and implacable.

"We had thought, you know, Dick, of going to Greece," said Milly. "How would you like to go to Greece, Dick?"

"With you and Mrs. Drent, do you mean? Immensely. But you don't mean it."

"Indeed, why not?" laughed Milly. "Indeed I do mean it. Do come. Would it not be nice, Christina dear? He would take such good care of us."

"It would be delightful," said Christina, smiling at Dick over the fruit she was peeling.

"Dick is going to London in a few days, and I thought we might all go together, and then start for Greece in about a week's time," said Milly.

"Delightful," Christina reiterated; "you know how much my heart has been set on Greece."

Her greatest terror now was that Milly should guess her terror.

Two days afterward they went up to London, and during these two days Christina had effectually—though so delicately, so imperceptibly—kept the wife and husband apart. Dick went to his bachelor chambers, Milly to her friend's house. She and Christina had hardly been alone together since Dick's return, and now, in the unchanged surroundings of the old companionship, the change in the companionship itself could but strike them both; but Christina did not show any consciousness of change. Over the lava-heavings of her terror and misery she showed a constant smiling composure. Poor Milly, hardly yet seeing distinctly, hardly yet comprehending clearly, felt a strange awkwardness, a strange confusion; Christina's ignoring of change deepened it; she tried to hide it by an over-demonstrativeness that only revealed new and huge reserves. She was horribly afraid lest Christina should guess things at which she herself had hardly looked, and the fear at once gave her an odd feeling of defiance. She thought a great deal, unreasonably it seemed to her, of that distant scene over Joan Ashby. Milly was cowardly about giving pain, yet, stung to desperation, she could be crueler than a less tender person. She was not yet stung to desperation, but she was afraid of Christina. The fear, superficially, was that Christina should guess that she was not altogether frank with her, and it nerved her to apparent frankness.

"I asked Dick to come and dine," she said; "we can talk over the trip."

"It is all arranged, dear," Christina could not repress—a false step, she knew, but in her position false steps were almost inevitable from time to time.

"Yes—but not for three," said Milly. And the monstrousness of there being three, of there being such a third, suddenly overcame her; she stood dyed in helpless

blushes, not knowing what her helplessness confessed. Christina ignored the blush.

"Yes, that will need retalking," she said gaily. Perhaps Milly would think that she saw and did not mind; for the present that was safest; for the present the safest of all was to keep on the surface, to define nothing.

After dinner that night, in the drawing-room, Christina felt the very air electric with all the restraints ready to burst into revelations that would surprise no one. The terrible falseness of her attitude, the thing that put her terribly in the wrong, was that she ought to leave them; but she could not risk an explanation between them, and if she left them there must be an explanation. They must, dumbly, feel her as an intolerable intruder, and she must, as yet, be intolerable. With all her inflexible calm, a new feeling was surging over her—blind hatred of Dick Quentyn, a torment of jealousy. And in this room!—where everything spoke of her and Milly,—which had grown, as it were, around their affection, symbolized it in every bit of porcelain chosen together, every print, the furniture, the very wall-paper—all speaking of that real community of taste and feeling that this crude, elemental passion was to part forever. And Dick was unsuspecting, even now; even now when Milly had begun to grope toward complete discovery. But Christina read in his eyes, as they rested upon his wife, in the new slight shyness that had suddenly colored all his manner toward her, that for him, too, revelation would not be long delayed. Christina hated him so much that she knew that joy only would be in her were he to fall suddenly dead before her. She sat quaking with misery, her throat dry, her eyes hot; she sat, smiling, until the hour was late and Dick was forced to go.

Milly walked beside him to the door; Christina guessed that she wanted to go outside with him, and then that the courage to be frankly cowardly failed her, for, bidding him good-by inside the drawing-room, she said:

"Would you like a walk to-morrow, in the park?" She had lacked the courage to murmur it out of earshot, and in the question Christina felt the defiant hostility of weakness brought to bay.

"Delighted; may I come for you at eleven?" said Dick.

Left alone, the two women were silent. Milly went to the mantelpiece and touched her hair, looking at her reflection in the mirror.

"Dear me, how late!" she said at last, turning to her friend, but not looking at her. "Good night, dearest; I am dead with sleepiness."

"May I not come, too, for the walk?" Christina asked, smiling up at her from the review she had opened on her knees; "it is our usual hour, you know."

"Why, dearest, of course you are coming," said Milly, instantly.

Christina measured the depth of estrangement in all that the flexible acquiescence hid of bitterness, disappointment—hatred even. The contest was becoming desperate indeed.

The walk next morning was as meaningless as Christina had intended it should be. She felt herself a frail barrier between two surging impatiences. She could not long divide them unless she armed herself with some towering strength.

But even her reckless dexterity was not to prevent a meeting. Next morning, at an hour she thought thoroughly safe,—indeed, she had heard Dick speak of an engagement for that morning,—she went out to make the last preparations for the Grecian trip. She and Milly were still to go to Greece, and they were to go alone—so Christina saw the future.

During her absence Mr. Quentyn came, and Milly, in the drawing-room, seeing him drive up, hearing his voice, knew a sudden throb of triumph. She had not time to analyze it. Dick was in the room; she only knew that she was unutterably glad to see him, unutterably glad to see him alone; knew, too, that she was suddenly shy of showing her gladness. With cool sweetness she gave him her hand.

"Surely I have further privileges," said Dick. He bent his head and kissed his wife's cheek.

"Only after a return from Africa," said Milly, lightly, turning away to hide her new and quite overwhelming confusion. Waves of it were going over her; she was seeing, in flashes, the absurdity, the difficulty, the wonder of what was happening to her.

"I must be off again at once, then," said Dick, "and get back as soon as possible."

She had sat down, now, on the sofa, still

wondering greatly. Why, why was this foolish talk so charming, so dear to her? Why did she dread—and hope—that Dick would take the place beside her? He took it. For a moment she was so frightened that she thought she was sorry.

"It will be awfully jolly, this Grecian trip," said Dick, who, on his side, was also feeling a mixture of dread and hope; he hardly dared to hope—and yet—Dick, too, was wondering greatly. Most definitely he was wondering if he could dare propose something—that they might take the trip to Greece alone—together.

"It's awfully good of you to let me come," he said.

She said nothing, looking away, a little smile fixed on her face. She could not alter it; it meant nothing—was therefore safe.

"Why are you so good to me, Milly?" he asked, and leaning to her, gently, very timidly, yet with a certain elated air of right asserting itself, he took her hand. She burst into tears.

"Oh, Milly!" said Dick. He held her hand and stared.

And upon these tears, and Dick's look of mingled alarm and rapture, Christina entered.

Through her tears Milly saw, blurred and wavering, Christina's face, white, distorted, in agony. Christina and Christina's agony were now, indeed, intolerable. Milly sprang up and ran out of the room.

"How much have they said? How much? How much?" Christina was saying to herself monotonously. She was left alone confronting the husband.

"What has happened? What has happened?" She asked it in her lowest, most intent tones.

Dick had risen, agitated, yet, as usual, simple. "I am afraid I have distressed Milly. At least—"

"What have you said to her?" Her right to question him seemed, oddly, far greater than his to resent such questioning.

"I asked her—to tell you the truth, I have always hoped, Mrs. Drent, that Milly could care for me—again. I asked her why she was so good to me. She has been good, you know—surprisingly so. And—but of course you have known that—I have always been in love with Milly—quite desperately in love; that's why I never minded—never felt turned against her—you understand—"

She understood all, as he blundered on in his terribly telling way. How it would tell upon Milly with her new longings for simplicity and strength she understood too.

"Did you tell her that you loved her?" she asked.

"She must know it. No, I did n't tell her; I had n't time."

She felt as if she held, lifted in her hand above some innocent life, a murderous weapon. Yet, relentlessly, it fell.

"I must tell you, Mr. Quentyn, you will kill your wife if you continue to see her—to pursue her," she said; and she heard, as if from a far distance, the icy steadiness of her voice. "I cannot keep the truth from you now. You know my love for Milly, as great, as true, as any love can be. She told me that when you came back she was going to be kind—as kind as she could be. She felt it to be her duty—her duty only. An almost morbid change came over her this winter. Life took a new aspect to her. She saw it only as a sacrifice to be offered. She determined to live for duty only; to sacrifice herself. But you will, I know, ask no such sacrifices when you know that it is upon them that your happiness will be based. You will help me to save her from her own sick conscience. Milly does not love you—could never love you. She does not even care for you. I must tell you all the truth—as she told it to me—last night,"—she was rapidly drawing her gloves through her hands while she spoke; now she twisted them around her knuckles, clenched her fingers upon them,—"she hates you. You are repulsive to her. She cannot conquer the repulsion. It will kill her if she tries to conquer it. She is strong for martyrdom, but, you have just seen it, not strong enough to go through it, always, unflinching. Spare her. Do not see her again. Go away. Go away forever."

Her voice was hardly more than an insistent thread of sound. Drops of sweat stood on her brow. The truth of her dreadful outspeaking seemed stamped upon her rigid face. Dick Quentyn did not know a doubt. There was bewilderment, horror, on his countenance; but of incredulity not a trace—not even a trace of humiliation. A quick dart of keenest admiration for him went through her, cutting, horribly painful.

"Mrs. Drent—how right of you! This

is awfully right of you," he murmured. "Of course I'll go; at once." He looked about dazedly for his hat.

"Forever?" Christina asked.

"Forever—of course."

"And you will never let Milly guess—what I have told you?"

He stared for a moment.

"That I have let you know!" her impatience, almost fierce, explained to him.

"Of course I'll never let her know. You will tell her that I have gone? I will write—some sort of a letter. Make her think I don't mind—that will be easiest for her. Make her think that shooting—all that sort of thing—is all that I really care for—that she could n't do anything for me."

"I will make her think it. Where are you going?"

Again Dick stared for a vague moment. Where was he going?

"I may as well go back to Africa," he proposed.

"To Africa," Christina assented.

She was looking, still with the inflexible face, at him, but she felt as if the pain of her admiration were almost killing her.

"It was for her sake," she whispered. "I had to do it. It was for her sake."

"I understand—perfectly," said Dick. "Good-by." He held out his hand to her.

"Noble! noble!" she breathed, still fiercely.

And Dick actually smiled.

### III

#### CHRISTINA

HE was gone. She pressed her hands to her face. She shook in every limb. And yet she did not regret. Above the horror and the pain she felt, with a savage joy, that she had bound Milly to herself, snatched her from degradation—forever. She was breathless, trembling, but her soul was still dauntless. And now—Milly.

Christina went to her.

She found her sitting near her window, looking out, still with the wonder on her face. When she looked round at her friend, Christina read upon it, too,—under the confusion and the attempt at affection,—that latent, instinctive hostility, as though her nature warned her against the enemy to her love.

Christina knelt down beside her.

"Darling," she said, "do you care for him?"

"Yes," said Milly, sullenly. She had been nervously awaiting the difficult task of declaring her love; Christina's solemn question forestalled her declaration and seemed ominous of something against which, unconsciously, she armed herself.

"Oh, my own dearest—no, no. Not really?"

"Yes, really," said Milly, more sullenly. "I can't help it. I don't want to help it. You need not reproach me. It has all been a hideous mistake. I believe that I have always needed him."

"No! no!" It was an almost fierce appeal. Milly misread its significance. She shook off her friend's encircling arms and rose.

"I can't help it, if it does part us—and it has parted us. It is all impossible—and you have made it so, Christina, not I; the way you have acted toward us shows it. You have been so false—pretending not to see, and yet seeing all, and separating us! I am fearfully sorry. I know how ungrateful I seem, how cruel; but—you oppress me; you imprison me: I have felt it for a long, long time without knowing that I felt it. I must be free. I must love Dick, and be alone with him,—do you understand, Christina?—alone with him."

The cruel courage with which weakness in supreme moments of self-assertion can arm itself thrilled in her sharpened voice; a violent red burned on either cheek; her eyes were wild with the half-terrified determination to be pitiless.

And even now Christina did not waver. Her faith in the power of her own love swept her on.

"Milly—Milly—I am not thinking of myself—of parting from you—of obtruding myself upon you." The quality of the deep sadness, of the infinitely sorrowful tenderness, in her voice stilled Milly's agitation to instant attention. "I was thinking of you—of how to tell you. Dearest, how to tell you! It was not for myself I pretended not to see that you were in love with your husband; it was for you, Milly—and, if possible, to keep him from seeing, too: it was for that I tried to separate you. Dear one, from me you must hear it; who else could tell you? Your husband, Milly, has gone."

Milly gazed, again wildly.  
"He has gone to Africa."

"To Africa?"

"Yes." Christina grasped her hands. "Now bear it. I will bear it with you. We will never speak of it again. He guessed to-day at your love for him—and he has gone—because he has none to give you."

Milly stood rigidly, manacled by the other's grasp.

"He told me all the truth. He said that to me, who loved you so, he could speak—must speak. He felt, after what your tears had revealed, that it would be dastardly to remain. I was not to let you know that he had guessed; I was to let you think that he believed you cared as little as he did. He does n't love you. He does n't love you,"—Christina paused, looking her friend in the eyes,—"but more than that," she said, "more than that—though he did not tell me this—there is another woman; and for years, Milly, I have known it."

She saw all the enormous risks she was taking; she knew that Milly might be armed with some knowledge of her husband's heart that would unmask the lie: but she dared it, ready to meet passionate denial with pitiful and inflexible reiteration, or to catch her friend, fainting, to her breast.

But Milly neither fainted nor denied. For a long moment she looked, with strange eyes, and lips parted, at Christina. Then, not violently, with a cold, soft persistence, she twisted her hands from the grasp that clung to them. Silently she sat down again by the window, and again looked out.

On her face was none of the horror and bewilderment that her husband's had shown, but, like his, it showed no humiliation; it was with a new wonder, a frozen calm, that she looked out at the street.

"Dear one," Christina whispered, "you will love me again—and forget him?"

Her work accomplished, a dreadful weakness—a weakness that clung, shuddered, appealed—seized her.

"Will you let me be alone, please?" said Milly, not turning her head.

"Milly! Milly!" Christina moaned, "what have I done that you should change so?"

"Nothing. Nothing. It is not you who

have changed me—or anything you have done. I cannot think of you. Have mercy on me," Milly answered, "and leave me."

DICK's note of farewell came next morning; Christina did not see it, but she knew that it had been effective. Milly had not needed the effectiveness of the brief information as to his sudden determination to be off on another expedition; no more than Christina's other victim did she feel incredulity.

She and Christina went on living together in Christina's house, living together, yet parted unutterably.

And it was not Milly who drooped and pined and leaned, again, upon her friend. Milly never mentioned her husband's name; never alluded to the terrible episode of her mistimed love; never—ah, never!—asked a question about that "other woman." With a look of hard serenity she went through her days; refused with gentle courtesy the proposal of the Grecian trip; acceded with formal gratitude to less onerous suggestions.

She went out; she saw people; she smiled, was alert, almost merry, and altogether reticent. The barriers, now, were of stone indeed, but of stone overlaid with diamonds; her manner glittered with forbidding sweetness. No conscious cruelty could have been so cruel as the cruelty with which her broken and bleeding heart shut itself from any look or touch.

It was Christina who grew thin and wan, Christina who pined and sickened.

Milly did not notice—or care to notice—her wasted hands, her sunken cheeks, the haunted eyes that dwelt in a deep humility of dumb appeal upon her. She could not think of Christina's feelings; the hiding of her own demanded all her strength. Christina's mere presence was an almost insupportable burden; it made huge demands, to none of which she could respond. It was a constant reminder of all the things she could not longer give, all the things she did not care to remember. She knew that Christina saw her unutterable misery, but she determined that Christina should never see it without its mask. Endurance was all that she could give Christina, and after a month of mutual torture Milly felt that even that she could not longer give.

She said one day that she was going

down to Chawton House—to be alone for a little while. There was no longer any veiled defiance in Milly's manner; it was gentle and inflexible. Christina made no protest, no reply. She submitted. All hope now lay in submission. But deep in her heart dwelt the dreadful fear that all had been in vain and that all was in vain; that Milly would never come to her again; that she had lost her the more utterly for having tried, at such awful costs, to keep her; that Milly had no longer been hers to lose, and would never again be hers.

Milly left her, kissing her good-by with more sincere affection than she had shown for months.

"I have been very horrid, but you have understood," she whispered hurriedly as they stood together in the hall, the carriage waiting outside. "Learn to live without me; I am not nearly fine enough, generous enough, true enough for you. Go to Greece, Christina; take some nice woman and go to Greece."

Christina only bowed her forehead upon the speaker's shoulder, clasping her, for one moment, mutely.

In the country, full of summer now, Milly felt the hateful oppression fall from her. She could be miserable and not have to hide her misery. She could sit and look at her life without dreading that another's eyes were looking with her.

It pained her to see how utterly all love for poor Christina had died from her; to see how the, perhaps, crude and elemental love had killed the delicate, derivative affection; it pained her for Christina's sake, and grieved her for her own, too, to contemplate her own essential smallness and instability of nature. And yet the pain and grief were very superficial; it was saddest of all to realize that—to realize that her chief feeling about Christina, and really about herself too, was a deep indifference. Worst of all,—and she turned from the thought with a pain that was no longer superficial,—with the sensation of a real cruelty in herself, was the other latent feeling about Christina, the feeling that she could not conquer, that vaguely underlay the indifference—a dim repulsion, a dim dislike. Was it that she could not forgive her for having seen her deepest woe?

The thought of Dick was like the blue sky, like the free wind, like the grass and wild flowers; to think of Christina—even

apart from recent black associations—was to think of a hothouse atmosphere, where one was exquisite—and imprisoned. It had been real, it had been normal—for Christina; for her, with her far less idealistic nature, her nature so puny, for all its big cravings (Milly was very severe with herself), it had been a long, gradual exhaustion. She could not live in a hothouse, nor on heights either; she could not live in any rarefied atmosphere. Nectarines would not do for daily food. She only wanted simple, wholesome bread. Bread was denied her; the trees, the wind, the blue sky were not to be hers; but never, never would she go again into the hothouse, never eat nectarines again.

She was sorry, very sorry, for poor Christina. She had accepted Christina's life, used it, and now, through the strange compulsion of fate, she must cut herself away from it—even if she left it to bleed to death. That, of course, was only a simile; Christina would not carry the abnormal so far as actually to die; but that she must bleed Milly knew. But the cruelty was kind, because so truly necessary, and with time—time healed everything—Milly dropped finally into soothing truisms—with time Christina would find some other parasite, some other fragile life to cling to her own, and joy and strength would come to her again in upholding and supporting it.

That Christina had submitted showed in her letters, not too frequent, making no appeal, unemphatic, friendly recordings of superficial facts. Among them was no mention of her own health. It was, therefore, with a shock, a shock that roused her effectually from her condition of benumbed indifference, that Milly read one autumn morning, in a blurred, shaking hand:

I am very ill—dying, I think. Come to me at once. I must tell you something.

Milly was horrified, conscience-stricken too. She hastened to London and to the little house, home of so many remembrances, near Sloane street.

The maid at the door told her that Mrs. Drent was rapidly sinking. Milly read wondering reproach in her simple eyes.

"I did not know! Why was I not told? Why was I not told?" she repeated to the nurse who came to meet her.

Mrs. Drent, the nurse said, would not have her sent for; but during these last

few days she had become slightly delirious, had spoken repeatedly of something she wished to tell, had, at last, written herself. She could hardly live a day longer; heart-failure had made her illness fatal.

Milly felt herself choking with sobs. In the room she paused for one moment. Was that Christina, that strange face with such phantom eyes? For the one moment she felt herself seized by the terror that seemed to look at her from those eyes; for Christina did not smile at her; only looked, silently, and, it seemed, with terror unspeakable.

Then Milly remembered: she was dying; not herself; and oh, what must she be feeling in her abandonment, her desolation! The rush of intense pity, intense self-reproach, shook her through and through.

She ran to the bed, weeping. Her tears rained upon Christina's face, upon her hands as she took her in her arms, kissed hands and face.

"Christina—dearest—dearest! Forgive me for leaving you—oh, forgive me! I did not know! Why did you not tell me? let me come and nurse you? Oh, Christina! Christina!"

Holding her, kissing her, she could not see clearly, or at all interpret, the strange illumination that, at her words, irradiated the dying woman's face.

Life seemed suddenly to leap to her eyes and lips. Terror vanished like a ghost in the uprising of strong morning sunlight. With a rapture of hope, a vigor of yearning that resumed all her ebbing power, physical and spiritual, she stretched up her body and clasped her hands around Milly's neck.

"Do you love me again? Do you love me again?" she repeated. Her voice was like a flame springing from the languors of dissolution.

"Yes! yes! yes!" cried Milly. No affirmation could be too strong, she felt, no atonement too great.

"Better than you love him?" Christina asked.

Milly did not even hesitate. Lies were like obstacles hardly seen, as, in the gallop of her remorse and pity, she leaped them.

"Yes, yes, yes," she reiterated.

"You could be happy with me—again?"

"Yes, dearest Christina. It has passed—that feeling. I love you—only you."



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"MILLY SAT SOBING"

She smiled, a solemn, intent smile, into Christina's eyes.

"Ah!" Christina gasped. Milly laid her back upon her pillows. Her eyes had closed; but her fingers hunted among Milly's, seized her hand, held it.

"Only me," she said; "the other love has passed. All was right, then; all was right. He could not have seen the pictures—the jewels, Milly—heard the music."

"No, dear, no." Milly put over her eyes the hand Christina did not hold. Ah! those cravings, to which Christina had responded—now so dead.

"He could never have loved you—as I did—could he, Milly?"

Christina's face was still radiant, but her voice had sunken to a shrouded whisper.

"Never, Christina."

"I shall get better," said Christina; "I feel it now, I know it. I shall get better—and be always with you."

Held by those cold, clutching fingers, Milly sat sobbing. Christina would not get better; and, with horror at herself, she felt that only at the gates of death could she love Christina and be with her. Life would be impossible. And, glancing round at the head on the pillow—ah, poor head! Christina's wonderful head, more wonderful than ever now, so eager, so doomed, so white, with all its flood of black, black hair—glancing at its ebony and marble, she saw, in the closed eyes, the relaxed lips, that she need have no fear of life. Death was to end all. Christina would not get better. Brokenly, she spoke a few vague words:

"If you had loved him—you would have hated me. Now you will never hate me."

"I love you, dearest."

"You will not send for him? You will not see him? You will stay with me?"

"I will stay with you—not send for him."

"And be glad again—with me?"

"So glad."

"I shall get better," Christina repeated, turning her head on Milly's arm.

And the disarray of her mind still whispered on in strange fragments:

"It was not useless. I had not lost you. You were really mine. You are mine now; for always."

A few hours afterward, her head still turned on Milly's arm, Christina died.

SITTING alone very sadly on a winter day in the library at Chawton, Milly

heard carriage-wheels outside, and then a voice, and steps, familiar, wonderfully dear, wonderfully terrible to hear. Dick—returned.

All the misery and humiliation of her ruined married life rose before her as she heard, and as she felt her terror and her joy. She could hardly bear to see him. And then, her mind running swiftly over wild possibilities, she felt suddenly that his cruelty in coming might be explained by a great hope. Shaken by fear and hope, she rose to meet him. Dick appeared immediately,—he had not even taken off his long traveling-coat,—with no emphasis at all of look or manner, almost as casually as he might have returned from a day's hunting, though she detected at once a new and natural embarrassment; his pity, however, cloaked it. His manner might be casual, but his pity was warm and vehement, so warm, so vehement, that it gave her no further time for wonder over his conquest of the other, older pity.

"My dearest Milly," he said, "I only heard yesterday. I got back from Africa yesterday. And I felt that I must see you. I don't want to bother you, you know, or make a nuisance of my sympathy. I have only come down for the afternoon; but I wanted to ask you if I could do anything—help you in any way—be of any use—" In spite of his careful voice, his longing to see her—a longing that even his generous love for her had not made him proof against—showed in his candid, clouded eyes. Milly could only feel it vaguely; her hope, face to face with reality, was hardly conscious of itself.

"How kind of you—dear Dick!" she said, and her poor voice groped vainly for firmness. "I am glad to see you. Yes, I have been very unhappy."

And that he should know the other reason for her unhappiness! that he should know that not Christina's death alone had crushed her to the earth—that he should know that she loved him! Suddenly she seemed not to care that he should know. Her womanly pride broke. With this human kindness, so warm, so true, near her, she forgot their tangled relations as man and woman; the simple human one only remained, and the loneliness, the grief of a child overwhelmed her. She sank, sobbing helplessly, into her chair.

"Oh, Milly!" said poor Dick Quentyn,



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

"THEY STOOD IN THE FIRELIGHT, HOLDING EACH OTHER'S HANDS"

as he had said on another occasion. But the human appeal, the human longing to console, overcoming his fears and diffidence, he knelt beside her and took her in his arms.

Milly then did and said what she never could have believed herself capable of doing or saying. No pride could hold her back from it—no dignity, no common shame, even. She simply could not keep herself from dropping her face upon his shoulder and sobbing: "Oh, Dick—try—try to love me—a little. I can't bear it any longer."

It was a startling moment for Dick Quentyn—the most startling of his life.

"Try—to love you!" he stammered. He pushed her back to look at her. "Milly, the maddest self-sacrifice does n't demand that from you. I ought, I know, to be ashamed to force myself upon you like this, knowing as I do—for I do, Milly—that you simply can't endure me."

Milly had shut her eyes after her appeal; it had been like a diving under deep waters—she had not known how or where or when she would come up again. Now she opened them and stared at her husband. She seemed to have come up under new, bewildering skies; strange stars made her dizzy.

She and Dick looked, and in each other's faces they saw great wonder, and, amazing yet unmistakable, great love.

"What do you mean?" asked Milly.

"Why, that is why I went away—because you could n't endure me. What do you mean?"

"Endure you? When I adore you! And you—who love the other woman! Oh, Dick! Dick!" She hid her face, she could not look at him, and still the strange stars seemed to dance, the very universe to turn round.

Dick was repeating with a stupefaction numbed to mildness: "The other woman? Another woman, Milly?—when there has never been any woman but you—never, never—from the first."

Again they gazed at each other. It was as if, groping toward each other through

a forest, they were calling in the dark. Suddenly Milly sprang to her feet,

"Oh!" she cried, "oh! oh!" Horror, triumph, love, and hatred thrilled in her voice.

Dick rose, still gazing, still uncomprehending.

"Christina! Christina!" cried Milly. "That is what she was going to tell me!—and did not—did not—died without telling me!"

She seized her husband's hands.

"Was it she? Did Christina say that I could not endure you?"

This was no time for a careful keeping of promises. The truth must trample on lies and disdain hoodwinked pledges.

"Yes, she did," said Dick, and he grew white:

"And she told me," said Milly, "that you were going because you guessed that I loved you, and because you could not love me, and that you loved somebody else."

After this they stood in the firelight, holding each other's hands, as though, after long wanderings, they had found each other at last. There was silence. Only after many moments of grave, mutual survey did Dick say, gently, with a sudden acute wonder and pity: "Poor thing!"

"Horrible! oh, horrible!" said Milly. "You might have died away from me—I might never have seen you again. Horrible woman! Horrible love!"

"Poor thing!" Dick repeated vaguely. He kissed his wife's forehead, and, his arm around her: "I have n't died: she is dead. I do see you again: she does n't see you. I have got you: she has lost you."

Milly still shuddered; she still looked down the black precipice—only just escaped.

"Yes; she has lost me—lost me forever. It may be cruel, but I hate her. I shall never forgive her. Oh, Dick, I can never—never forgive her."

"Ah, but she loved you tremendously," said Dick. "All I can feel is that."

But Milly only said: "I love you all the more for feeling it."

## MRS. CHICK

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

"NOW I'm settled in my own house I reckon I'll have a heap o' company," said Mrs. Chick, looking happily around her bare little room. There was a stove, a pine table, and in one corner a settle that served as a bed. "Mrs. Bell let fall that there geranium from her market-wagon, and it's growin' grand!" The neighbor addressed looked dubiously at the scrubby slip in its close confines of a tomato-can and said nothing. "And Isaac Beck says his mother's got real citronalis,—it smells so sweet, you know,—and she'll give me a slip in the spring. I declare, folks are so kind and attentive! Blessin's pile up and heap on me."

The neighbor looked doubtful. "You do keep real cheerful, Mis' Chick, but seems to me you've had a heap o' trouble this past year, tossed around as you were till you got these two rooms, and they nothin' to brag of, leakin' as they do."

"I just opened Mis' Green's umbrella over my bed," put in Mrs. Chick.

"And the cow dyin'."

"Mis' Wright sent me over a whole quart o' milk."

"And you all crippled up with sciaticy; hardly able to move outer your chair."

"My left leg goes a heap easier this mornin'."

"And all snowed up only last week, and dug outer this hollow, with everybody waitin' to see you dead or smothered."

"Was n't it grand!" Mrs. Chick's small hands clasped the chair-arms in her excitement. "I never spent such a night! My! 't was so still I just kep' quiet and got the feelin' that I was in my coffin for good and all."

"Mercy, I'd ha' been scared, though!" said the other.

"Scared!" Mrs. Chick drew herself up. "It war n't the time to be scared. 'T was too grand-feelin' for that. A body can get scared when a mouse squeals, if she's a mind to; but as for one's coffin, what's there to be scared of in a place that holds

nothin' but one's self? No, indeed; I just shut my eyes and got the feelin' that I was waitin' for the day o' judgment."

"My land!" breathed the neighbor.

"And 'long toward late mornin', when I heerd the first shovel, I says, 'There's Gabriel!' 'T was just Billy Bates, but the feelin' was the same, and feelin' 's a great thing. Then to be dragged out as 'live as anybody else—"

"You certainly was alive," said the neighbor, with a sniff. "I never seen your like; everybody standin' there worryin' and solemn, and you pulled out in your best mohair and pin, lookin' like you'd never enjoyed yourself as much!"

"Why, they was my layin'-out clothes!" said Mrs. Chick. "A body must wear her best frock for the last. Enjoyed it? I don't want to be braggy, but I would n't ha' missed that feelin' for a coach-ride to Barnwell and back."

"Well, feelin's may be all right in their place, but they ain't always fillin'," said the neighbor, "so I fetched you over some o' them pippins. Thought maybe you could bake 'em."

"Now, ain't that jest as I said!" exclaimed Mrs. Chick. "I do get more favors than enough! I must get ready to make room for those that 'll come Christmas. Folks are so good in rememberin' Christmas, and it's only three days off."

The neighbor looked around her again. Then she remarked: "I hope all your relations'll remember you well this Christmas, Mis' Chick. So much has happened to you this year. There's a heap of things they could do, maybe—a cushion for that chair, and a tidy or two; a barrel o' flour by freight would n't hurt, to say nothin' of cans of things. Do you still write 'em letters?"

"Whenever there's a stamp convenient," said Mrs. Chick, working her chair to the table to avoid rising on her painful little limbs. "They're so much company to write. I had a letter only last week from Hannah—that's Brother Ned's widow.



Drawn by E. Noyes Thayer. Halftone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"MAIL!"

She's so pleased that I'm doin' so well. She'll be sure to send a box, for Hannah's well-to-do and a free-handed girl. So's Martha Fitz. They're awful pleased when I write 'em. They say it cheers 'em up to hear of prosperity when there's so much trouble around 'em."

"My goodness, Mis' Chick! Did n't you write 'em about losin' your place and your horse, and breakin' your leg last fall, and your cow dyin', and your taxes, and the fire, and your spring runnin' dry, and you havin' the grippie, and gettin' all crippled up with sciaticky, and bein' snowed up and dug out, and your roof lettin' in snow, and not a mouthful—"

The neighbor stopped short. The bare larder and meager resources might have been added to the list, but Mrs. Chick broke in, weighing an apple in each hand:

"To be sure, I wrote and told 'em all about the snowin' up and diggin' out, and Hannah says it's the most excitin' readin' she's had in a long time, and that most people would ha' got into a heap o' trouble over it. She thinks I escaped wonderful. And they certainly did congratulate me over such an interestin' experience. The same way when my leg was broken. They said it might ha' been my neck, and so it might. They tell me I'm the luckiest woman they ever heard tell of, and I certainly am. I'm real full of gettin' ready for Christmas," added Mrs. Chick, irrelevantly. "I'd try my hand at makin' a pie of these apples if lard wasn't so scarce; but I've got a notion that a Brown Betty would be fine. I declare, I get the feelin' for Christmas so strong, and it's a grand feelin'! You come over as soon as you can, Henrietta, and see my things that come."

The neighbor promised and went her way, while Mrs. Chick sat before the fire to plan her Christmas.

When Christmas day arrived, however, the neighbor was too busy to go across to Mrs. Chick's until afternoon. Then she rapped at the door, and it was immediately opened by Mrs. Chick. She was arrayed in her laying-out clothes, and her eyes sparkled with the delight of living. She hobbled to the table, which was carefully covered with newspapers.

"They've all come, every one of them! I covered 'em with papers to keep from a speck of dust."

"I did n't see the expressman stop," re-

marked the neighbor, eying the table suspiciously.

"Mail!" Mrs. Chick carefully removed the papers and disclosed a white surface beneath. "They came by mail!"

The other stared down at the table.

"Well! What are all—well, upon my word, Mis' Chick!"

"Pocket-handkerchiefs!" said Mrs. Chick, triumphantly, "all of 'em. Hannah sent me a whole dozen, and all hem-stitched, too! Martha she sent another dozen, and Tom's widow she sent six with letters on 'em—look! B—that's for Betsy. Cousin Mary Battey she sent three, and Mis' Neal sent two, and here's one from Mis' Petty, up at Barnwell, and another from the preacher's wife up there. Ain't they grand? Hannah says she sent handkerchiefs 'cause they could mail 'em so easy, and so they could. 'T was a mighty sensible thought and saved 'em trouble. Martha says a body who has as many friends as I have needs handkerchiefs—they're so useful at goin' out to tea and to funerals. I do like a nice stiff handkerchief at a funeral!" Mrs. Chick passed her hand proudly over the array of linen. Then the neighbor said:

"Thirty-seven pocket-handkerchiefs. Well, I never!"

"Nor I," said Mrs. Chick, proudly. "I don't want to be braggy, but I don't believe anybody around got so many, and I'll have one fresh for every Sunday."

The neighbor looked around her,—a comprehensive glance that took in the table, empty save for a plate and broken-handled knife, the struggling geranium slip, the pale winter sunlight that left nothing disguised,—and then she said:

"Pocket-handkerchiefs are good in their place; a body can't eat 'em, though."

"Well, I declare, the Christmas feelin' has been so strong that I've not thought much about the eatin' part," said Mrs. Chick. "I've got all these letters to write by and by."

"So I fetched along a piece of roast turkey," added the neighbor. "As I said, feelin's ain't fillin'."

Mrs. Chick was speechless. Then she seized the nearest handkerchief and pressed it to her eyes.

"Oh, Henrietta! To think I should make the first use of 'em by cryin' into 'em! But it's tears of thankfulness, and thankfulness is a grand feelin'!"

# LOVEY MARY

BY ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

## I

### A CACTUS-PLANT

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,  
And hope and fear, . . .  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,—  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.  
BROWNING'S "A Death in the Desert."

EVERYTHING about Lovey Mary was a contradiction, from her hands and feet, which seemed to have been meant for a big girl, to her high ideals and aspirations, that ought to have belonged to an amiable one. The only ingredient which might have reconciled all the conflicting elements in her chaotic little bosom was one which no one had ever taken the trouble to supply.

When Miss Bell, the matron of the home, came to receive Lovey Mary's confession of repentance, she found her at an up-stairs window making hideous faces and kicking the furniture. The depth of her repentance could always be gaged by the violence of her conduct. Miss Bell looked at her as she would have looked at one of the hieroglyphs on the Obelisk. She had been trying to decipher her for thirteen years.

Miss Bell was stout and prim, a combination which was surely never intended by nature. Her gray dress and tight linen collar and cuffs gave the uncomfortable impression of being sewed on, while her rigid black water-waves seemed irrevocably painted upon her high forehead. She was a routinist; she believed in system, she believed in order, and she believed that godliness was akin to cleanliness. When she found an exception to a rule she regarded the exception in the light of an error. As she stood, brush in hand, before Lovey Mary, she thought for the hundredth time that the child was an exception.

"Stand up," she said firmly but not unkindly. "I thought you had too much sense to do your hair that way. Come back to the bath-room, and I will arrange it properly."

Lovey Mary gave a farewell kick at the wall before she followed Miss Bell. One side of her head was covered with tight black ringlets, and the other bristled with curl-papers.

"When I was a little girl," said Miss Bell, running the wet comb ruthlessly through the treasured curls, "the smoother my hair was the better I liked it. I used to brush it down with soap and water to make it stay."

Lovey Mary looked at the water-waves and sighed.

"If you're ugly you never can get married with anybody, can you, Miss Bell?" she asked in a spirit of earnest inquiry.

Miss Bell's back became stiffer, if possible, than before.

"Marriage is n't the only thing in the world. The homelier you are the better chance you have of being good. Now the Lord meant you to be plain"—assisting Providence by drawing the braids so tight that the girl's eyebrows were elevated with the strain. "If he had meant you to have curls he would have given them to you."

"Well, did n't he want me to have a mother and father?" burst forth Lovey Mary, indignantly, "or clothes, or money, or nothing? Can't I ever get nothing at all 'cause I was n't started out with nothing?"

Miss Bell was too shocked to reply. She gave a final brush to the sleek, wet head and turned sorrowfully away. Lovey Mary ran after her and caught her hand.

"I'm sorry," she cried impulsively. "I want to be good. Please—please—"

Miss Bell drew her hand away coldly. "You need n't go to Sabbath-school this morning," she said in an injured tone; "you can stay here and think over what you have said. I am not angry with you. I never allow myself to get angry. I don't understand, that's all. You are such a

dreadful to Lovey Mary; she would have experienced real relief could she have known that she did not possess any. It was not Kate Rider, however, who was causing the present tears; she had left the home two years before, and her name was not allowed to be mentioned even in whis-



*Florence Page Shinn.*

"NOW THE LORD MEANT YOU TO BE PLAIN"

good girl about some things and so unreasonable about others. With a good home, good clothes, and kind treatment, what else could a girl want?"

Receiving no answer to this inquiry, Miss Bell adjusted her cuffs and departed with the conviction that she had done all that was possible to throw light upon a dark subject.

Lovey Mary, left alone, shed bitter tears on her clean gingham dress. Thirteen years ought to reconcile a person even to gingham dresses with white china buttons down the back, and round straw hats bought at wholesale. But Lovey Mary's rebellion of spirit was something that time only served to increase. It had started with Kate Rider, who used to pinch her, and laugh at her, and tell the other girls to "get on to her curves." Curves had signified something

pers. Neither was it rebellion against the work that had cast Lovey Mary into such depths of gloom; fourteen beds had been made, fourteen heads had been combed, and fourteen wriggling little bodies had been cheerfully buttoned into starchy blue ginghams exactly like her own.

Something deeper and more mysterious was fermenting in her soul—something that made her long passionately for the beautiful things of life, for love and sympathy and happiness; something that made her want to be good, yet tempted her constantly to rebel against her environs. It was just the world-old spirit that makes the veriest little weed struggle through a chink in the rock and reach upward toward the sun.

"What's the matter with your hair, Lovey Mary? It looks so funny," asked a small girl, coming up the steps.

"If anybody asts you, tell 'em you don't know," snapped Lovey Mary.

"Well, Miss Bell says for you to come down to the office," said the other, unabashed. "There's a lady down there—a lady and a baby. Me and Susie peeked in. Miss Bell made the lady cry; she made her wipe the powders off her compleshun."

"And she sent for me?" asked Lovey Mary, incredulously. Such a ripple in the still waters of the home was sufficient to interest the most disconsolate.

"Yes; and me and Susie's going to peek some more."

Lovey Mary dried her tears and hurried down to the office. As she stood at the door she heard a girl's excited voice protesting and begging, and Miss Bell's placid tones attempting to calm her. They paused as she entered.

"Mary," said Miss Bell, "you remember Kate Rider. She has brought her child for us to take care of for a while. Have you room for him in your division?"

As Lovey Mary looked at the gaily dressed girl on the sofa, her animosity rekindled. It was not Kate's bold black eyes that stirred her wrath, nor the hard red lips that recalled the taunts of other days: it was the sight of the auburn curls gathered in tantalizing profusion under the brim of the showy hat.

"Mary, answer my question!" said Miss Bell, sharply.

With an involuntary shudder of repugnance Lovey Mary drew her gaze from Kate and murmured, "Yes, 'm."

"Then you can take the baby with you," continued Miss Bell, motioning to the sleeping child. "But wait a moment. I think I will put Jennie at the head of your division and let you have entire charge of this little boy. He is only a year old, Kate tells me, so will need constant attention."

Lovey Mary was about to protest, when Kate broke in:

"Oh, say, Miss Bell, please get some other girl! Tommy never would like Lovey. He's just like me: if people ain't pretty, he don't have no use for 'em."

"That will do, Kate," said Miss Bell, coldly. "It is only pity for the child that makes me take him at all. You have forfeited all claim upon our sympathy or patience. Mary, take the baby up-stairs and care for him until I come."

Lovey Mary, hot with rebellion, picked

him up and went out of the room. At the door she stumbled against two little girls who were listening at the keyhole.

Up-stairs in the long dormitory it was very quiet. The children had been marched away to Sunday-school, and only Lovey Mary and the sleeping baby were on the second floor. The girl sat beside the little white bed and hated the world as far as she knew it: she hated Kate for adding this last insult to the old score; she hated Miss Bell for putting this new burden on her unwilling shoulders; she hated the burden itself, lying there before her so serene and unconcerned; and most of all she hated herself.

"I wisht I was dead!" she cried passionately. "The harder I try to be good the meaner I get. Ever'body blames me, and ever'body makes fun of me. Ugly old face, and ugly old hands, and straight old rat-tail hair! It ain't no wonder that nobody loves me. I just wisht I was dead!"

The sunshine came through the window and made a big white patch on the bare floor, but Lovey Mary sat in the shadow and disturbed the Sunday quiet by her heavy sobbing.

At noon, when the children returned, the noise of their arrival woke Tommy. He opened his round eyes on a strange world, and began to cry lustily. One child after another tried to pacify him, but each friendly advance increased his terror.

"Leave him be!" cried Lovey Mary. "Them hats is enough to skeer him into fits." She picked him up, and with the knack born of experience soothed and comforted him. The baby hid his face on her shoulder and held her tight. She could feel the sobs that still shook the small body, and his tears were on her cheek.

"Never mind," she said. "I ain't a-going to let 'em hurt you. I'm going to take care of you. Don't cry any more. Look!"

She stretched forth her long, unshapely hand and made grotesque snatches at the sunshine that poured in through the window. Tommy hesitated and was lost; a smile struggled to the surface, then broke through the tears.

"Look! He's laughing!" cried Lovey Mary, gleefully. "He's laughing 'cause I ketched a sunbeam for him!"

Then she bent impulsively and kissed the little red lips so close her own.



"COME HERE, TOM, AND KISS YOUR MOTHER"

II

A RUNAWAY COUPLE

"Courage mounteth with occasion."

FOR two years Lovey Mary cared for Tommy: she bathed him and dressed him, taught him to walk, and kissed his bumps to make them well; she sewed for him and nursed him by day, and slept with him in her tired arms at night. And Tommy, with the inscrutable philosophy of childhood, accepted his little foster-mother and gave her his all.

One bright June afternoon the two were romping in the home yard under the beech-trees. Lovey Mary lay in the grass, while Tommy threw handfuls of leaves in her face, laughing with delight at her grimaces. Presently the gate clicked, and some one came toward them.

"Good land! is that my kid?" said a woman's voice. "Come here, Tom, and kiss your mother."

Lovey Mary, sitting up, found Kate Rider, in frills and ribbons, looking with surprise at the sturdy child before her.

Tommy objected violently to this sudden overture and declined positively to acknow-

ledge the relationship. In fact, when Kate attempted to pull him to her, he fled for protection to Lovey Mary and cast bellicose glances at the intruder.

Kate laughed.

"Oh, you need n't be so scary; you might as well get used to me, for I am going to take you home with me. I bet he's a corker, ain't he, Lovey? He used to bawl all night. Sometimes I'd have to spank him two or three times."

Lovey Mary clasped the child closer and looked up in dumb terror. Was Tommy to be taken from her? Tommy to go away with Kate?

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Kate, exasperated at the girl's manner. "You are just as ugly and foolish as you used to be. I'm going in to see Miss Bell."

Lovey Mary waited until she was in the house, then she stole noiselessly around to the office window. The curtain blew out across her cheek, and the swaying lilacs seemed to be trying to count the china buttons on her back; but she stood there with staring eyes and parted lips, and held her breath to listen.

"Of course," Miss Bell was saying, mea-

suring her words with due precision, "if you feel that you can now support your child and that it is your duty to take him, we cannot object. There are many other children waiting to come into the home. And yet—" Miss Bell's voice sounded human and unnatural—"yet I wish he could stay. Have you thought, Kate, of your responsibility toward him, of—"

"Oh! Ough!" shrieked Tommy from the playground, in tones of distress.

Lovey Mary left her point of vantage and rushed to the rescue. She found him emitting frenzied yells, while a tiny stream of blood trickled down his chin.

"It was my little duck," he gasped as soon as he was able to speak. "I was tissin' him, an' he bited me."

At thought of the base ingratitude on the part of the duck, Tommy wailed anew. Lovey Mary led him to the hydrant and bathed the injured lip, while she soothed his feelings. Suddenly a wave of tenderness swept over her. She held his chubby face up to hers and said fervently:

"Tommy, do you love me?"

"Yes," said Tommy, with a reproachful eye on the duck. "Yes; I yuv to yuv. I don't yuv to tiss, though!"

"But me, Tommy, me. Do you love me?"

"Yes," he answered gravely, "dollar an' a half."

"Whose little boy are you?"

"Yuvey's 'e boy."

Satisfied with this catechism, she put Tommy in care of another girl and went back to her post at the window. Miss Bell was talking again.

"I will have him ready to-morrow afternoon when you come. His clothes are all in good condition. I only hope, Kate, that you will care for him as tenderly as Mary has. I am afraid he will miss her sadly."

"If he's like me, he'll forget about her in two or three days," answered the other voice. "It always was 'out of sight, out of mind' with me."

Miss Bell's answer was indistinct, and in a few minutes Lovey Mary heard the hall door close behind them. She shook her fists until the lilacs trembled. "She sha'n't have him!" she whispered fiercely. "She sha'n't let him grow up wicked like she is. I won't let him go. I'll hide him, I'll—"

Suddenly she grew very still, and for a long time crouched motionless behind the

bushes. The problem that faced her had but one solution, and Lovey Mary had found it.

The next morning when the sun climbed over the tree-tops and peered into the dormitory windows he found that somebody else had made an early rise. Lovey Mary was sitting by a wardrobe making her last will and testament. From the neatly folded pile of linen she selected a few garments and tied them into a bundle. Then she took out a cigar-box and gravely contemplated the contents. There were two narrow hair-ribbons which had evidently been one wide ribbon, a bit of rock-crystal, four paper dolls, a soiled picture-book with some other little girl's name scratched out on the cover, and two shining silver dollars. These composed Lovey Mary's worldly possessions. She tied the money in her handkerchief and put it in her pocket, then got up softly and slipped about among the little white beds, distributing her treasures.

"I'm mad at Susie," she whispered, pausing before a tousled head; "I hate to give her the nicest thing I've got. But she's just crazy 'bout picture-books."

The curious sun climbed yet a little higher and saw Lovey Mary go back to her own bed, and, rolling Tommy's clothes around her own bundle, gather the sleeping child in her arms and steal quietly out of the room. Then the sun got too high up in the heavens to watch little runaway orphan girls. Nobody saw her steal through the deserted play-room, down the clean bare steps, which she had helped to wear away, and out through the yard to the coal-shed. Here she got the reluctant Tommy into his clothes, and tied on his little round straw hat, so absurdly like her own.

"Is we playin' hie-spy, Yuvey?" asked the mystified youngster.

"Yes, Tommy," she whispered, "and we are going a long way to hide. You are my little boy now, and you must love me better than anything in the world. Say it, Tommy; say, 'I love you better 'n anybody in the whole world.'"

"Will I det on de rollin' honor?" asked Tommy, thinking he was learning his golden text.

But Lovey Mary had forgotten her question. She was taking a farewell look at the home, every nook and corner of which had suddenly grown dear. Already she seemed

a thing apart, one having no right to its shelter and protection. She turned to where Tommy was playing with some sticks in the corner, and bidding him not to stir or speak until her return, she slipped back up the walk and into the kitchen. Swiftly and quietly she made a fire in the stove and filled the kettle with water. Then she looked about for something more she might do. On the table lay the grocery book with a pencil attached. She thought a moment, then wrote laboriously under the last order: "Miss Bell I will take kere Tommy pleas dont be mad." Then she softly closed the door behind her.

A few minutes later she lifted Tommy out of the low shed window, and hurried him down the alley and out into the early morning streets. At the corner they took a car, and Tommy knelt by the window and absorbed the sights with rapt attention; to him the adventure was beginning brilliantly. Even Lovey Mary experienced a sense of exhilaration when she paid their fare out of one of the silver dollars. She knew the conductor was impressed, because he said, "You better watch Buddy's hat, ma'am." That "ma'am" pleased her profoundly; it caused her unconsciously to assume Miss Bell's tone and manner as she conversed with the back of Tommy's head.

"We'll go out on the avenue," she said. "We'll go from house to house till I get work. 'Most anybody would be glad to get a handy girl that can cook and wash and sew, only—I ain't very big, and then there's you."

"Ain't that a big house?" shouted Tommy, half-way out of the window.

"Yes; don't talk so loud. That's the court-house."

"Where they make court-plaster at?" inquired Tommy, shrilly.

Lovey Mary glanced around uneasily. She hoped the old man in the corner had not heard this benighted remark. All went well until the car reached the terminal station. Here Tommy refused to get off. In vain Lovey Mary coaxed and threatened.

"It'll take us right back to the home," she pleaded. "Be a good boy and come with Lovey. I'll buy you something nice."

Tommy remained obdurate. He believed in letting well enough alone. The

joys of a street-car ride were present and tangible; "something nice" was vague, unsatisfying.

"Don't yer little brother want to git off?" asked the conductor, sympathetically.

"No, sir," said Lovey Mary, trying to maintain her dignity while she struggled with her charge. "If you please, sir, would you mind holding his feet while I loosen his hands?"

Tommy, shrieking indignant protests, was borne from the car and deposited on the sidewalk.

"Don't you dare get limber!" threatened Lovey Mary. "If you do I'll spank you right here on the street. Stand up! Straighten out your legs! Tommy! do you hear me?"

Tommy might have remained limp indefinitely had not a hurdy-gurdy opportunity arrived on the scene. It is true that he would go only in the direction of the music, but Lovey Mary was delighted to have him go at all. When at last they were headed for the avenue, Tommy caused another delay.

"I want my ducky," he announced.

The words brought consternation to Lovey Mary. She had fearfully anticipated them from the moment of leaving the home.

"I'll buy you a 'tend-like duck," she said.

"No; I want a sure-'nough ducky; I want mine."

Lovey Mary was exasperated. "Well, you can't have yours. I can't get it for you, and you might as well hush."

His lip trembled, and two large tears rolled down his round cheeks. When he was injured he was irresistible. Lovey Mary promptly surrendered.

"Don't cry, baby boy! Lovey'll get you one someway."

For some time the quest of the duck was fruitless. The stores they entered were wholesale houses for the most part, where men were rolling barrels about or stacking skins and hides on the sidewalk.

"Do you know what sort of a store they sell ducks at?" asked Lovey Mary of a colored man who was sweeping out an office.

"Ducks!" repeated the negro, grinning at the queerly dressed children in their round straw hats. "Name o' de Lawd! What do you all want wif ducks?"

Lovey Mary explained.

"Would n't a kitten do jes as well?" he asked kindly.

"I want my ducky," whined Tommy, showing signs of returning storm.

"I don' see no way 'cept'n guine to de mahket. Efen you tek de cah you kin ride plumb down dere."

Recent experience had taught Lovey Mary to be wary of street-cars, so they walked. At the market they found some ducks. The desired objects were hanging in a bunch with their limp heads tied together. Further inquiry, however, discovered some live ones in a coop.

"They're all mama ducks," objected Tommy. "I want a baby ducky. I want my little ducky!"

When he found he could do no better, he decided to take one of the large ones. Then he said he was hungry, so he and Mary took turn about holding it while the other ate "po' man's pickle" and wiener-wurst.

It was two o'clock by the time they reached the avenue, and by four they were foot-sore and weary, but they trudged bravely along from house to house asking for work. As dusk came on, the houses, which a few squares back had been tall and imposing, seemed to be getting smaller and more insignificant. Lovey Mary felt secure as long as she was on the avenue. She did not know that the avenue extended for many miles and that she had reached the frayed and ragged end of it. She and Tommy passed under a bridge, and after that the houses all seemed to behave queerly. Some faced one way, some another, and crisscross between them, in front of them, and behind them ran a network of railroad-tracks.

"What's the name of this street?" asked Lovey Mary of a small, barefooted girl.

"T ain't no street," answered the little girl, gazing with undisguised amazement at the strange-looking couple; "this here is the Cabbage Patch."

### III

#### THE HAZY HOUSEHOLD

"Here sovereign Dirt erects her sable throne,  
The house, the host, the hostess all her own."

MISS HAZY was the submerged tenth of the Cabbage Patch. The submersion was mainly one of dirt and disorder,

but Miss Hazy was such a meek, inefficient little body that the Cabbage Patch withheld its blame and patiently tried to furnish a prop for the clinging vine. Miss Hazy, it is true, had Chris; but Chris was unstable, not only because he had lost one leg, but also because he was the wildest, noisiest, most thoughtless youngster that ever shied a rock at a lamp-post. Miss Hazy had "raised" Chris, and the neighbors had raised Miss Hazy.

When Lovey Mary stumbled over the Hazy threshold with the sleeping Tommy and the duck in her arms, Miss Hazy fluttered about in dismay. She pushed the flour-sifter farther over on the bed and made a place for Tommy, then she got a chair for the exhausted girl and hovered about her with little chirps of consternation.

"Dear sakes! You're done tuckered out, ain't you? You an' the baby got losted? Ain't that too bad! Must I make you some tea? Only there ain't no fire in the stove. Dear me! what ever will I do? Jes wait a minute; I'll have to go ast Mis' Wiggs."

In a few minutes Miss Hazy returned. With her was a bright-faced little woman whose smile seemed to thaw out the frozen places in Lovey Mary's heart and make her burst into tears on the motherly bosom.

"There now, there," said Mrs. Wiggs, hugging the girl up close and patting her on the back; "there ain't no hole so deep can't somebody pull you out. An' here's me an' Miss Hazy jes waitin' to give you a h'ist."

There was something so heartsome in her manner that Lovey Mary dried her eyes and attempted to explain. "I'm tryin' to get a place," she began, "but nobody wants to take Tommy too. I can't carry him any further, and I don't know where to go, and it's most night—" again the sobs choked her.

"Lawsee!" said Mrs. Wiggs, "don't you let that worry you! I can't take you home, 'cause Asia an' Australia an' Europen are sleepin' in one bed as it is; but you kin git right in here with Miss Hazy, can't she, Miss Hazy?"

The hostess, to whom Mrs. Wiggs was an oracle, acquiesced heartily.

"All right; that's fixed. Now I'll go home an' send you all over some nice, hot supper by Billy, an' to-morrow mornin' will be time enough to think things out."

Lovey Mary, too exhausted to mind the dirt, ate her supper off a broken plate, then climbed over behind Tommy and the flour-sifter, and was soon fast asleep.

The business meeting next morning "to think things out" resulted satisfactorily. At first Mrs. Wiggs was inclined to ask questions and find out where the children came from, but when she saw Lovey Mary's evident distress and embarrassment, she ac-

won't have to send in so many outside victuals. If she could make three dollars an' Chris three, you all could git along right peart."

Lovey Mary stayed in the house most of the day. She was almost afraid to look out of the little window, for fear she should see Miss Bell or Kate Rider coming. She sat in the only chair that had a bottom and diligently worked buttonholes for Miss Hazy.



"'T AIN'T NO STREET . . . THIS HERE IS THE CABBAGE PATCH'"

cepted the statement that they were orphans and that the girl was seeking work in order to take care of herself and the boy. It had come to be an unwritten law in the Cabbage Patch that as few questions as possible should be asked of strangers. People had come there before who could not give clear accounts of themselves.

"Now I'll tell you what I think 'll be best," said Mrs. Wiggs, who enjoyed untangling snarls. "Asia kin take Mary up to the fact'ry with her to-morrow, an' see if she kin git her a job. I 'spect she kin, 'cause she stands right in with the lady boss. Miss Hazy, me an' you kin keep a eye on the baby between us. If Mary gits a place she kin pay you so much a week, an' that 'll help us all out, 'cause then we

"Looks like there ain't never no time to clean up," said Miss Hazy, apologetically, as she shoved Chris's Sunday clothes and a can of coal-oil behind the door.

Lovey Mary looked about her and sighed deeply. The room was brimful and spilling over: trash, tin cans, and bottles overflowed the window-sills; a crippled rocking-chair, with a faded quilt over it, stood before the stove, in the open oven of which Chris's shoe was drying; an old sewing-machine stood in the middle of the floor, with Miss Hazy's sewing on one end of it and the uncleared dinner-dishes on the other. Mary could not see under the bed, but she knew from the day's experience that it was used as a combination store-room and wardrobe. She thought of the home with

its bare, clean rooms and its spotless floors. She rose abruptly and went out to the rear of the house, where Tommy was playing with Europena Wiggs. They were absorbed in trying to hitch the duck to a spool-box, and paid little attention to her.

"Tommy," she said, clutching his arm, "don't you want to go back?"

But Tommy had tasted freedom; he had had one blissful day unwashed, uncombed, and uncorrected.

"No," he declared stoutly; "I'm doin' to stay to this house and play wiv You're-a-peanut."

"Then," said Mary, with deep resignation, "the only thing for me to do is to try to clean things up."

When she went back into the house she untied her bundle and took out the remaining dollar.

"I'll be back soon," she said to Miss Hazy as she stepped over a basket of potatoes. "I'm just going over to Mrs. Wiggs's a minute."

She found her neighbor alone, getting supper. "Please, ma'am," —she plunged into her subject at once,— "have any of your girls a dress for sale? I've got a dollar to buy it."

Mrs. Wiggs turned the girl around and surveyed her critically. "Well, I don't know as I blame you fer wantin' to git shut of that one. There ain't more'n room enough fer one leg in that skirt, let alone two. An' what was the sense in them big shiny buttons?"

"I don't know as it makes much difference," said Lovey Mary, disconsolately; "I'm so ugly, nothing could make me look nice."

Mrs. Wiggs shook her by the shoulders good-naturedly. "Now, here," she said, "don't you go an' git sorry fer yerself! That's one thing I can't stand in nobody. There's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry fer 'stid of yerself. Ain't you proud

you ain't got a harelip? Why, that one thought is enough to keep me from ever gittin' sorry fer myself."

Mary laughed, and Mrs. Wiggs clapped her hands. "That's what yer face needs—smiles! I never see anything make such a difference. But now about the dress. Yes, indeed, Asia has got dresses to give 'way. She gits 'em from Mrs. Reddin'; her husband is Mr. Bob, Billy's boss. He's a newspaper editress an' rich as cream. Mrs. Reddin' is a fallen angel, if there ever was one on this earth. She sends all sorts of clothes to Asia, an' I warm 'em over an' boil 'em down till they're her size. Asia Minor!" she called to a girl who was coming in the door, "this here is Mary—Lovey Mary she calls herself, Miss Hazy's boarder. Have you got a dress you could give her?"

"I'm going to buy it," said Mary, immediately on the defensive. She did not want them to think for a moment that she was begging. She would show them that she had money, that she was just as good as they were.

"Well, maw," the other girl was saying in a drawling voice as she looked earnestly at Lovey Mary, "seems to me she'd look prettiest in my red dress. Her hair's so nice an' black an' her teeth so white, I 'low the red would look best."

Mrs. Wiggs gazed at her daughter with adoring eyes. "Ain't that the artis' stickin' out through her? Could n't you tell she handles paints? Up at the fact'ry she's got a fine job, paints flowers an' wreaths on to bath-tubs. Yes, indeed, this here red one is what you must have. Keep your dollar, child; the dress never cost us a cent. Here's a nubia, too, you kin have; it'll look better than that little hat you had on last night. That little hat worried me; it looked like the stopper was too little fer



*Know Some Shamus*  
"SHE PUFFED HER HAIR AT THE  
TOP AND SIDES"

the bottle. There now, take the things right home with you, an' to-morrow you an' Asia kin start off in style."

Lovey Mary, flushed with the intoxication of her first compliment, went back and tried on the dress. Miss Hazy got so interested that she forgot to get supper.

"You look so nice I never would 'a' knowned you in the world!" she declared. "You don't look picked, like you did in that other dress."

"That Wiggs girl said I looked nice in red," said Lovey Mary, tentatively.

"You do, too," said Miss Hazy; "it keeps you from lookin' so corpsey. I wisht you 'd do somethin' with yer hair, though; it puts me in mind of snakes in them long black plaits."

All Lovey Mary needed was encourage-

ment. She puffed her hair at the top and sides and tucked it up in the latest fashion. Tommy, coming in at the door, did not recognize her. She laughed delightedly.

"Do I look so different?"

"I should say you do," said Miss Hazy, admiringly, as she spread a newspaper for a table-cloth. "I never seen no one answer to primpin' like you do."

When it was quite dark Lovey Mary rolled something in a bundle and crept out of the house. After glancing cautiously up and down the tracks she made her way to the pond on the commons and dropped her bundle into the shallow water.

Next day, when Mrs. Schultz's goat died of convulsions, nobody knew it was due to the china buttons on Lovey Mary's gingham dress.

(To be continued.)

## TO A BIRD WRONGLY NAMED THE SCREECH-OWL

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WOOD

**T**HOU art an ill-named bird, my lady owl,  
Who sit'st before me on the lonely bough;  
Men had less reason e'er to wince or scowl  
Had thy sex all such mellow tones as thou.

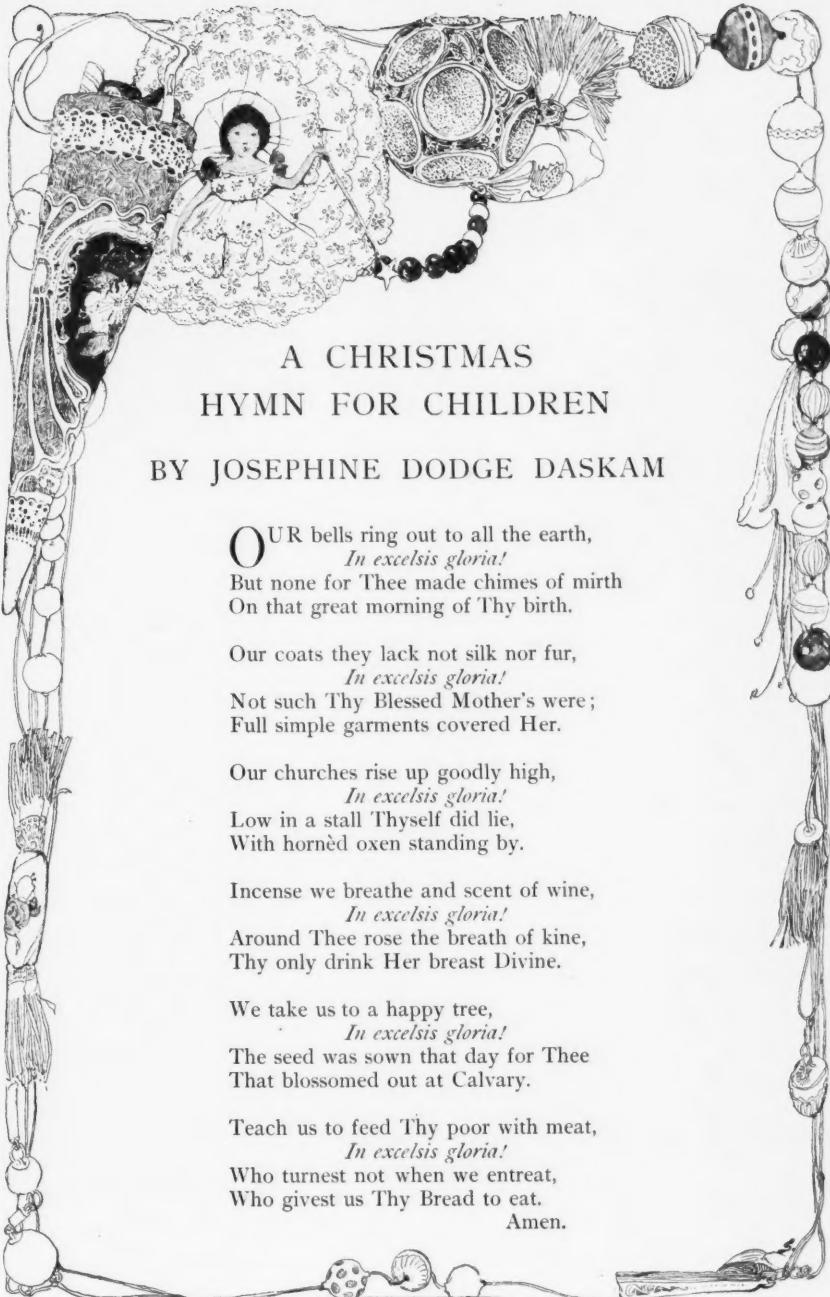
The shimmering light from off the winter moon  
Falls rich and soft upon the quiet wood—  
As rich and soft thy fond, maternal croon  
That warms with sound this snow-clad neighborhood.

The birds that nest in summer 'mid these trees,  
At frost to tropic climes and cheer they go;  
But thou dost stay, in spite of chilling breeze,  
To comfort with thy tender tremolo.





Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson



## A CHRISTMAS HYMN FOR CHILDREN

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

OUR bells ring out to all the earth,  
*In excelsis gloria!*  
But none for Thee made chimes of mirth  
On that great morning of Thy birth.

Our coats they lack not silk nor fur,  
*In excelsis gloria!*  
Not such Thy Blessed Mother's were;  
Full simple garments covered Her.

Our churches rise up goodly high,  
*In excelsis gloria!*  
Low in a stall Thyself did lie,  
With hornèd oxen standing by.

Incense we breathe and scent of wine,  
*In excelsis gloria!*  
Around Thee rose the breath of kine,  
Thy only drink Her breast Divine.

We take us to a happy tree,  
*In excelsis gloria!*  
The seed was sown that day for Thee  
That blossomed out at Calvary.

Teach us to feed Thy poor with meat,  
*In excelsis gloria!*  
Who turnest not when we entreat,  
Who givest us Thy Bread to eat.  
Amen.

# FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON

BY W. T. HEWETT

Professor of German Language and Literature, Cornell University



FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON is a striking figure in the religious history of the nineteenth century. His personality was as great a power as his words, and was the source of an attraction which has been felt by the most diverse minds. An eminent bishop recently pronounced Robertson the greatest spiritual force of the last century in England, and Principal Fairbairn has said that "no body of sermons preached by any man in the nineteenth century has had the same reformative power on the generation that immediately succeeded him as those of Robertson." Dean Stanley has compared him as a preacher with Newman and Arnold, and pronounced him as superior to either. An able writer in the "*Contemporary Review*," in extending the comparison, retained Newman, and added Archer Butler as alone worthy of comparison with him as the greatest English preacher of the century. After fifty years his influence has not diminished, but has won increased recognition from the most eminent scholars of Germany and France.

No clergyman ever valued popular applause less, or, in his death, left apparently less claim to enduring fame. He had published during his lifetime a single sermon, namely, that issued upon the occasion of the death of Queen Adelaide, which was printed by public request, but to which he attached little value. An address delivered at the opening of the Workingmen's Institute in Brighton had been published in several editions, also two lectures before the same association upon "The Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes." But as a preacher the results of Robertson's life and thought were not in such form as would promise literary immortality. His rare gifts would apparently be remembered only in the city in which he labored, and by

the few personal friends whom he bound so closely to him. His influence here, however, was of the most marked kind. The Rev. Mr. Anderson of Lincoln's Inn has said: "I cannot count up conquests in any place or by any man so numerous and vast—conquests achieved in so short a period, and in many instances over the hearts and consciences of those whom, from their age and pursuits, it is always difficult to reach."

Robertson's public utterances became preëminently the subject of popular discussion in the community in which he lived; they affected not only the attendants upon his ministry and the public at large, but especially the workingmen, who were at that time powerfully moved by the current discussion of social questions. It was the period of Maurice and Kingsley, as well as of Newman, Pusey, and Keble.

While the immediate influence of Robertson's preaching was marked, there is a striking absence of any general recognition by contemporaries of his extraordinary power as a preacher, and still less of the fact that what he uttered would have a mission among people of other languages and influence the religious thought of succeeding generations. He was the incumbent of a small proprietary chapel in a frequented and fashionable watering-place. It would have been natural to suppose that transient hearers would have borne some knowledge of the eloquent preacher beyond the city of his residence, or at least that his bishop and clerical associates would have formed some adequate estimate of his work and of his extraordinary gifts; but this does not seem to have been the case, if we may judge from the absence of contemporary records. An appreciative criticism in the "*Athenæum*" of his lectures on poetry is one of the few public mentions of his name.

The sermons upon which Robertson's

reputation rests, which have been published, are only ninety-three in number, and were preached in the period from 1849 to 1853. Two of the year 1848 are preserved, and the exact dates of a few are uncertain. His incumbency of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, lasted precisely six years (August 15, 1847, to August 15, 1853, the date of his death). There is nothing to characterize particularly the sermons which have been preserved above others which alike thrilled his audiences, but of which nothing has lingered save a memory. Many sermons equal in power have been lost. Some of the most striking passages in the sermons as originally delivered are not preserved in the form in which we possess them. Personal testimony and the evidence of his letters furnish some conception of the character of these discourses. His sermons were not written in full, and many of his most eloquent passages were conceived in the fervor of delivery. He spoke from careful notes, which contained an exact and elaborate statement of his views. His mind was so clear and his power of analysis so keen that he could discuss the profoundest truths without looseness or inaccuracy. There was, also, a wonderful insight into truth, and a grasp of the relations of a part to the whole. The material of his sermons as preserved rests upon these notes, also upon rapid summaries of his sermons which he wrote out for distant friends, often in the exhaustion which followed their delivery. Many, however, are based upon the short-hand reports of a lady, which she made for her own use. These reports were carefully collated with Robertson's own notes, and thus the sermons received their final form for publication.

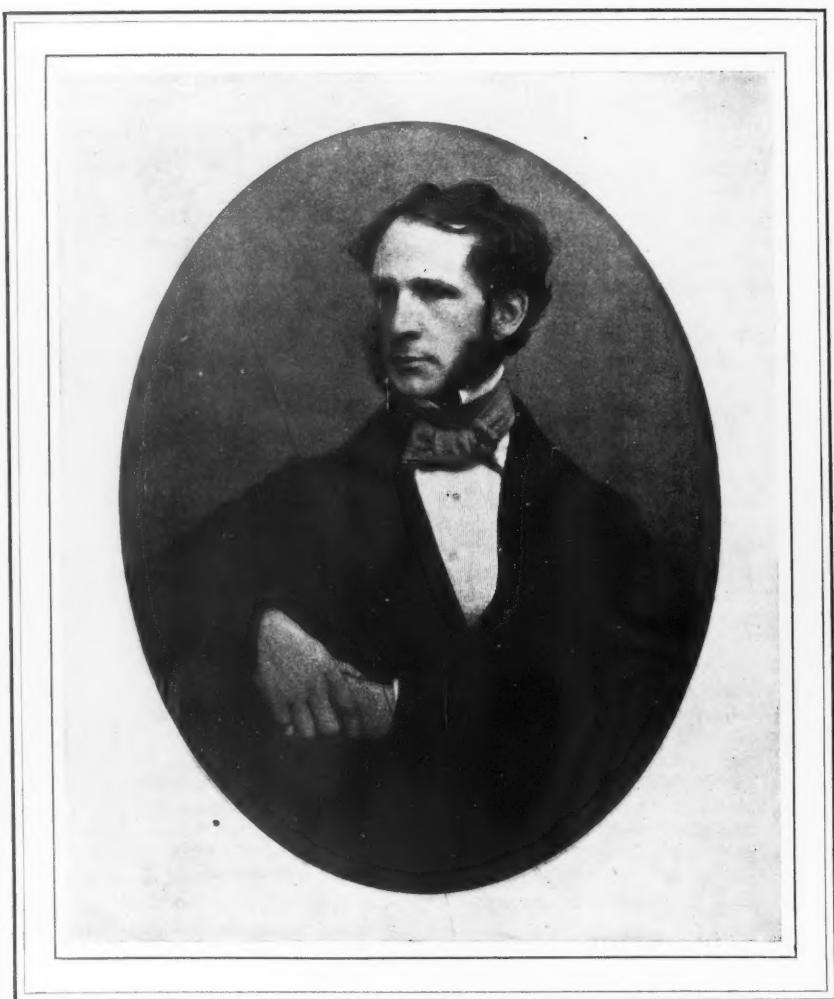
Robertson was also accustomed to deliver expository lectures on Sunday afternoons, in which he took up in order and expounded various books of the Bible, as Samuel, the Acts of the Apostles, Genesis, and the Corinthians, only the last series of which has been preserved in an adequate form. One series of these expository sermons which attracted especial attention, namely, those upon Samuel, which bore indirectly upon the political questions of the time, the French Revolution of 1848 and the Chartist movement, have not been preserved. The theme afforded great freedom for discussing the lessons which could be drawn from the national life of Israel, and

their application to present questions. As models of interesting exposition, the lectures which we possess are worthy of the most careful study. It is impossible to complete their reading without a vivid and realistic grasp of the questions of the period which were being discussed, and their application to the life of the present time.

Robertson's sermons were published in four volumes between 1855 and 1859. They were reprinted in America almost simultaneously, but it was only after the publication of Stopford Brooke's "Life and Letters of Robertson" that general attention was attracted to them. It is an interesting fact that the attention of James T. Fields, his first American publisher, was called to these sermons by Miss Fanny Kemble, who was a friend of Lady Byron. Visiting Lady Byron in Brighton, Miss Kemble had heard Robertson preach, and later, when the first volume of his sermons was published, she said to Mr. Fields: "Robertson is the best preacher I have ever heard. I wish you would bring out the volume of his sermons just published in England." Mr. Fields was surprised at the large and immediate sales, and inquired of the Rev. Dr. Munger, who relates the incident: "What is the meaning of it? People of all denominations, orthodox and Unitarians and Episcopalian, are buying this volume." The answer was: "The reason is they all find something they are glad to hear."

No one whose student days fell in this period can fail to recall now the impression which the reading of these volumes produced upon him. Old texts and truths, the interpretation of which had become traditional and mechanical, acquired a power and an uplifting influence unknown before. Religion became personal, brave, manly, and reasonable when interpreted by an individual life, and not presented as a fragment cut to measure from a system of theology or philosophy. The eternal in religion, its necessary and abiding character, its laws so divine as a revelation, but essentially human in their beneficent purpose, manifested religion to us in a form with which we had previously been unfamiliar.

Like all great spiritual forces, Robertson's work has become a part of the world's legacy of truth, and his spirit and his life have affected the entire church. How much he has influenced religious thought can be



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson  
From a photograph, lent by Professor W. T. Hewett, of a recently discovered daguerreotype

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON

recognized only by those familiar with current interpretations and pulpit methods of a generation ago, or by a careful study of the dominant religious spirit in England and America at that time. His sermons begin with a few illustrative remarks about the text, followed by an almost uniform division into two parts, each of which may have several subordinate heads, but the main, often contrasted but naturally related, thoughts always control the memory and constitute the general impression of the sermon. The rich subordinate truths developed in the progress of his discourse illustrate the affluence of his mind. Few sermons contain so many striking thoughts or quotable passages.

In Germany the fifth edition of his sermons, edited by Harnack, the most famous church historian of the present time, has been recently published. The recognition of Robertson in France was earlier, and occurred in the case of chance readers of English works. Dean Stanley, in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1882, relates two remarkable instances of the effect of Robertson's sermons: in one case, upon a rough French surgeon who was on his way to the French war in Mexico, and, in another, upon a high government official who had met incidentally with a volume of these discourses.

The Brighton of 1850 was different from the city of to-day, but with a certain general likeness. It was then a city of seventy thousand inhabitants, where now the population is one hundred and fifty thousand. Apart from the gay crowd which throngs to a fashionable watering-place, it is a vast residential city. Then, as now, it was the home of officers of the army and of civil servants after their retirement from active life, of retired gentlemen, or of business men who still retained their interest in the metropolis. Many who have gone to Brighton to seek for memories of Robertson, or to see the spots associated with his life, have been surprised to find how few persons remain who possess any knowledge of the great preacher, or how vast a number of respectable residents of the present time have never heard of him. It is nearly a half-century since his death, and the personal memory of any man dwells lightly in the human mind after so long an interval, but the real reason is found in the character of the population of the city.

It is a non-productive city: it does not offer in its industries a permanent field for the activity of a second generation, which begins life anew elsewhere. It has been said that the mass of the population of the city changes every six years. However this may be, few cities show a more fluctuating citizenship. The character of the population affected Robertson's work. No population is so difficult to move as one in which the active life of its members is a thing of the past. They have lived through activity, often through duty; their emotions have become memories, or no longer impel to a life of purpose in the present. Convictions and opinions are, however, deeply rooted and are matters of intense feeling, the motive force of which remains only as an intellectual excitement. Such communities find a pleasurable interest in both the old and the new. There was in Brighton a rigid conservatism which adhered to the past in politics and religion. An adverse element was found in a vigorous Dissent and in an influential Low-church party. The Tory spirit was dominant to irrationality, the High-church element intense and aggressive, for the Oxford school had won here an enthusiastic support and constituted a proscriptive ecclesiasticism.

It was a period of great social unrest. The consciousness of political power created by the Reform Bill of 1832 had engendered the Chartist movement, which reached its culmination in 1848, and all Brighton was afame with the discussion of social privileges and the rights of working-men. What voice the church should adopt when there was a burning sense of wrong in a large class of the community, when men were taught that Christ came to establish a universal brotherhood, affected an earnest group of thinkers in the church itself. It was in this atmosphere of contending religious and political views, of diverse social conditions, of skepticism born of contact with French thought, when men no longer looked to a national church for aid in settling the problems of an unequal existence, that Robertson's ministry was passed. A historic faith was powerless save as it could be shown to possess an application to modern needs, and it could afford an answer to a cry for light and help under oppressive social conditions. Forms and ceremonies were symbols of profound meaning, but they needed a fresh

interpretation in order to demonstrate their perpetual signification. Robertson had passed through many stages of thought in his spiritual growth. He was descended from a family of soldiers, and his early life was passed in garrison, where he "was rocked and cradled to the roar of artillery," and the very mention of the army "sounded to him like home." His early dream had been for a military career. The delay of a few days in the receipt of his commission determined his career as a clergyman. He possessed preëminently the spirit of a soldier—courage, a quick and lofty sense of honor, and a power of sympathy which evoked the full energy of his being against injustice, meanness, and untruth, however masked. He could never separate himself from the army. By an ideal sense of duty, whenever the regiment to which he had been assigned fought in India, he felt that he should be sharing its perils and hardships, or "lying in his dragoon's cloak at Moodkee, where the Third fought so gallantly." The uniform of a passing soldier always awakened a sense of comradeship. It was this spirit which enabled him to face the most extreme movements against social order and religion, the excesses of the Chartist agitation, and the wild outcries of the Revolutionary spirit in 1848. He could stand before a mob of the most tumultuous spirits and awe them by his own courage until he had convinced them by his reasons. He had all the gifts of a great public speaker, save perhaps that rough vigor which is so often effective in dealing with the masses. A gentleman then resident in Brighton told me that the whole city would have followed Mr. Robertson had he placed himself at the head of any popular movement at that time. He stood before assemblies of working-men and addressed them, not as members of a class, but as "brother men." He showed to them that they were a part of a social system, sharing all its interests, and that they would suffer in the destruction of social order. He turned equally to the rich and demanded in ringing tones that they should recognize their brothers' need. A life of selfishness was not only unchristian, but a crime. Robertson did not, however, join in the movement of Christian socialism which interested Kingsley and Maurice.

There was a vital element in Robertson's preaching which has given to his sermons

an influence surpassing that of any other preacher of the century. Newman's sermons have appealed to certain finely attuned and thoughtful minds; the beauty of his language and many of his descriptions remain a permanent part of our literature; but his writings do not present a universal appeal or furnish an interpretation of truth to which those of other forms of faith alike respond. Liddon's elaborate philosophizing makes truth appear as part of a system often cold and unsympathetic, even if eternal. Spurgeon and Beecher have reached vast audiences, but their works constitute no permanent part of our religious literature. One possessed a sagacity which appealed with rare power to the heart and to the every-day intelligence of men; the other felt truth, which he expressed in great affluence of language, but his influence was mainly due to his personality, and the form of his thought will not abide. Much of the lay preaching of the present day is of a crude, realistic type, often by men of great strength of feeling and vigor of statement, but of limited spiritual knowledge or insight. Mozley and Caird and William Archer Butler were able preachers, the latter a soul of extraordinary promise, but their writings have not appealed to the laity as to the clergy, or received popular recognition. Some preachers, like certain great writers, appeal to a cult, and only indirectly affect the masses. Bushnell's sermons are of great power, but his influence has been felt mainly through his disciples and those trained in theological study. Robertson's sermons have moved both classes; they have been successful not only in their original form, but in German and in French translations. They appeal not merely to religious thought in England, but possess permanent and universal elements; otherwise their mission would have ended in the plain chapel where they were uttered.

England possessed many able preachers in this eventful period, and there were eloquent preachers at Brighton during Mr. Robertson's ministry, as Sortain of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, in whose sermons Lord Macaulay took delight, and who attracted an audience of equal numbers; but few now living have ever heard his name. There was a quality in Robertson's sermons which differentiated them from all other preaching of the time

—a vital element derived either from the character of the preacher, the views which he expressed, or the method of his presentation of truth. Robertson himself described his own method in these words: "The principles on which I have taught are: first, the establishment of positive truth instead of the negative destruction of error; secondly, that truth is made up of two opposite propositions, and not found in a *via media* between the two; thirdly, that spiritual truth is discerned by the spirit, instead of intellectually in propositions, and therefore truth should be taught suggestively and not dogmatically; fourthly, that belief in the human character of Christ's humanity must be antecedent to belief in his divine origin; fifthly, that Christianity, as its teachers should, works from the inward to the outward, and not vice versa; sixthly, the soul of goodness in things evil."

While these statements illustrate his method of presenting truth, and thus constitute the key to a comprehension of his influence, the fourth principle is profoundly prophetic of the trend of modern religious thought. He that embodies the perfectly human must be divine. However striking many of Robertson's interpretations of truth may be, his influence is largely due to the spirit with which he approached all truth. His appeal is directly to human consciousness, and the effect of his sermons springs from the soul's involuntary response to truth. This only can explain the profound impression of his thought upon people of other nationalities. If truth met a profound human need, a universal experience, its existence could be defended apart from external evidences, upon which Robertson seldom relied. His presentation of truth thus escaped the dogmatic individualism which has characterized so many modern preachers and expounders of religion, in whom personal views take the place of universal facts.

To him spiritual truth was a part of a world order, which found its illustration in nature as well as in the human soul. Men instinctively trusted him. He believed profoundly in religion and in the church. But in the church voices were conflicting; truths venerable for their age must be accepted in accordance with some early interpretation, which was powerless to move men now, or they must receive a new

meaning in order to become an inspiration in modern life.

Robertson was indeed powerfully influenced by what we now regard as the scientific view of religious truth, which has since been emphasized in popular form in "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and has received so powerful an impulse during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. He accepted early what has since become the dominant view of modern scholarship in regard to the question of the Pentateuch and the growth of the canon of Scripture. The range of his reading comprehended not only the theological literature which constituted the province of his profession, but German philosophy, especially Fichte and Lessing, poetry, criticism, novels, history, current books of travel, of natural science, and of military history. He studied carefully works upon geology and chemistry, many of the experiments in which he verified. In the preparation of his lectures he read widely and accurately everything which bore upon the period of which he treated, whether in history, archaeology, or ethnology. When the Oxford controversy arose, he not only studied ecclesiastical history, but read many of the early writers whose works illustrate the faith of the first centuries. A somewhat supercilious review of Robertson by an eminent High-churchman questions the former's right to an independent judgment on matters of ecclesiastical history, and affirms that he should have accepted meekly the conclusions of others, as though the facts of history were incomprehensible save to the initiated. The author mistakes absolutely the extent and conscientiousness of Robertson's study, who could never surrender to another the duty of forming his conclusions or of thinking for him, and who could not, either during his university career or later, stand aloof from the burning questions which occupied all minds. His letters contain constant reference to current publications, and express his views on all social, literary, and religious questions. If we were not forced to throb with the painful intensity which characterizes them, few letters would compare with his in picturesque descriptions and in delicate interpretations of nature. The exquisite literary quality which gives a rare beauty to every expression of his thought constitutes the charm of his correspondence.

He was profoundly moved by the reli-

gious questions of the time, to the solution of which he contributed in no small degree. How far are the claims of the old theology valid in the light of modern science? If former evidences of the truths of revealed religion are no longer to be maintained, upon what basis can the claims of religious faith be urged upon men? If a historic church with a divine organization has proved powerless to relieve injustice and suffering, how can its demands for continued allegiance be met? Do the symbols of the medieval church embody truths for the present day, and if so, what is their significance? In the presence of superstition, what was the original truth which has become the source of error? Such questions are of vital import in religious thought.

Robertson believed that man in the profoundest depths of his being longs for truth, and that he cannot be satisfied with illusions. This was what gave directness to all his thought. He had studied Edwards profoundly. Channing was to him a great religious teacher, and Theodore Parker commanded his respect, though he regretted his lack of reverence. Wordsworth and Tennyson, as well as Keble, were great teachers and interpreters of nature, and Shelley, in his view, often uttered the voice of humanity.

Intensity is the one word which characterized his life. Truth was to him real, vital, imperative, commanding his allegiance and advocacy in every fragment; with his loyalty to it, and his sense of human need, he could not stand before his fellow-men and recite smooth homilies or merely parade discourses. It is not strange that multitudes found him inspiring, and thronged the little chapel where he preached until the pulpit steps were crowded. Settled worshipers were startled from decorous formalism, and their places in the chapel were taken by earnest, thoughtful men. There is something unique in the form in which truth was presented in every sermon. A profound generalization was enforced with a felicity of language and naturalness of illustration which, in its appeal to the human heart, found there its adequate confirmation.

Robertson stood apart from the great leaders of the theological thought of his time. The intimate relationship which existed between those who supported and those who opposed the Oxford Movement

did not include him. On a single occasion he seems to have come into personal contact with Maurice. His views were formed independently, and he could never be counted as a member of either school. His views of truth were too comprehensive to accept any incomplete presentation as final, or to permit the partial philosophy of one group to proscribe the truth which the other held. In his early ministry the lives of certain heroes of faith, such as Brainerd and Martyn, inspired him, but they taught him rather by their example and devotion than by their theology. His life of a single year at Winchester was characterized by a fervor and a personal sacrifice of the noblest type. His spiritual growth was marked during the period of five years which he spent in a subordinate position in Cheltenham, but in the silence which followed his resignation of that position, and in the rest of Switzerland, his life attained a direction which it was never to lose. For two months he ministered to the Church of St. Ebbe's in Oxford, which was filled with undergraduates. He left it to enter upon the charge of Trinity Chapel in Brighton, which is inseparably associated with his fame. He was thirty-one years of age when his work here began. The product of the six years spent here is marvelous. No sermon gives the impression of elaborateness, and none of carelessness or easy effort. Every one is marked by spiritual insight, by eloquence, often by exquisite literary expression. Many a single discourse was a revelation of truth which seems often unsurpassed in the field of which it treats.

The wonderful and sustained character of these discourses, which were not academic and prepared with ample leisure, but the product of the life of a busy pastor, must be considered in estimating Robertson's genius. In a single month such sermons as those upon "The Early Development of Jesus," "Christ's Estimate of Sin," "The Sanctification of Christ," "The Glory of the Virgin Mother," "The Glory of the Divine Son," were preached, and in a like period the striking group of sermons, "Realizing the Second Advent," the three Advent lectures upon the relation of Christianity to the Greeks, the Romans, and the barbarians, and that upon "The Loneliness of Christ."

There is a bust of Robertson in the Pavilion in Brighton, and a copy in the Bod-

leian Library in Oxford. These were made after Robertson's death. As a portrait of the great preacher the bust is unsatisfactory. A memorial window was placed by the men of his college and by his friends in the chapel of Brasenose College, and one has also been placed in the chancel of Trinity Chapel, where he preached. The latter contains several panels. Beneath that of John the Baptist is the inscription from a sermon by Robertson: "Men felt that he was real." Beneath the Apostle Thomas: "When such men do believe, it is with all the heart and soul." Under the representation of Christ in the temple: "They were thinking about theology, he about religion." Under the central figure, Christ on the cross, stands: "The sacrifice of Christ is but a mirror of the love of God." Under that of St. Paul: "Paul's sole weapon was truth."

Robertson's tomb stands in the Extra-mural Cemetery at Brighton. It was erected by popular subscription. There are two medallions upon it, one representing Robertson as a preacher, addressing a congregation as an ambassador of Christ; the other as a teacher, speaking to laboring men as "Brother-men and Fellow-workmen." A fund still exists, raised by the members of the Brighton Mechanics' Institution, which he was influential in founding, to keep fresh flowers perpetually on his grave.

The picture from which the present engraving of Robertson was made was found

in the summer of 1896 in the collection of an antiquity-dealer in Brighton. Robertson had an invincible repugnance to the dissemination of his picture. Of those commonly known, several are from drawings, one is from a water-color, one even sketched during a sermon. The story attached to the present portrait is that it was a present to a member of his congregation who, at the peril of his own life, had rescued Robertson's son from before a runaway team. Robertson desired to reward the deliverer, who refused all other recognition save the portrait of the preacher. On returning from the Highlands in perfect health and vigor, Robertson had this daguerreotype taken by the Queen's artist in London. It was used for a very unsatisfactory lithograph which was made soon after Robertson's death, photographs of which are in circulation. Upon the death of the owner of the daguerreotype, it is said to have become, with other possessions, the property of his house-keeper, from whose possession it passed into the hands of the dealer above mentioned, who retained it for many years as a memorial of his mother's pastor, whose name had been given to him in baptism. The portrait most commonly known is unsatisfactory, as it represents Robertson in delicate health, and fails to give any impression of a countenance full of expression and with an alertness and vigor which were among his most striking characteristics.



## DARKNESS

BY ALFRED A. WHEELER

THE noteless night,  
Not daytime's blare;  
The shaded moon,  
Not face aflare;  
The stellar space,  
Not stars, my cry:  
As moth to light,  
To dark I fly!

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER)



## THE YELLOW VAN

BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street" and "The Island"

IV

**A**LLONBY is the new planet for Augusta. Nothing resembles what she has left behind, except the human nature. In the planet, according to Utopian fancy, they are without lungs, without stomachs, or without feelings. In this one, while still crouching under such burdens, they are like none but themselves. They begin where other folk leave off, and end in the same eccentric way. A topsyturvy world, yet such a world of its own!

The one compensation is her immense enthusiasm. She has come as a believer. It is still the England of her dreams—an England where everything stands out romantic, beautiful, against its background of historic past.

Her diffidence about herself is a hindrance. What would she not give to be a mere spectator, watching, wondering, taking in, with nothing to give out, and thanking God meanwhile in whispers for the variety and design of his universe. But to have to lead the dance!

It would be overwhelming, were it not

for the rooted determination in her—a sort of birthmark of character—to be equal to her fortunes, whatever they may bring. The trial that has come to her is none of her seeking, and she is going to see it through. In this consideration the extremes of diffidence and of self-confidence meet. The golden rule for travel in all strange places is notoriously to keep your nerve. In this way you keep your head along with it, among the wildest. Augusta is at present in a circle of chiefs, who watch her, though not unkindly, for the slightest sign of fear. And she is so frightened, and so brave.

Her strong points are those of the ancient Persians: she can ride and speak the truth. The riding, in one of her stations, is a mere accident of her life among the ranches. She has no remembrance of a time when she could not master a horse. That mastery wins unwonted indulgence for her knowingness about other things.

"My dear," says her tutelary dowager, a relative of the duke, "don't talk booky to 'em, or they'll think you've been a lecturer."

"Aunt Emily!"

"Well, yes, I know; only do give 'em a chance, my dear. And don't let your travels run into archaeology. It gives them a turn. Don't mind an old woman's counsel, and give me a kiss. I'm so delighted you're goin' to be friends with Mary Liddicot. She's such a nice girl."

The dowager has certainly not spoken too soon. The two younger women—if Mary, as a mere legal infant of seventeen, is to be reckoned a woman—are good friends already. They are together in the private garden this morning.

"Why not sit here, duchess?" And Mary throws herself on a time-worn step of the terrace. "We may dodge the sun for an hour under the balustrade."

It is notorious that no human being can possibly be half so good as some women look, so devotees must e'en make the best of the limitations of our fallen nature. Here, for instance, is another of them who seems all health of body and of mind in fresh cheek, clear eye, straightness of manner. Health is always beauty of a kind, but other is not wanting in the fine, firm drawing of cheek and brow, tempered into expression by the suavity of the mouth and the benignant eyes.

"Will the steps bear us, Mary? That is the point. And please don't call me 'duchess' any more. Augusta is my name."

"Why not, d—I mean Augusta—as to the steps?"

"It will have to be something shorter to-morrow; so I give you warning. As to your silly question, look at the crannies and the moss."

"Yes; and as to your wise answer, don't forget the fresh masonry on the other side."

"The old order and the new patchwork, eh, Mary?"

"Just like Allonby, at any rate. We are more consistent in decay at Liddicot."

"Well, I take your word for it; for who ought to know Allonby, if you don't? That is why I want you to show me round my own place."

"Then come to the bowling-green; we shall be better under the terrace there. Give me a hand with the sketching-traps, and I'll lead the way."

"Oh, is n't it just lovely!" cries the delighted duchess, as they reach a stretch of faultless turf lying under the shelter of an ancient wall. "But I forget: I must n't put it in that way."

"Why not?"

"Slang—and not English slang, at that."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Mary, you must help me in these little things. Be cruel to be kind. What would you have said now?"

"What about?"

"About the loveliness."

"What could I have said but 'it is lovely'?"

"Ah, you've left out the 'just' in spite of yourself; so I stand rebuked."

Lovely it is, for want of a better word. The sheared grass stands as firm and upright in its ranks as a regiment of Spanish pikemen. The wall, a mere accident of lusty decay, has been turned to the best account. It is paneled by its buttresses, and every space between them is a mass of flowers springing from a bed of mold at the base. There are more flowers in the coping, with potted plants to mark the lines of buttress, and the whole composition has the time-worn red of the brick-work for its background. A clipped hedge forms the border on the other side of the alley, and gives a choice of luminous shade. There is more turf beyond the wall, and beyond that a growth of wood vast and deep enough, to all appearance, to house the whole pagan world of dryad and faun. Impenetrable privacy is the note. Surely, if there can be any sure defense against the siege of troubles, here is the triple line.

"Too beautiful," again murmurs Augusta. "Who wants to play at stupid bowls in such a place—or to play at anything except being in heaven?"

"Well, you must decide, you know. It is your garden, all yours. Father says the duke himself would hardly intrude without asking leave."

"Mary, we'll sit here all day long and read 'The Golden Pomp.'"

"What about exercise?" says Mary, simply.

"Oh, very well. I'll learn the stupid game, if I must."

"Why should you? There are links on the other side of the wood. Yours, too. 'All trespassers will be prosecuted'—even from the house-party."

"The house-party!" echoes Augusta, with a sigh. "Well, never mind all that this morning. Let us just sit here and feel sorry for most of our fellow-creatures.

Ach, du lieber Gott! What may this midget want? Is n't he cunning, now?"

A page boy approaches and touches his cap. "Please, your Grace, Mr. Jarvis want to know if your Grace would like to see the stables this morning. The 'osses come down yesterday, and he want to take your Grace's commands."

"Stables, Mary? Must it be stables now? One might as well be back home."

"Well, you see they're your stables. Jarvis is your man. He might feel—"

"Say no more, my dear. Say we are coming," she adds, turning to the manikin, as he vanishes at a trot tempered by a sense of decorum.

Mr. Jarvis is very proud of his horses, his carriages, his harness-room, of all that is his as head coachman of the duke. The stables are marvelous; and the lodging for the men is worthy of the lodging for the beasts—you can say no more. The wood-work is real and rare, the plated metal is as good as silver to the eye. The architect was a poet playing with a fancy of stately comfort in brick and tile picked out with crest, coronet, and monogram, and with the most lavish exercise of invention. The mere cleanliness is a marvel, too. Mr. Jarvis's ideal is a place in which the duke, should he ever wish to do anything so absurd, might "eat his dinner off the floor." With all its brightness, it is as severe in taste as a Greek temple. There is no superfluity—if only for that reason, there is no dirt. There is only everything of the very best, even light and air, and, at need, artificial warmth. The splendid creatures in residence, glistening in their coats to match the general scheme, turn meek faces, with eyes of fire, as the visitors trip from stall to stall without once having to lift a skirt. Here is Chieftain, the champion hunter of England, who, it is hoped, may carry the duchess herself.

The auguries are favorable. "The beauty—beauty!" cries her Grace, running her hand over his coat. "We're going to be the best friends in the world, Chieftain." And she lays against his neck a face that stands out fairer than ever from the background of bay.

"Sixteen hands, or hardly an inch under, your Grace."

"Surely not quite that!"

"It's his build, and good proportions. He matches himself all over. You can

have a horse as big as a house if you breed him right. If ever anything happens to him, I'll keep his skeleton, and then your Grace will see what he is in bone."

"May my skeleton be ready first! I'm going to love him too much."

"Augusta, Augusta, come and see your new ponies!" It is a cry from Mary, who leads the way. She stands in ecstasy before a pair matching in everything but color, and in that a sharp contrast which shows that no match has been sought.

"Twelve hundred and fifty guineas is what the duke paid," says Mr. Jarvis; and, like a wise man, he leaves it there.

"He is too good," murmurs the duchess.

And, after all, it might have been worse. What of that queen of Egypt who had the revenges of a whole city to keep her in shoes alone!

The ponies are skittish and resent her caress; but she goes away with an uplifted forefinger that promises a speedy struggle for the mastery.

"The Yankee trotter is for the duke. Supposed to beat anything in this country," says Mr. Jarvis, in a tone which marks his indifference to all that lies beyond. "Your Grace might like to see the harness-room?" His *h's* bespeak his social altitude. He has risen by them, as well as by his skill with the reins.

It is a wardrobe of fashion, only it has a richer variety of suits. The more costly ones shine out at you in gold plate and patent leather from their cases of plate-glass. Even the least costly have that kind of right through excellence which marks the struggle for perfection. The best that money can buy is Mr. Jarvis's estimate of its claim to notice; and he is right. Where it forbears ornament, the leather is still silky to the touch; and the mastery of its hand-stitching might bring a saddler's apprentice to his knees.

Mr. Jarvis, in the interest of his colleagues, now urges the kennels, the stud-farm, the pedigree cows, even the aviary, since there is everything in the wonderful place. But the duchess has to tell him that these are for another day. After duly expressing her approbation, she turns toward the castle, first stopping to pick up a bewildered Japanese spaniel which has followed her to the grounds. The picturesquely ugly mite is of course one of the costliest things of its kind in all England. Everything is

of price at Allonby. The meanest of the stable-hands flitting to and fro on their labors in the glorious sunlight has the sense of the choice and the exclusive. The fellow sponging the foolish face of one of the Jerseys, that keeps her apartment by the doctor's orders, is ready, on the slightest encouragement, to recite her style and titles to the distinguished visitor. Sally is the heroine of half a dozen agricultural shows, and her certificates of glory are nailed in black and white over her stall. She is the best Jersey in all England, bar none; she fetched the best price, and she belongs to the best duke and duchess in that favored land. It makes the lowest of them feel their kinship with the real old sort of the foundation of things; and that is moral impulse, of a kind. Here is Allonby, and on the other side of its wall is the balance of the world. Their very expletives are tempered by a sense of the dignity of their office, and even their occasional profanity is counted but another mode of clean speech at the Knuckle of Veal.

The ladies are for turning back to the house, but the duchess has a sudden fancy: "Mary, I think I'll begin to be good friends with Chieftain now. I'm wild for a gallop. Saddle him, Jarvis, while I run inside and put my habit on.

"Augusta! The duke?"

"I thought he was my horse. I must have one spin on him, if I die for it."

Her readiness to accept this gruesome condition by no means puts Mr. Jarvis at his ease. "Your Grace might like to try him first in the riding-school. We don't know him very well ourselves yet."

"Hush! he'd never forgive us if he heard us talking like that. Wait for me here, Mary."

She scampers into the house, and Mr. Jarvis turns, with a sigh, to give the necessary orders. They have hardly been carried out when she reappears in costume, and comes running toward the unhappy pair.

"Her Grace took it into her own head, Miss Mary. You'll bear me out in that—"

"You don't think it might be better to wait, Augusta? He's new to the place, you see, as well as to the people. He might—"

"How could he, now, when I'm going to give him this nice lump of sugar? But it's not for the goodies, Chieftain dear, is it? It's because he likes me."

She nestles up to him again, caresses him, seems to whisper in his ear, glances at his girths, and in another moment, with the help of Mr. Jarvis's broad palm, is in the saddle, with the reins in hand.

"Adios, Mary. Just one spin across the park!"

"She's off," mutters poor Jarvis, evidently not in the best temper with her, nor indeed with anybody, including himself.

It is not a mad gallop by any means, but it is a smart one. Chieftain is fresh and skittish for mere joy of life, but he has a foolish idea that he could get on better if he had the spin to himself. He flies with her now and then, and once or twice shakes himself ominously, as though thinking he would like to ask a question before accepting her for better or for worse. It is presently asked and answered. As soon as they have come to a perfect understanding, she gives him his head for a run before the wind, talking pleasantly to him the while. Then, just as he begins to feel he has had enough of it, she gently eases him down into trot and walk, leaving him, and perhaps herself for a moment, to fancy that it is all over. But there is a long wall between them and the spot where Jarvis and Mary Liddicot stand, and it is clear that Augusta has made up her mind to take it on her way back. The gradual change in Chieftain's pace shows that he has received the necessary orders, and soon he is in full course for the obstacle.

"I don't like this kind of circus work," mutters Mr. Jarvis, wiping a cold drop from his brow. "I can't stand it, if you ask me." There is no time to say or even to think more. In another moment they are at it, and, in a moment again, safe and sound on the other side of the wall.

"She's done it, by—" cries Mr. Jarvis, reining himself in on the very edge of expression. "This must be my lucky day." He also forbears to add, "Who said she'd only been a governess?" but it is in his mind. His only additional observation is, "She'll do."

"Sorry!" laughs Augusta, as she touches earth and her friend's cheek once more. "It had to be done. I was beginning to feel—you know. But don't look so cross, dear! I guess I can take care of myself as well as the next one when I'm on a horse."

"WHAT about the appointment with Mr. Raif?" was all that Mary allowed herself to say.

"Mr. Raif?"

"The domestic chaplain, duchess."

"Augusta, if you please—Miss Liddicot!"

"And Mr. Bascomb. You know they are both to come to you this morning about the poor in the village. I dare say they are waiting in your morning-room."

"Oh, hurry up, Mary, like—like a little lamb, and go in and amuse them while I change. I'll be down again before you have finished with the weather." And she was almost as good as her word.

Mr. Raif, the domestic chaplain, is the born conscience-keeper of a noble pair, sleek, apple-faced, unwrinkled, untroubled by a doubt. He has cast all difficulty of that sort behind him in his solitary volume "*The Struggle for Faith*," the title-page of which is the sole attestation of his having ever wrestled with a fiend. The victory has been so unmistakably on the right side that it has left him scarcely a memory of the encounter. The work commanded him to the duke by the orthodoxy of its sentiments, and he was appointed to the dignified office of reading prayers twice a day to the household. He has thus, by anticipation, entered into the joy of his Lord. His parsonage, within the gates of the domain, has a wide prospect of the scenery that may easily be regarded as an outlook on the plains of heaven. There, surely, in the remoter distance, is the green bank in a flowery valley where angels will one day serve far more excellent nourishment than afternoon tea to him and to the whole croquet-party on his lawn. All is in harmony in the celestial view. In the nearer distance is the model village of the domain, in which Mr. Raif keeps in comfort the castle poor—for Allonby has its pet breeds in this line, as in horses and cows—on the easy condition of their being perfectly virtuous in order that they may be perfectly happy. They rise with the lark and retire with the other reputable birds. They carouse on mineral waters. They peruse the cheaper British poets in a reading-room which is quite a little masterpiece of domestic Gothic, and in which a bust of Shakspere faces a bust of the duke. They

see Palestine with the aid of lantern-slides. So may we hope to enjoy our leisure in a better world.

"Your Grace will come and see us soon, I feel sure. I do not press. The multifarious duties of the present moment—I know something of their claims. But some questions are urgent. Our wilder spirits in the reading-room are getting up a round-robin for beer."

"Very sad!"

"I was glad when the pitmen who came to the procession went back to their homes. They do our people no good. Happily, cock-fighting on bank-holidays is a purely acquire taste."

"I suppose I ought to like him, Mary," said the duchess, when he had turned his back; "but somehow—well, I dare say he is quite a good man."

"Mr. Bascomb is my favorite," returned Mary. "See, here he comes through the gate. I wish the other looked a little less sure both of earth and heaven. Dear old Bas! His hold on earth is of the weakest. He contrives to look untidy in spite of a cassock that hides him from head to foot. Even a man, one would think, could hardly go wrong with an overall of that sort. But only look at the buttons—all in the wrong holes!"

"Ah, men are just as clever in muddle as in all else. One of us would have blundered into the right hole midway—uncertain sex. Tell me something about him before he comes up."

"Great scholar, great gentleman," said Mary, breathlessly talking against time as the parson gained on them in his toil up the sloping walk. "Warn me when he's within ear-shot, but remember he's a trifle deaf."

"Go on: still half a minute to the good."

"Does n't believe there has been any Christian church to speak of for hundreds of years."

"Oh, Mary! Only ten seconds more. Make the best use of them."

"Thinks that Allonby should be melted down and spent in making everybody good."

"Why, that's rank Social—How do you do, Mr. Bascomb? Very glad to meet you. Miss Liddicot has been saying such nice things in your praise!"

Five and forty is about his age, but his untidiness adds some ten years to the

rough estimate. A skullcap worn at the back of his head, at a slope that suggests miraculous agency, gives an effect of the innocence of childhood. The state of his robe seems to show that he has been valuated by a housemaid who has mislaid her duster. The tall, spare figure, bent with the toil of patristic learning, the high Roman cast of the face, are so many notes of the mystic. But the dreamy eyes have that in them which betokens a terrible fellow to meet in some stock-exchange concerned with the transactions of another world.

He smiled affectionately at Mary and took her hand, first making his bow to the duchess, not without grace. This done, he gazed on the new mistress of Allonby as though he had, at once, a perfect sense of her beauty and a like power of referring it to the same category of impersonal wonders of nature as the rose and the dawn.

"It is a joy to me to meet you, madam. You have so much power for good, and I am sure you are disposed to use it."

His voice is music in its intonations, as voices are wont to be when they have ever kept close touch with the spiritual harmonies of which music is made.

"I hope I may be able to make myself useful, with your help. But there seems so little to do here. It is different in town."

"Madam, we are of the earth, as well as on it. I think you will find that. Rest assured you will not languish for want of opportunity."

"Mr. Raif has promised to show me his model village."

A slight cloud passed over his features. "I have no doubt Mr. Raif has done his best with it, but somehow these questions of machinery—I shall be pleased to take your Grace's opinion on all the villages at some future time."

The conversation soon drifted into generalities, wherein, however, he showed himself so utterly incompetent, or at any rate so ill at ease, that the duchess in mercy gave him an opportunity of escape. On leaving, he looked at her again with a kind of awe, and seemed to take her in from head to foot.

"Pray don't flatter yourself," laughs Mary. "He fixes every charming woman in that way; but half the time, you know, he forgets that they are alive. I do believe he thinks we are plants, and that one day he'll try to break off a finger for a button-

hole. He used to lift me on to the table and look at me like some little image of piety, all the time I was in short frocks. It was done quite without distinction of persons. He treated Rose Edmer in just the same way. Dear old thing—I do love him so!"

"And so shall I. But who is Rose Edmer? You know, child, you are my guide to Allonby."

"Rose Edmer is the village beauty. Every self-respecting village has an institution of that kind."

"Then I know her perfectly well. Listen: dark-eyed as well as dark-haired; heavy-eyed, too, a little, by reason of a sort of lowering mischief in the lids. I made her show them to me all the same, for they were wide open as I passed. Trouble there, if crossed. The face a good oval, not so much by the narrowness at the chin as by the breadth at the cheek. Lips that pout more with determination than with caprice, and that I should say might give great satisfaction in—other uses. What a little type! No, not a type at all, but just her individual self. And what an inventory, eh? Gracious! it's like an early Victorian novel."

"That's the girl. True as steel, I should say, if you win her; but wants winning all the same. They say George Herion is the boy to do it. It will be a pretty game, lost or won, for the onlookers."

"George Herion—I never saw him."

"Perhaps, duchess, because he never saw you, saving your presence, all the same. It's the crisis of his fate, so I hear—and I get a bulletin almost every morning from my maid."

"No wonder. It would never do to let love-making become one of the lost arts; so let us all keep an eye on Phyllis and Corydon. Ah, what a land, what a land!"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. The whole country seems like a book—so many 'Half Hours in a Library,' illustrated with copperplates, as much too picturesquely good to be true as a scene at the play. That feeling, I remember, came on me with a perfect rush at Warwick. I saw old beadsmen in cloaks that suggested the funeral procession of Queen Elizabeth, walking in and out of old almshouses to match, with an old Shaksperian square in the background. I declare, when some incongruous old thing

in an overcoat and a stovepipe hat came out of one of the houses I could have shaken him for an anachronism. And in the market-place I believe they were roasting an ox whole, and hiring plowmen and dairymaids at a 'statute' fair."

"But how would you hire them, Augusta? You know that's the proper way."

"Who said it was not? What a dear old land!"

"How do they hire them in your country, then?"

"How do I know—or care? Not that way, that's all. No such luck."

"What a funny sort of country it must be!"

"No, no. It just spreads itself about too much to be anything in particular. This one is perfect, and if I had my way I'd put it all under a glass case. Our glass case is the sky, and that's too big for comfort to the beholder. How are you going to keep the dust off five and twenty miles of corn all in one unbroken line? What you lose in breadth you gain in variety, intensity of impression. A dozen 'vestiges of creation' is a space no bigger than the back of your hand! I want to label it all. At least, Mary, help me to label out the 'county,' that mysterious thing you were telling me about the other day; the people to whom I have to go and 'pay my respects' in the family coach, in return for their dutiful performances of the same sort here."

"Well, first you want two big glass cases—one for our set and one more for the other."

"Tell me about the other. Our set I am beginning to know—birth, acres, long settlement. Oh, I am so frightened of some of them, Mary! But don't you dare tell. I'm going to manage them by springing right into the cage, firing my pistol, and keeping them too busy with the trick to have time to devour me."

"They don't want to devour you, except in the way of kindness—nice as you would be."

"Nonsense. I'm certain that venerable nobleman (is n't that the right way to put it?) to whose place I went the other day was a man-eater. Not a sign was wanting—the long, solemn face, the sepulchral voice, the lean family drawn up behind, in their huge cavern of a drawing-room, waiting for their prey."

"Don't be so unkind. That's just what you'll find at Liddicot, I warn you, when you come to see us in our moated hall. How can people help being a thousand years old?"

"Child, you know I don't mean that."

"Besides, the Ogregbs and ourselves are just old-timers; we don't set up for being smart. But you'll find plenty of nice people quite up to date, I assure you. Why, look at Allonby itself!"

"Still, Allonby is sometimes rather alarming. I stumbled into the family mausoleum the other day, railed off from the rest of the church. What a scare—all the effigies still glaring mastery over the destinies of men from sightless orbs! Another Temple of the Sun, with the embalmed Incas all in rows from the beginning of a dateless line—except that the Incas sat up to their work. And then, what about the people who are not nice?"

"Oh, you'll soon know more than you want about them. They're the real danger. You'll find it hard to keep out of their clutches, duchess as you are."

"Are they so very hateful?"

"Dreadful people. They've made all their money in business, heaps, and heaps of it; and where we are in any way salable they just come and buy us out. Sometimes they issue us as companies, with our names on the prospectus."

"Insolent creatures; and with their own money, too!"

"You don't understand, Augusta; but you will."

"Silent contempt?"

"How are you to keep it up, when they make such a noise? There's a terror of a man down here called Kisbye who tried his hardest to get a corner in your procession the other day. His house-parties are a perfect scandal, and he's got the very place in which the Parringtons were born."

"Well, it's easy enough to keep out of it now."

"Not so easy as you think. He tries to do everything, from the shooting to the dinners, twice as well as everybody else, so far as the mere luxury goes. And some of our younger sons positively go there for the dinners. Why, even my brother Tom—oh, it's a shame! And they make game of it all when they come away."

"And we both think that's a greater shame still; don't we, Mary? But don't

be afraid: I am going to be perfectly orthodox and hate Kisbye. Only just now I am much busier with attractions than repulsions. I do so want to like everybody, the women above all."

"What is to prevent it? I am sure they all want to like you."

"Sometimes they seem so—"

"So what?"

"So near and yet so far, like the star in the song—so effusively indifferent, so cordially cold."

"Augusta!"

"Oh, don't misunderstand. It's nothing personal, to you especially—not even to myself. I am sure they all treat me exactly as they treat one another. But their aloofness is sometimes a bit of a trial. I suppose it's the smart manner. They don't seem to care a hang for anybody or anything. Yet underneath that mask of cynical hardness what wonderful women some of them are! They know so much, and they've seen so much, and they've even thought and felt so much; and they seem so very much ashamed of it, after all. That hard, short, dry style I've seen in one or two here! None of us women are like that by nature—mere souls reduced to the state of an anatomical preparation. Why should we make ourselves such pieces of bad art?"

"I never thought of that. I suppose it must be so, since you see it so. I wonder if it is because they are trying to please the men? I remember, now, how Tom changed as soon as he went to Eton: not much kissing good-by and kissing how-d'-ye-do after that. He did give me a furtive hug behind the door at the end of the first term; but it was too good to last. Our men, you see, won't stand what they call 'gush.' Will yours?"

"We never ask 'em," said Augusta, simply. "They have to take us as we are. It does them a world of good."

"That's it, I suppose. You never let them get out of hand. I wonder if they don't like you all the better for just being yourselves, instead of trying to talk golf and races and stables to them, and all that."

"They like us well enough," said Augusta, as simply as before. "But never mind, dear. 'When you are in Rome'—you know the rest. And I'm going to get Anglicized as fast as I can."

"Take care we don't get Americanized first and save you the trouble."

"No; my turn first. Come and help me out with my visiting-list. Here's a Blyth, I see."

"Excuse me, but would you mind not sounding the 'th'? You know you asked me to mention any little thing of that sort."

"Thank you thousand times; but shall I nevermore call a fellow-creature by his right name? I learned 'Coohoon' and 'Chumley' and 'Abergenny' from a Sunday edition before I came out, and I thought I was through. The rule of it, the distracting rule? Shade of Ward McAllister, will nobody give me a glimpse into first principles? Is it something like this: always sound your own name as the other man writes his? I suppose we must be 'Applebys,' as we begin with an 'Al'; and Halifax is 'Gomshall,' dear—say it's 'Gomshall'; and 'Waldegrave' is 'Zoroaster,' by way of giving a neighbor a lift."

"Augusta, you are really unfortunate to-day! It's 'Walgrave,' at any rate, as true as I live."

"Mary, Mary, we've gossiped away half the morning, and we've a whole house-party on our hands. Besides, I must have a first peep at the village this afternoon."

"Which one—Mr. Raif's?"

"No; little Slocum. That's more to my taste. But he may come all the same, if it's part of his show."

## vi

It was no easy matter. In these exalted regions the simplest incident has to be contrived. A duchess from Allonby can hardly walk into Slocum Parva like you or me. Nothing merely occurs in such lives: everything is matter of specification. Mr. Jarvis had to be consulted about the carriage, and he put the priceless ponies in harness by way of giving them an airing. Her Grace would fain have walked, but she was told it was unusual in the circumstances. Then the housekeeper was sent for. In such houses domestics are as keenly concerned for the privilege of menial office as are nobles in a court of claims contending for their right of bearing a towel or a pair of spurs at a coronation. In vain may the unhappy object of their attentions wish them at the devil. It is their "perquisite,"

not his luxury, and the thing is done for the doer's sake. Custom ordained a hamperful of goodies and physic whenever a Duchess of Allonby went among her subjects for the first time.

"You may go in an old frock and a waterproof later on," said Mary, as she stepped in after her friend. Augusta sighed and took the reins. Mr. Raif and a man in livery were in the rear.

The drive in the fresh air, stirred by a rush from a gap in the distant hills and cooled by a recent shower, was exhilarating. The road was all vistas contrived by centuries of landscape-gardening on the grand scale. The village looked as blandly beautiful as a mezzotint. Where the red tile failed, brown thatch continued the curves of the exquisitely broken line. A glory of honeysuckle and other climbers covered window and porch; the garden patches were in their later and richer bloom. A lady, apparently on her travels in search of the picturesque, rose from her easel and bowed as the duchess passed. The children were still at their lessons, but a shuffle of feet as the carriage skirted the school seemed to betoken the spontaneous disruption of a class. Their mothers meekly awaited developments in the gloom of interiors, as though following some ritual of becoming behavior for the Last Day.

Mr. Raif made a good showman. The carriage stopped here and there as he gave the word, and the duchess saw tidy homes adorned with chromolithographs of the royal family, bright furniture, and clean-aproned matrons bobbing reverence from the knees, for want of mastery of the art of lateral extension. It distressed her. "Please don't be so respectful," she said at first, until she saw that, with their training, it gave them even more embarrassment to withhold than her to accept. Then she yielded with one sigh more. And besides, resistance was not in the spirit of a scene which seemed to put to shame the placard of a county paper outside the grocer's shop announcing battle, murder, and sudden death in other parts of the earth.

At a-turn of the road a bent figure of age came in sight. It was the octogenarian Skett, the broken-down navvy whose acquaintance as one of the nondescripts of village life we have already made. He dragged himself homeward with the help of his two walking-sticks and of a pair of

lower limbs which seemed ready at any moment to strike work for life.

"Poor old man!" cried her Grace, reining in the ponies. "Open the hamper, James, and see what you think he would like."

"Quite unnecessary, duchess," said Mr. Raif, rather hastily; "he is well provided for, and I'm afraid he is not much of a man for dainties."

"Tell me something about him."

"There is really little to tell. He was a good, honest, hard-working fellow in his day, though not very saving, I'm afraid; and we do what we can for him now."

"What do you do?"

"I don't quite know," returned Mr. Raif, in some confusion, "but I can easily find out."

"Arid where is your cottage, old man?" said her Benevolence—perhaps by way of protest against that tyranny of the middleman which is the curse of our time.

But Mr. Raif was not easily baffled. "He lives alone; and I am afraid your Grace might hardly care—"

"It ain't nor a stone's-throw, neyther," piped Samson, "if anybody's a mind to come and see a feller-creetur." There was desperation in his manner; the vision splendid was not to be suffered to fade without a struggle for better acquaintance.

"May I come?" said the duchess.

"And thank you kindly, if you don't mind walking," returned this more terrible infant of second infancy; "you got good legs."

The duchess evidently bore no malice; Mr. Raif looked unutterable horror.

It was one of a row of brick-built cottages in the execrable taste of most modern work of this kind. They formed a sort of back street for the village, and their manifest avoidance of all outward display bore the suggestion that even in Slocum there was something not meant to meet the eye. Their sites were part of a clearance made by the old duke in accordance with the general policy of keeping down population by keeping down house-room. But the old duke had cut it too fine, and had destroyed so rashly that his successor had been obliged to build again to house his own laborers. Still the area of ruin exceeded the area of restoration; and the population of Slocum was smaller in our period than it had been at the close of the middle

ages. It had finally attained to that state of perfect numerical balance which is the glory of the statistical tables of France. The governing idea of the modern scheme of architecture was the upturned box with holes in it, the smaller openings as windows, the larger as doors. A lower box, if it may be so described, was the day-room, an upper the bedroom, and the two made a building which might serve to remind a Chicago sky-scraper of the modesty of its origin. The doors were an unnecessarily close fit for the inquisitive figures by whom they were now filled. One of the latter, Mrs. Artifex, seeing what company Samson was about to entertain, now came into his cottage to "speak up for him" in conjectures wherein his own modesty or his own courage as a petitioner for charitable favors might be expected to fail. The principle imported a future exchange of good offices of the same sort on his part.

His room was untidy. It was the penalty of age and infirmity with him, as with most of his neighbors. Their partners were mostly in the churchyard. Their young people had gone to fight for themselves in the world. The old were the mere wastage of the settlement, kept there only because they refused to enter the workhouse, and on a scanty allowance of outdoor relief by which the guardians made a reasonable bargain for the ratepayers.

Samson's way of doing the honors was all his own.

"Sit ye down, my loidy; here be old Sam Skett a-waitin' his call—all that's left on him, all that's left!"

"Remember where you are, Skett," said Mr. Raif, severely; "that's hardly the way to speak to her Grace."

"Oh, please let him speak as he likes," said Augusta; "he won't hurt me."

"You be a beauty an' no mistake," cried the delighted old man. It was a tribute to moral quite as much as to physical worth. Mr. Raif cast protesting eyes upward, and a still more protesting chin.

It was easy to see that Samson's manners had stood in the way of his advancement in life. He was not one of the courtly poor, and his obtuseness left him beyond the reach of Mr. Raif's art as an introducer of indigence to the notice of the great. Most of his neighbors in this row were in the same plight. Mr. Raif's choicer specimens were the trained bands of the model

village within the domain, and the select few of Slocum Parva whom he had just left. These had become, under his tuition, as sleek as any peasants in old China. Poor Skett was but the ignoble savage of the rural scene. He was still magnificent in his ruin—a giant in beam, well-nigh as broad as long, and not short at that. And nature seemed again to assert his brotherhood with the ox in the great flat face, and in the neck all dewlapped with wrinkles. The blue eye, bleared though it was with age, betokened the Frisian peasant of almost pure descent. His brown skin was a diaper of the seams of age and toil which made him look like something in rhinoceros hide. His history was that of many an English laborer of his day. He was one of the earth-men of our railway age, and he had left his lasting mark on the planet with pick and shovel. He had read nothing,—for the best of all reasons,—thought nothing, hoped nothing, but had just dug, fed, and slept. It was enough for pride. "Worked on the first railway made in this world," he piped, "an' worked all over the country after that. Aye, an' my own brother went to a place called France an' Spain to make more railways there under Muster Middlemass—old Middlemass—whose son's a lord now. You'll find that reet."

"What a fine, strong man you must have been!" said the duchess.

The compliment gave Sally an opening for the neighborly office of the song of praise. "Aye, your Grace, 'e wur a good un in 's time—could wheel six 'undred-weight. 'Is old feyther wur a good un too. Made nothin' o' liftin' up a 'undred in each 'and."

"Aye, an' used to win beer wi' it," muttered Samson, as though editing her with notes.

"Well, this 'ere man 'e could lift fifty more. 'Never give in'—that was 'is motter; 'e was real cruel at 's work. Took a job on the roads when 'e 'ad to give up his navvyin', an' one day, when 'e wur over seventy, they finds 'im lyin' in a faint beside 's load o' stone."

"I 'ad n't give in, mind yer," annotated Samson. "I 'd been knocked out o' time. Ricked ma back—that's what a did."

"Aye," interposed Sally; "an' thowt nothin' o' buttin' is 'ead through the panel of a door, in 's prime."

"Don't you tell tales out of school," said

Samson, shyly; "young men will be young men."

It was honored age rebuking an untimely allusion to the follies of youth. He felt that it was a generous folly still, and that he had lived it down.

"Well, I hope you are comfortable now."

"Two an' six a week from the parish, an' sixpence extra for coals in the bitter weather. Got to be careful—rent out of it, and every blessed thing."

"He's so lonesome, your Grace," said Mrs. Artifex; "that's the worst on't. Fell out o' bed t' other night, an' cut 'is face."

"It warn't nowt," he chuckled. "Why, old Grutt 'e 'urt 'isself same way a month ago, an' he ain't well yet."

Mr. Raif was manifestly ill at ease. It was not exactly the show for a mistress of Allonby; and he made a move for the door.

The duchess was content to follow, but she wished first to make the old man a present, and she fumbled at her purse. There were difficulties. She had yet to attain to full mastery of the value of the coins in it, for the British monetary system is not exactly a thing that comes by the light of nature. If half a crown a week kept him going, it would perhaps be unadvisable to give him so much. But what was half a crown? It was more bewildering, in the circumstances, than Peel's: "What is a pound?" She pecked wildly therefore, at the first thing that came to hand—a florin, as it proved. Then—how to offer it to him without wounding his self-respect? With her lifelong associations, she had scruples on this point which had not been wholly overcome by her short experience of European travel. The good things in her hamper were, after all, mere presents of courtesy, if you chose to look on them in that light; but a tip in hard cash to one who had been a workman, and was no tramp of the roadside!

"Would you allow me to offer you a little—a little change?" she said timidly, slipping the florin into his palm of horn.

To her intense relief, Samson did not hurl it to the ground with the pride of the free-born. He only said, "Thank ye kindly," and fobbed it with the avidity of a Tantalus who has unexpectedly caught a bite.

Mr. Raif looked vainly round for a diversion, until it came by the mere compulsion of his desire, as they passed one of the honeysuckle cottages on their way to the carriage.

A neatly dressed girl was standing in the porch, half hidden in its shade, and evidently keeping an eye on the road.

The duchess whispered to her friend: "Why, surely, Mary, it is your village beauty, Rose—Rose—"

"Rose Edmer. Oh, is n't it funny! She's waiting to catch a glimpse of him on his way home from work; and she'll vanish as soon as he comes in sight. She's dairymaid at Allonby, you know,—one of your people,—and he a laborer at Kisby's—you remember George Herion, the young fellow I told you about to-day. Do speak to her, Augusta. She is so sweet."

It was an unfortunate moment for an introduction, for Rose wanted anything but company, even, as we have seen, the company of George. She was in the earliest and perhaps the most entrancing stage of the divine complaint. George's love for her, admiration for her, was her first initiation into love and admiration for herself. Hitherto she had been a chit of a girl, half aware, or scarcely aware at all, that she was anything out of the common. He had lifted her into the fullness of the realization of personality, and had brought into her soul the exquisite delight of the feeling that she was part of the beauty of the world. From this came wonder, pride, joy in herself—nay, a kind of reverence of her own girlhood. Oh, the music of it! All the things she had done before, not knowing there was anything in them,—fetching water from the well (he had spoken with a rude rapture of her beauty as she stood there), plucking berries from the garden for the meal,—were now sanctified as so many things that gave her a part in life. She had grown from child to essential woman in a night, with the thought of that part. She loved George—though as yet she was in no hurry to tell him so—for loving her. Of course she was in no hurry. What joy to go on forever like this, to be merely courted and adored!

And, besides, she must not make herself too cheap. There was always that dreadful warning of her mate in the dairy, Silly Jane. Jane, yet little more than a child, had suddenly found love in the confession of a stable-boy of much the same standing, and had forthwith called her playmates about her to make solemn renunciation of childish things. There could be no more hide-and-seek, or skipping-rope: she had

a sweetheart now. The ceremony included the refusal of her dinner as a public function. She wanted nothing but a slice of bread and butter, and the right to sing softly to herself all day long. The whole village knew it: it was a jest at the Knuckle of Veal. Then one day, goaded thereto perhaps by the banter of the inn, the stable-boy, without a word of warning, gave a penny to an infant, and told her to seek Silly Jane with the message that he had had enough of her. The message was duly delivered before a whole household, and for a day or two Jane's parents thought it prudent to keep watch on the well. The precaution was unnecessary. Silly Jane resumed her dinner and her skipping-rope, not much the worse, except that she was more of a laughing-stock than ever. Better death than that fate for Rose. So, as Mr. Raif opened the garden gate to summon her to the presence of the duchess, she ab-

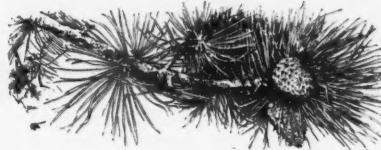
ruptly fled from the porch, and locked herself in her chamber, with a determination to die rather than meet any lady in the land.

Yet, in spite of this agreeable diversion, Mr. Raif's feelings were doomed to yet another shock. The ponies were in full trot for the castle when they showed a disposition to shy at a strange object surrounded by awe-struck urchins on the village green. It was a huge covered van of the kind used by traveling showmen; it was painted in bright aggressive yellow, and it bore the announcement of a "Lecture on the Land and the People" for that very night. The mystery was deepened by the circumstance that the vehicle was as yet hermetically closed, and that, having no horse in the shafts, and to all appearance no human being in charge, it gave not a sign of life.

"What does it mean?" said Mary.

"Radicals, I am very much afraid," said Mr. Raif.

(To be continued.)



## THE CANADA SABLE

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

LIGHT as a leaf is foot of the hare,  
A leaping deer seems borne by air—  
Lighter than either, as swift as a bird,  
Scarcely seen, too light to be heard,  
Where high in the wind a tall tree rocks,  
He flashes red, like a winged fox.

Sweeping the skies the keen hawks go,  
Foxes prowl on the moss below;  
But the hunting-fields of the sable lie  
Where tree-tops wave, 'twixt earth and sky:  
By dizzy ways, o'er highest limb,  
Lies the path best liked by him;  
Woe to the grouse that hoped to hide  
Leaf-obscured and unspied.

Squirrels falter, afraid to race—  
Red sable sets too hard a pace.

THE GREAT BUSINESS COMBINATIONS  
OF TO-DAY

THE SO-CALLED  
STEEL TRUST

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

DAVID A. WELLS PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE, WILLIAMS COLLEGE

THE purpose of this article is to describe the formation and character of the United States Steel Corporation; to explain the causes of its origin; to give to the readers of THE CENTURY some notion of its vast wealth, and some conception of the tremendous force which it may exert in the industrial world; and to set forth as briefly as possible the policy of its founders and managers. It is no part of the purpose of this article to assist in a search for evils the existence of which is often asserted, but which are difficult to define; nor to discuss the vexed question of the relations which the state ought to maintain toward combinations; nor to consider, with that seeming minuteness and that assurance which are characteristic of many reasoners who possess insufficient data, the margin between the real value of the property and the business of the corporation on one hand and its capital on the other. Nor shall its opportunities for wrong-doing, nor its proneness to oppression, be entered into; nor shall I indulge in prophecy. All these problems, questions, and surmises are interesting, and some of them are important, while it is certain that those which are both interesting and important are to play a larger and larger part in public controversy either for good or ill.

This paper proceeds on the theory that before the public discusses the United States Steel Corporation it should know of what the corporation is the outgrowth, how it is organized, the extent of its property and power, and what are the purposes of those who are at its head. One of Henry Fielding's philosophical introductory chapters in "Tom Jones" is entitled: "An Essay to prove that an author will write

the better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes." And since this is as true to-day as it was in the eighteenth century, and of industrial and economic phenomena as of what Mr. Fielding called, in the language of his day, the *beau monde*, it seems quite likely that the significance and effect of the largest and freest expression of the modern economic movement will eventually be more intelligently debated if the reasons for its formation and the purposes and policy of its founders are first understood.

Perhaps the key of the method by which the subject is to be examined is to be found in the remark which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is said to have made in response to the charge of having formed a trust and of having monopolized the business of manufacturing iron and steel, "I have smashed a trust, not formed one," and it is fair to study the corporation from this point of view.

This great corporation, by far the most important industrial organization in the world, is possibly the formulation of the terms of an economic problem the satisfactory solution of which lies in the future. It is such a combination of resources, properties, instrumentalities, and opportunities as the world has never known before, or known only as an important element of the wealth of a nation.

This combination is likened to an industrial democracy having many of the features of coöperative associations, with an added virtue: it is almost certain—as certain as future events can be—of continued intelligent expert management. It is the greatest, but not the only, power in the iron and steel industry of this country. If

the protective duties on its products shall ever be abolished, if the consumers of the world shall become its customers, and the mines and manufactures of the world its rivals, it may become the most important iron and steel power of the world. This democracy succeeded an absolute master of a smaller realm, who ruled not only his own kingdom, but who was the chief of a group of powerful rivals, himself powerful enough, by reason of his vast wealth, to cripple, perhaps to ruin, any competitor, actual or prospective, with whose business he might have occasion to interfere.

Mr. Carnegie was a very rich man in 1900, as he is now; but in 1900 it was essential in the very nature of competition that he should constantly exercise the enormous power which his wealth gave him both for its defense and for its increase. Now he may safely be quiescent. If he had not formerly been aggressive, if he had stood still, if he had refrained from adventure, becoming in his youthful old age that sort of old-fashioned conservative who usually in his decrepitude indolently professes content with conditions achieved during his more active middle life, the great Carnegie steel-works and their associated properties would have begun to decline, the victims of wasting competition. In time Mr. Carnegie himself might have ceased to endow libraries, universities, and other educational institutions, and in the end, if he had lived long enough, he might easily have found himself compelled to stop all his work of beneficence; he would then no longer have been able to engage in the interesting struggle to prevent the increase of his capital. Then the problem of distributing his wealth during his lifetime—a problem which now perhaps adds to his years, stimulating his pulses and enormously promoting his happiness—would no longer exist; indeed, his own requirements and previously assumed engagements of benevolence might then be eating into his capital.

If, during his active participation in the manufacture of iron and steel, he had ever reached the period when he would not have thrown away a million-dollar steam-hammer for a better tool, or when he would not have fought every rising competitor and every exacting transportation company, that moment would have marked the beginning of his decadence. And this decadence would have produced far-reaching

results—results proportionate to the enormous and wide-spread interests of which he was the head. It might have marked the beginning of a period of depression like that which followed the failures of 1873.

It is essential to the modern man of business, in the war of competition, for the mere maintenance of his prosperity, that his defense be aggressive; that he keep in motion; that he retain his relative rank; that he adapt himself to every economic change; that he avail himself of every improvement in machinery and method. If he be at the head of the procession, he must remain the leader or go to the rear. Death seizes the industrial and commercial captains who grow weary of the struggle, who stop by the way for the purpose of carrying on business in no other manner than in that which they have already learned. The time has been when the second and third generations could prosper modestly, and for a few short years, by following in the footsteps of fathers and grandfathers; but under the most favorable circumstances which can be imagined, it is a hazardous undertaking to follow old fashions in business.

This has been especially true since the "factory system" came into existence. Every one who is familiar with rural New England can recall dead mills and mill villages—the archaic factory with its silent water-wheel, its broken windows through which one catches glimpses of the rusty machinery, antiquated before it ceased to run, before it stopped for its long repose in bankruptcy. The picture of a grass-grown street bordered by ruined houses, once the homes of operatives, is a common one, as common as is the loss of the spirit of enterprise by the old, or as the lack of industry and intelligence, the misfortunes of sons brought up to regard the old mill-pond as if it were fed by a Pactolian stream whose golden sands needed no replenishment. The ways of doing business change with the changing generations, and he who would hold his own must change with them. The economies which result from improved labor-saving machinery or from cost-reducing methods are vital, and the manufacturer who does not take advantage of them must go out of business or lose all the gains of his prosperous years. The surrender of an important market to a rival is likely to be the

beginning of an unfortunate ending. The loss of this market can never be measured in terms of the profit previously gained from it, for the loss of one means the loss of another until loss becomes a habit.

Andrew Carnegie, as an active factor in the steel market, was master of the situation. The company called by his name was capitalized at \$320,000,000, half in bonds and half in stock. It owned the whole or a majority part of many blast-furnaces and rolling-mills. It operated railroads, water companies, and steamship companies. It was the proprietor of coal lands, coke-ovens, a natural-gas company, limestone deposits, and ore-mines. It dug the ore out of the mines, carried it to the furnace, transformed it into iron and steel, rolled it, and made it into billets, blooms, steel rails, car-axles, armor for battle-ships, castings, boiler-plates, beams, columns, and girders for buildings, and then carried its products to the lakes, or shipped them to the seaboard. Once, in speaking of the extent of his business, Mr. Carnegie said that he furnished to the railroads running from Pittsburgh more freight than the entire amount carried from New York by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. This enormous business could not neglect the smallest invention which increased the economy of production, and was compelled to struggle against every advance in the price of raw material or in the cost of transportation, or against any rival that sought to supplant it in any market.

In his struggle to preserve his preëminence, which had become necessary to the existence of the great combination in which he was the largest owner, Mr. Carnegie's wealth gave him an enormous advantage over all his competitors. He virtually commanded the steel market. He possessed not only the best facilities for the conduct of his business, but he had a weapon which he might use and did use against competitors. If a manufacturing company making pressed-steel car-wheels felt disposed to purchase its raw material from one of Mr. Carnegie's rivals, he might come to the conclusion that the deserting customer needed competition, and he would therefore found, or threaten to found, his own factory for pressed-steel car-wheels. If a maker of tubes was developing a too powerful rivalry, he might contemplate a

new tube-works which would eventually destroy the first. If a railroad company's freight charges went beyond Mr. Carnegie's conception of what the traffic ought to bear, at once the route for a competing road was surveyed.

Why did Mr. Carnegie desire to withdraw from his dominating position? He was easily the king of the steel business, and ordinarily—if we may consider anything having to do with kings as ordinary—kings do not resign their thrones. But Mr. Carnegie's power was much greater than that of most modern monarchs, and his occupation was much more interesting than theirs. Interesting as it was, however, his fertile and active mind preferred new occupations. Perhaps it was because he had conquered the industrial field that he sought other entertainment and other usefulness. At any rate, he had determined to retire from business several years before the United States Steel Corporation was thought of. In 1899 this desire seemed to be on the verge of gratification, for then Mr. Carnegie gave to a syndicate, at the head of which was Mr. H. C. Frick, an option for the purchase of his interest in the Carnegie Steel Company. For his interest in this corporation he was to have received \$157,950,000. He owned sixty per cent. of the whole capital, so that the Carnegie steel-works at that time, or under that option, were admitted to be worth something less than \$300,000,000. The forfeit money of \$1,170,000 was, however, surrendered to Mr. Carnegie by the syndicate, and the sale was not perfected. Mr. Carnegie then said that he had offered his property at too low a price, and it has been reported that he once remarked that he could sell the property in London for \$500,000,000. By agreement, terminating a litigation, the value of the property and business was placed at \$320,000,000. The Carnegie Company, then formed as the successor of the Carnegie Steel Company, was capitalized at this amount, and the United States Steel Corporation paid much more than \$320,000,000 for its property. As his share of this price Mr. Carnegie received a vast fortune, with which he is conducting beneficent works. He was paid entirely in bonds. He desired stock, and nothing but stock, but the organizers refused to comply with his wishes, on the ground that such enor-

mous power in the hands of a single owner would be dangerous to the interests of the corporation.

Although his property consists largely of the securities of the Steel Corporation, he has passed out of and from among the active powers of the industrial world. Not only is his former power now divided among a number of persons, but that which made it threatening to his rivals has disappeared, or is greatly modified by the combination of interests which had always been on the verge, at least, of active warfare with one another. Mr. Carnegie was the master of one of the most perfect human organizations ever constructed. So complete and efficient was it that he is reported to have said: "Take away all our factories, our trade, our avenues of transportation, our money; leave me our organization, and in four years I will have reestablished myself."

This splendid and powerful organization gave him liberty of action, the privilege to be absent from his mills and from the country, and at the same time gave him also almost absolute power over the business of iron- and steel-making. He could and did change prices when he deemed it for his interest to do so. He constructed mills for making articles which he had not previously manufactured, in order that he might bring unruly customers or competitors to terms. He had constructed a railway from Pittsburgh to Lake Erie, and was known to be able to injure, and perhaps to ruin, not only manufacturing competitors but the corporations engaged in the business of carrying his wares to market. The iron and steel trade feared him, and regarded him as the most threatening "trust" in the country—if I may be permitted for the moment to employ the word "trust" after the vague and incorrect manner of the politician. It saw in him the embodiment of all the evils of competition because he had the power to destroy rivals. Indeed, it was the contemplated exercise of this power that led to the taking of the first step toward the formation of the United States Steel Corporation.

The National Tube Company was a very large and prosperous organization. Its capital stock was \$80,000,000. It owned five blast-furnaces. It owned and operated nine rolling-mills and steel-works and fourteen pipe-and-tube works. Mr. J.

Pierpont Morgan was one of its proprietors. Mr. Schwab, who was then president of the Carnegie Company, planned to build a tube-mill for his company, a tube-mill so perfect in design, equipped with such excellent machinery, while it was to be operated with such great economy, that he expected to add one more dominating factory to the already long list of such factories in Mr. Carnegie's kingdom. Mr. Carnegie was dissatisfied with the rates of freight charged by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for carrying his iron and steel goods from Pittsburgh to the seaboard, and he threatened to build a line of his own, for which surveys were actually made. The imaginations of large capitalists became alarmed. This emperor of the steel business was an uncomfortable neighbor. The rulers of the other and smaller kingdoms and principalities thought that they would breathe more freely if a way might be found for their overshadowing rival to abdicate at a cost not inconsiderable.

At this juncture Mr. J. Edward Simmons, the president of the Fourth National Bank of New York, gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Charles M. Schwab, and Mr. Morgan was one of the guests. In a speech which he made after dinner, Mr. Schwab outlined his views on combinations—views apparently solarge, so wise, and so interesting that Mr. Morgan was strongly impressed by the speech and the speaker. Then there began a series of interviews which eventually led to the founding of the United States Steel Corporation, to the realization of Mr. Carnegie's desire to retire from the control of the business, and to the elimination of a strong one-man power, approaching absolutism. The new combination was a federal republic composed of former rival powers, chief among which was the old Carnegie kingdom. It is an interesting and an important fact that while the negotiations were in progress Mr. Carnegie declined to enter the combination unless Mr. Morgan would become its head. He insisted on this as a guaranty of strong and wise management.

The new corporation, in the opinion of its founders, guarantees the continued existence of many wealth-producing establishments and their prosperity, and puts an end to the fear of a displacement of capital which, if it had been realized, must have produced a general panic. This corpora-

tion, again in the opinion of its founders and directors, so far from being a trust, has destroyed the possibility of an iron and steel trust and has democratized this fundamentally important branch of business. Whether these sanguine men are justified depends in the first place upon the purpose of their organization, and after that upon their own views as to what should be its methods, its relations with the consumers, its business principles; and, furthermore, it depends upon the power of the officers and directors of the company to pursue the policy which, as I understand, Mr. Schwab outlined at Mr. Simmons's fateful dinner.

The corporation was organized February 23, 1901. It obtained its charter in the State of New Jersey, because the laws of that commonwealth, in the opinion of the organizers of large corporations, are more liberal, fairer, and wiser than those of other States. They have certainly been more stable, having been virtually unchanged for nearly sixty years; in other words, there apparently has not been in New Jersey that disposition to interfere with corporations which has been manifested in other States. Then again, taxation of corporations is lighter in New Jersey than in other States: for example, the fee which the United States Steel Corporation paid for its charter was \$220,000, while at the time of its incorporation the fee in New York would have been \$1,375,000 (the law has since reduced the rate); in Pennsylvania it would have been, and still would be, the same; and in other States it would have ranged from \$550,000 to \$1,100,000. Lighter annual taxes are also imposed on corporations in New Jersey than elsewhere; and while the rights of shareholders are guarded, while publicity is provided for to the extent of requiring that full information shall be always at the command of shareholders, and while actual residence and a permanent office within the State are required, the laws of New Jersey permit to a corporation more varied and more extensive powers than can be enjoyed under the laws of other States, with the exception of one or two, where, however, the statutes and popular inclinations are not so favorable to substantial business interests as are those of New Jersey, or where the laws are new and have not been interpreted by the courts.

The properties and revenues of the corporation are those of an empire. Its offi-

cers and wage-earners constitute an army in number, but an army of beneficent producers, not one of waste and destruction. Its landed estates are measured in square miles, and its railroads and boat lines make it a transportation company of no mean importance.

Its most important subsidiary company is the "Carnegie Company of New Jersey." The capital of this company is \$320,000,000, half in stock and half in bonds. As the successor of the Carnegie Steel Company it is itself a combination of other companies, among them the most important of their kind in the world. It owns 19 blast-furnaces and 6 rolling mills, among them the Edgar Thomson and Homestead steel-works.

Another subsidiary corporation of the Carnegie Company is the H. C. Frick Coke Company, owning 40,000 acres of coal land, 20,000 acres of surface land, and 11,652 coke-ovens. All of these lands and the ovens are situated in Westmoreland and Fayette counties, Pennsylvania. It owns also nearly 3000 cars, and now markets the product of 5463 ovens belonging to other constituent companies of the United States Steel Corporation, besides the product of 1600 independent ovens. Its capital stock is \$10,000,000. The inclusion of this company brought into the combination one of the ablest men of the iron and steel business. It is due to Mr. Frick's development of the Connellsville region that the United States Steel Corporation possesses one of its most valuable properties—a property which is almost, if not quite, indispensable to the realization of its plans. Mr. Frick is now one of the largest owners of the new combination.

Another subsidiary company of the Carnegie Company is the Carnegie Natural Gas Company, which leases 98,000 acres of gas lands in Pennsylvania and West Virginia. It has 130 gas-wells, 300 miles of pipe-lines, and annually furnishes 11,000,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas.

The Union Railway Company, another Carnegie property, with capital stock of \$2,000,000, operates about seventy-four miles of railroad-track connecting the Monongahela River plants of the Carnegie Company, and Bessemer with North Bessemer.

The Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad Company is the lessee of the Pittsburgh,

Bessemer, and Lake Erie Railroad, which, having \$12,000,000 of capital stock, operates 203 miles of road running from North Bessemer, Pennsylvania, to Erie, in the same State, and Conneaut Harbor, Ohio. At this port on Lake Erie, the Pittsburgh and Conneaut Dock Company owns the docks at the terminus of the railroad. These docks can accommodate daily 25,000 tons of iron ore and 4000 tons of coal. This subsidiary company also owns nearly a half-interest in the Pennsylvania and Lake Erie Dock Company and twenty-five per cent. of the stock of the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio Dock Company.

The Carnegie Company also owns five sixths of the Oliver Iron Mining Company, and the United States Steel Corporation owns the remaining sixth. This mining company owns in fee or holds by lease iron-ore properties in the Vermilion, Mesabi, Gogebic, Marquette, and Menominee ranges in the Lake Superior iron region. It produces about one quarter of the ore mined in that rich district.

Still another property of the Carnegie Company is the Pittsburgh Steamship Company. This company owned, before the consolidation, 12 steamships and 2 barges, having an annual ore-carrying capacity of 1,276,800 gross tons of ore. It now operates all the vessels formerly belonging to itself and to the other constituent companies of the United States Steel Corporation. These constitute a fleet of 112 vessels, of which 69 are steamships and "whalebacks" and 43 are barges. Their total carrying capacity is 9,488,600 tons. These vessels of the Great Lakes include ships of ocean-going size. Among them are the four largest steamships of the lakes, which were purchased from the American Steamship Company by the American Steel and Wire Company for \$5,600,000, each vessel having a carrying capacity of 9000 tons. Each of the "whalebacks" can carry 6000 tons of ore.

Other Carnegie properties are the Youghiogheny Northern Railway Company, and the Youghiogheny, Trotter, and Mount Pleasant water companies, with a total daily pumping capacity of 11,000,000 gallons of water. Finally, we have the Pittsburgh Lime Stone Company, able to produce every day 4500 tons of stone.

The second subsidiary company of the United States Steel Corporation is the

Federal Steel Company, also of New Jersey. The issued capital of this company is as follows:

Preferred stock, six per cent. non-cumulative . . . . .	\$ 53,260,900
Common stock . . . . .	46,484,300
Bonds (of constituent companies) . . . . .	26,829,000
Total outstanding capital . . . . .	\$126,574,200

The Federal Steel Company owns the Illinois Steel Company, with a capital stock of \$18,650,000, and the Lorain Steel Company, having capital stock of \$9,000,000. These two companies together own 21 blast-furnaces and 6 rolling-mills. In addition, the Illinois Company possesses a bridge and structural plant, two cement plants, a wire-rod mill, a bolt, nut, and rivet works, and a spike-works. It further owns all the stock of the Chicago, Lake Shore, and Eastern Railroad Company, which operates 299 miles of track; it owns several thousand acres of iron-ore lands, operates a number of mines in Michigan and Wisconsin, and owns 5986 acres of coking-coal lands, part of which are in the Connellsville coal region of Pennsylvania and part in West Virginia. It also operates limestone quarries in Indiana.

The Federal Steel Company also includes the Minnesota Iron Company, which owns 150,300 acres of iron-ore lands in Minnesota and Michigan. The Minnesota Company, in turn, owns all the stock and \$3,500,000 of the second-mortgage bonds of the Duluth and Iron Range Railroad Company, which operates 192 miles of track and has ore-docks on Lake Superior.

Another property of the Federal Steel Company is the Elgin, Joliet, and Eastern Railroad Company, which operates 190 miles of main line and branches and 114 miles of spurs and yards, a total of 304 miles of track. Another road belonging to the Federal Steel Company is the Mason-town and New Salem road, which brings its coal lands and its ovens in Fayette County in connection with the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania railroads.

The third subsidiary company of the United States Steel Corporation is the National Steel Company, with capital stock issued to the amount of \$27,000,000 seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock and \$32,000,000 common stock and an assumed bonded indebtedness of \$3,819,000. This

company owns 18 blast-furnaces, most of which are situated in Ohio, the rest in Pennsylvania. The company also owns 6 rolling-mills and steel-works, ore-mines in the Mesabi range, and coking-coal lands in Pennsylvania.

The National Tube Company, with capital stock of \$80,000,000 equally divided between seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock and common stock, is the fourth of the subsidiary companies. It owns 5 blast-furnaces, 9 rolling-mills and steel-works, 2 cut-nail factories, a galvanized and calaminized pipe-works, 14 wrought-iron and steel pipe-and-tube works, 2 seamless pipe-and-tube works, coke-ovens, coal lands in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio, limestone quarries, and Lake Superior ore-mines.

The American Steel and Wire Company is the fifth of the subsidiary companies. Its capital stock is \$90,000,000, \$50,000,000 common and \$40,000,000 seven per cent. cumulative preferred; its bonded debt is \$78,000. Its property consists of 11 blast-furnaces, 15 rolling-mills and steel-works, 13 wire-rod plants, 23 wire-drawing plants, 16 wire-nail plants, iron-ore mines in the Mesabi range in Minnesota, in the Gogebic range, Wisconsin, in the Marquette range, Michigan, and in the Menominee range. It owns about 12,000 acres of coal lands in Pennsylvania, and limestone quarries.

The sixth subsidiary company is the American Tin Plate Company, with capital stock of \$20,000,000 seven per cent. cumulative preferred and of \$30,000,000 common. Its property consists of 29 rolling-mills and 26 tin-plate works.

The seventh subsidiary company is the American Steel Hoop Company, with capital stock of \$33,000,000, \$14,000,000 seven per cent. preferred and \$19,000,000 common; owns 3 blast-furnaces, 14 rolling-mills and steel-works, more than 7500 acres of coal lands, ore-mills in the Mesabi range, and coke-ovens.

The American Sheet Steel Company is the eighth subsidiary company. Its capital stock issued is \$49,000,000, equally divided between preferred and common. Its authorized stock is \$26,000,000 of each class, a total of \$52,000,000. It owns 21 rolling-mills and steel-works, and more than 2000 acres of coal lands in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The ninth subsidiary company is the American Bridge Company, the authorized stock of which is \$70,000,000, half in seven per cent. cumulative preferred and half in common. There has been issued \$31,372,000 of the former and \$30,950,000 of the latter. This company owns 1 rolling-mill, 25 bridge-building plants, and 5 bolt, nut, and rivet works.

The Shelby Steel Tube Company, the tenth subsidiary company, with issued stock of \$5,000,000 seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock and \$8,151,500 common stock, has 5 rolling-mills and 7 seamless drawn-tube works.

Finally, the United States Steel Corporation owns the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines, with a capital of \$30,000,000. These mines constituted the great Rockefeller properties, the acquisition of which was urged as essential by Mr. Carnegie while the combination was in process of formation.

The immensity of this property and the quantity of its output may be more impressive if the information is consolidated. Here, then, is a corporation which owns much the larger part of all the iron ore known to be in the ground in the Lake Superior region, and which, in 1901, actually shipped sixty-one and six tenths per cent. of all the ore shipments from the region. The quantity of its ore is estimated to be 750,000,000 tons. Mr. Schwab, the president of the corporation, testified in the pending suit of Hodge, Smith, and Curtiss against the United States Steel Corporation that these ore properties are indispensable to the corporation.

The Lake Superior iron ore constitutes nearly three fourths of the iron ore of the country. Moreover, it is the richest deposit of this mineral in the world. Nothing equal to it has yet been discovered. According to the testimony of Mr. John Birkinbine, an expert in iron metallurgy, and formerly president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, there does not exist any "exploited ore deposit . . . which can be compared to what is known as the Lake Superior region." This superiority consists not only in the excellent quality of the ore, but in the "persistency of deposits." "In this region," said Mr. Birkinbine, "there was produced in the year 1901 more iron ore than was ever supplied by any entire country in a year, Great Britain and Ger-

many being the only two countries which in any one year have approached an output equal to eighty-five per cent. of that of the Lake Superior Mines in 1901."

The total production of iron ore in the United States in 1901 was 28,887,479 tons. Of the total shipments, 20,589,237 tons were actually shipped from the Lake Superior Mines. Of the whole Lake Superior product about 12,692,213 tons came from the mines belonging to the United States Steel Corporation, and this was nearly forty-four per cent. of the total ore product of the country.

Possessing the iron ore, the corporation also possesses the means for its transportation from the mines to the furnaces. It owns the fleet of 112 vessels already mentioned, the necessary terminals and wharves, and 1467 miles of railroad having an equipment of 23,185 freight and other cars and 428 locomotives.

Having brought the ore to the furnaces, of which there are 77, according to Mr. Swank, and 75, according to Mr. Schwab, the corporation possesses the means for transforming the ore into pig-iron. It owns 54,269 acres of Connellsville coking-coal lands, there being less than 15,000 acres of unmined coal lands in the Connellsville region outside of the holdings of this corporation. It also holds or leases some 33,320 acres of steam coal, making, according to Mr. Schwab, a total of 87,589 acres, "situated in the best coal regions of the United States, and within easy access by economical transportation facilities to the producing mills." Of this coal 42,000 acres are of the celebrated Connellsville coal, which is recognized as the standard coking coal of the world, of which the average yield is 7500 tons of coke to the acre, a total of 315,000,000 tons for the 42,000 acres.

Bringing the ore and the fuel, with abundant limestone, to its furnaces, it is able to produce annually from 8,500,000 to 9,500,000 tons of pig-iron. This is a production equal to half of the world's output in 1880. In that year Great Britain, which stood at the head of the producers of pig-iron, made 7,749,233 tons of pig, not so much as can now be made by the United States Steel Corporation alone. Then the United States, which stood second, produced less than half the possible output of this single corporation. In 1897 this country, then at the

head of the iron-producers of the world, made more than 9,652,680 tons of pig-iron, a trifle more than can be produced this year by the United States Steel Corporation. In 1901, when the country's production had reached 15,878,354 tons, this company's present furnaces could have produced more than half of the total. Its actual production was 6,460,847 tons.

After the pig-iron is produced, the corporation can manufacture every year in its present rolling-mills and steel-works, numbering 112, more than 8,000,000 tons of Bessemer and open-hearth steel. It makes more than a million tons of wire rods. The Shelby Steel Tube Company alone has a capacity for making annually 63,000,000 feet of tubes. The 16 wire-nail plants of the American Steel and Wire Company can turn out 12,385,000 kegs of nails.

Again, we can form some conception of the enormous proportions of this giant among the industries by comparing its capacity with the country's total production. In its more than 250 mills and finishing-works it produced, in 1901, seventy and two tenths per cent. of the Bessemer and fifty-nine per cent. of the open-hearth steel which is made in this country; about sixty per cent. of the steel rails; about the same proportion of the structural steel forms; sixty-five per cent. of the plates and sheets of steel; virtually all of the hoops and cotton ties; it has hardly any competition in the manufacture of tin-plate, because the American Tin Plate Company is the original tin-plate maker in the United States; it made sixty-six per cent. of the wire nails produced in the country, all or very nearly all of the barbed and woven fence wire, because of its ownership of patents, and seventy-eight per cent. of the wire rods and wire. Great as it is, however, it will be seen from these figures that the combination is not a monopoly.

What is the money value of this giant—not merely the money value of the physical plant, its buildings, its machinery, its stock, but all that goes to the making of a running business? The authorized capital stock is \$550,000,000 of seven per cent. cumulative preferred and \$550,000,000 of common stock, a total of \$1,100,000,000. Besides the capital stock, bonds are provided for to the amount of \$304,000,000, making the total authorized capital of the corporation \$1,404,000,000. The amount

of stock which has been issued is \$1,018,-583,200, with \$508,302,300 of common and \$510,280,900 of preferred stock. Of the bonds \$303,757,000 have been issued.

It is said that this is over-capitalization, an assertion which is naturally denied by the managers of the corporation. Although this is a proposition which I have already said that I should not discuss, the various estimates of value will be interesting. When the corporation was organized the par value of the outstanding stock and bonds of the subsidiary companies aggregated \$911,700,000, and the total market value was quoted at \$761,100,000. Professor Wilgus, estimating that \$622,600,000 was paid for the Carnegie Company's properties, placed the price paid for the aggregate securities of all the subsidiary companies at \$1,297,200,000; but his estimate of the cost of the Carnegie Company was incorrect. The terms of Mr. Morgan's bargain with Mr. Carnegie were fixed by Mr. Charles M. Schwab, and since Professor Wilgus published his book on the United States Steel Corporation, Mr. Schwab has stated the price paid for the Carnegie properties. He asserts, in an affidavit made in a pending litigation, that the value placed upon the Carnegie properties in the contract with the Frick Syndicate was too low, and in the litigation which followed it was shown to be in excess of \$320,000,000. In his affidavit Mr. Schwab swears that the United States Steel Corporation paid for the Carnegie properties the \$304,000,000 of five per cent. bonds, less \$243,000 held against an equal amount of underlying bonds, or \$303,757,000, the total already mentioned as that of all the bonds issued by the corporation. In addition to these bonds the Carnegie Company received \$188,556,000 in stock, making the price paid for its properties by the United States Steel Corporation \$492,313,000. On the value of the Carnegie properties as determined by agreement, the advance paid by the United States Steel Corporation over the value of 1899 was a little more than \$172,000,000; but since the stock of the United States Steel Corporation sells for less than its par value, this increment was actually considerably less.

In the circular offer to stockholders of the various companies issued by J. P. Morgan & Co., March 2, 1901, it was said: "Statements furnished to us by officers of the

several companies above named and of the Carnegie Company show that the aggregate of the net earnings of all the companies for the calendar year 1900 was amply sufficient to pay dividends on both classes of the new stocks, besides making provision for sinking-funds and maintenance of properties. It is expected that by the consummation of the proposed arrangement the necessity of large deductions heretofore made on account of expenditures for improvements will be avoided, the amount of earnings applicable to dividends will be substantially increased, and greater stability of investment will be assured, without necessarily increasing the prices of manufactured products."

From April 1, 1901, to April 1, 1902, the earnings of the United States Steel Corporation amounted to \$111,503,053, from which there was deducted \$12,736,601 "to provide for various sinking-funds to meet the principal of the present bonded indebtedness, and to represent depreciation in plants, etc." At the end of the first year, after paying its fixed charges, including the seven per cent. dividend on its preferred stock, and after paying also a four per cent. dividend on its common stock, the corporation found itself with a surplus of \$25,015,233. During the first three months of the current year, from April 1 to July 1, 1902, the earnings were \$37,691,700, or at the rate of \$150,766,000 for the year. For the nine months ending September 30, the earnings were \$101,142,158. Mr. Schwab believes that the revenues for 1902 will equal and probably will exceed the sum of \$140,000,000.

The significance of such an income can best be determined by a contrast with some financial statistics of the past. In 1870 the total value of property, real and personal, invested in iron and steel manufactures in the whole country was less than \$122,000,000, which in turn is \$18,000,000 less than the estimated annual revenue of the United States Steel Corporation a few years more than a generation afterward. In 1870 the value of all the material used was less than this corporation's present yearly revenue, and only twenty years ago the total capital in the business was but \$90,000,000 more than this company's probable returns for this year.

The actual value of the properties of the corporation has been variously estimated.

We have the estimate of Professor J. W. Jenks of the Industrial Commission, published in a bulletin of the Department of Labor. He puts the value at \$559,100,000. He is contradicted by newspaper writers, who insist that at least \$1,000,000,000 of the capitalization is water, which would put the value of the business, as a going concern, at about \$404,000,000, nearly \$160,000,000 less than the estimate of Professor Jenks, which is said to have been based on the probable cost of reproduction of plants and on a "per cent. of working capital of the stock issued." There is a further contradiction found in the book estimates, as shown by balance-sheets, which make the value of the properties \$1,229,400,000. To this total should be added the value of the Frick Coke Company and of the Shelby Steel Tube Company, which together would bring this estimate up to about \$1,300,000,000. There is apparently a further contradiction in the earnings of the subsidiary companies and in those of the United States Steel Corporation since its formation. In the first fifteen months of the existence of the company its net profits were more than ten per cent. on its whole capital stock, which is equal to thirteen per cent. on its common stock, after deducting the seven per cent. dividend on its preferred stock, while the promise for 1902 is of earnings amounting to fourteen per cent. or more on the common stock, after deducting the fixed charges and the dividend on the preferred stock. The answer of some economists to this exposition of earning power is that the corporation is capitalized on the basis of a continuance of our present prosperity, while the reply is that provision is made for future depression by a sufficient surplus. Others assert that, in counting on the persistence of these large earnings, the corporation does not take into account the probable loss of its protective tariff duties. Finally, the estimate of Professor Jenks is contradicted by the testimony of the officers of the corporation and other experts in the Hodge suit already mentioned. According to this testimony, the following are the values of the different properties:

Iron and Bessemer ore properties	\$700,000,000
Plants, mills, fixtures, machinery, equipment, tools, and real estate	300,000,000
Coal. and coke-fields	100,000,000
Transportation properties : : :	80,000,000

Blast-furnaces . . . . .	\$ 48,000,000
Natural-gas fields . . . . .	20,000,000
Limestone properties . . . . .	4,000,000
Cash and cash assets as of June 1,	
1902 . . . . .	148,291,000
Total . . . . .	\$1,400,291,000

Mr. Schwab, in giving his reasons for fixing these values upon the properties (and in some instances he is corroborated by outside experts), states it to be his opinion that if the corporation did not own its ore-mines, and if consequently it was forced to purchase its iron ores, the cost of the ores would compel an annual expenditure of \$30,000,000 at the present time, and a larger sum in the future "by reason of the exhaustion of known Bessemer ore deposits." He added that if the corporation did not now own the mines, "it would not only be willing but would practically be constrained to pay therefor at least \$700,000,000."

As to the plants, mills, fixtures, machinery, equipment, tools, and real estate, he states—as an expert who has had a long experience with these properties and who has made a careful study of them—that they could not be duplicated for \$300,000,000, the sum which he fixes as their value in the above table. In this estimate he is sustained by the estimate based on balance-sheets, which places the value of the plants, exclusive of those of the Carnegie, Federal Steel, American Bridge, Lake Superior Mines, American Sheet Steel, and the Shelby Steel Tube Company, but including various items not included by Mr. Schwab, at \$275,700,000.

He also asserts it to be his opinion that the corporation's transportation facilities could not be duplicated for \$120,000,000, \$40,000,000 more than his estimate of their value; nor could the blast-furnaces be replaced for the sum which he has estimated them to be worth. He says that the company's natural-gas fields are worth to it at least \$2,000,000 per annum, and that the possession of its limestone quarries saves it an annual expenditure of at least \$500,000.

So much for the physical properties, the wealth, and the earning power of this huge aggregation. We have now to set forth the asserted advantages of the combination, and then to explain the character of its organization and its methods of administration.

In 1880 the number of wage-earners in the iron and steel manufactures of the United States was 140,978; in 1902 the number of wage-earners employed by the United States Steel Corporation alone is 158,000. In 1880 the aggregate of wages paid to the iron and steel workers of the country was \$55,476,785; this year this single corporation pays about \$113,000,000. Among its wage-earners are included other than iron and steel workers, such as miners, boatmen, quarrymen, and railroad hands; but granting this, this one company is evidently as important to labor as was the whole steel and iron business of the country a little more than twenty years ago.

The possible effect of this industrial combination upon the future relations of capital and labor may be more satisfactorily discussed when the terms of the problem are understood, and when the operations of the corporation give us more data than we have at present. I shall now content myself with an outline of the argument advanced by the company in support of its policy. The strike of 1901 revealed the fact that the corporation was opposed by the existing iron and steel labor union. In the opinion of Mr. Schwab,—an opinion which is shared by his associates,—the union which the iron and steel makers are facing is governed by a policy which is radically hostile to that of the corporation. This means that while the corporation holds that success, and the prosperity which results from success, are promoted by an expansion of business, the union insists upon the restriction of production. This is shown in a variety of ways, but especially in the contracts which the labor organization exacts in the union mills. There the exceptional man's earning capacity is checked and bounded in behalf of the poorer workman, and there also the product of the works is limited, partly for the purpose of maintaining prices and partly for the purpose of minimizing the time of labor. The arguments in this phase of the labor discussion are familiar and therefore need not be repeated here. It is worthy of note, however, that thus far the Carnegie Company and its successor have succeeded in remaining substantially non-union concerns, the former company since 1892. It is credible, however, that the exclusion or defeat of the union is not due to success-

ful war upon the principles of organized labor, but is largely the result of crude and tyrannical union government, of the harsh rules which oppress the industrious and capable workman. This seems to be a more grievous error, one that surely is more dangerous to organized labor, than is its frequent insistence on the right to invade the jurisdiction of the employer. The oppression of intelligent labor by unions, general and local, by the rules which deny to the best men the opportunity of continuous employment, has, it is obvious, been most conducive to the maintenance of non-union mills. Those who undertake to interfere with human interests often wound their cause to the death. The idea of organized labor is not repugnant to the intelligent mind, but when organized labor embodies that peculiar evil of democracy which Tocqueville called the "tyranny of the majority," it necessitates evasion and antagonism and leads to defeat.

In the view of the company the non-union works of the United States Steel Corporation stand for the victories of intelligent labor over attempted oppression; and necessarily it is true that no non-union mill can exist without the consent of labor itself. In the iron and steel business, the success of non-unionism, the failure of union strikes, the hundreds of instances in which union works have remained in operation apparently despite the rules of the union, are all due to agreements and understandings between wise managers and intelligent operatives. Union tyranny stimulates devices for escape from it. The highest intelligences are not to be defeated or hampered by the power of those who are on the lower ranges. Human rules have never succeeded in perpetually damming human enterprise. Industry and business will always break their shackles, whether the chains be forged by unions or by legislatures.

Time after time judicious managers, in consultation with their best men, have found ways to defeat rules that would have closed mills and deprived those working in them of proper opportunities to earn wages. There has been loss by the owners due to the necessity of a change in the character of work; there has been temporary loss by the men due to a necessary increase in the number of shifts; mills that might have prospered on domestic work

have been turned to the making of goods for export; or mills fitted for the manufacture of a single standard article have been set to the making of specialties, where the rules of the union have prevented the profitable use of the mill on the work abandoned, and have failed to include the new work.

The rates of wages and the daily earnings of the men apparently are not reduced or lowered in non-union iron and steel works. In the United States Steel Corporation common labor receives \$1.80 a day; ore-carriers in the blast-furnaces earn from \$2 to \$2.50 a day; ore-shovelers from \$4 to \$5. In the Bessemer works blowers earn from \$6 to \$8 a day; cupola-melters from \$3 to \$6; and others from \$4 to \$6. In the rolling-mills the rollers earn from \$7 to \$25 a day; the heaters from \$5 to \$7. These earnings are based upon a tonnage rate, and the day is of twelve hours. The officers of the corporation have also found it easy to establish a community of interest in the work of the factories, and in other businesses where all the men are at liberty to contract freely in their own behalf, to do the utmost for their own advancement, and to consult with no one who has not a common interest with them in the subject of consultation.

It is the theory that this freedom of the employers and the employed from foreign dictation makes it possible for the corporation to do its best, to produce to its utmost capacity, to carry out its policy of expansion of business by increasing supply, and by tempting constantly to larger consumption through lowering prices. Naturally, prices are not likely permanently to be lower than they need be, taking into consideration the state of the market and the artificial advantages bestowed by the protective tariff law. They are what the community will bear, but the purpose is that care shall be taken to stimulate or encourage demand by large production and by prices that will tempt to purchasing.

Among the leading causes of low prices is low cost of production, and this is obtained by the economies which the combination has rendered possible. The fact that economies are possible is clear. In the first place, not one of the subsidiary companies possessing ore owned every kind of ore which it needed in its work. The Illinois Steel Company and the Carnegie

Company, for example, were obliged to purchase ores for mixing with their own. The United States Steel Corporation buys no ore. In the second place, there is an enormous saving in the item of transportation. The great fleet of the corporation sails about the lakes, stopping at the mines for loading, departing at once on receiving the cargo, notified then or on its passage at what wharf and for what furnace the ore is to be delivered. There is no loss of time, as there used to be when the boats, belonging to different and competing companies, were obliged to wait their turn at the loading-wharf, while there was further delay at the destination, either by reason of failure of land transportation, or because the furnace was not ready for the ore. Now the ore is carried directly to the furnace at which it is needed, and the former waste is saved.

Another economy is the consequence of the possession by the company of virtually a complete equipment for the iron and steel business. Orders that once were taken by one mill can be distributed among the several mills which formerly were competitors. This not only secures promptness in executing the orders, but where once the mill machinery was changed as it passed from the making of one size to the making of another of pipes or rods or other forms, there is now no such loss of time, for sizes, like forms, can be distributed to the proper number of mills. There is also economy in administration; there is no waste of effort and of men in competition for orders; and the product once sold through scores of agents is now disposed of by a few. But the chief advantage of this combination is expected to be gained through economy of production, not in the number of salaries saved, and not merely in the utilization of existing methods and means of manufacture.

No one can question the fact that in competition there is great waste; the question is whether the consumer gains or loses by the struggle which results in this waste. It is true, however, that those who now are interested in the United States Steel Corporation have been saved enormous expenditures of material, and have also been saved losses which might have brought serious disaster to all directly or indirectly dependent on the iron and steel business. There is no reason now why the group of

men who carry on seventy to seventy-five per cent. of this business should build a single mill more than the demands of the business warrant, and if we recall the war which was in progress at the time of the formation of this corporation, the importance of this will be manifest. The manner in which the corporation is administered, however, is of the first importance. The question here is whether the men who have combined are taking every advantage of the opportunities for effecting the purpose which they profess to have in mind.

The United States Steel Corporation is not a huge aggregate of capital and industrial properties managed by a single head. In putting an end to the competition which naturally existed between the subsidiary companies, beneficent rivalry has not been destroyed. The proprietor corporation does not operate the mines or the factories or run the vessels and railroads. The Carnegie Company, the Illinois Steel Company, the National Tube Company—these and the other constituent companies are the operating companies. Each has its president, its other officers, and its board of directors. The task of the United States Steel Corporation is advisory. It indicates the work which each of the subsidiary companies should do; it counsels the operating officers; it watches the course of the markets; it looks after the maintenance and the perfection of the plants; it buys and installs new machinery; it studies the processes employed in the different works; it compares conditions and results, and thereby it discovers which mill, which forge, which president or superintendent or mine boss, and which machine is doing his or its task at the lowest cost and with the best results.

The corporation is officered by men who have been trained in its business. Of these officers, the president, the three vice-presidents, and the two assistants to the president, meet daily for the purpose of conference. Here are a president and his cabinet officers, who discuss at their meetings the reports which they receive from the operating companies. They have before them, in their discussions, the exact state of the business of the whole corporation. Each vice-president and each assistant to the president has his own department. The special province of the first vice-president is with raw material and transportation.

He keeps himself informed as to all the details of the work of digging ore and coal, as to the vessels and railroads, the docks, the quarries, and the natural-gas wells. The second vice-president is charged with the supervision of the production of the subsidiary companies, with their distribution, and with their purchases of metal products. He studies the methods and results of these companies, with the object of securing the greatest economy in manufacture and delivery. The third vice-president concerns himself specially with markets. He must know where the corporation's products are going, what are the conditions of the markets of the world; and he is to keep the various companies informed as to his discoveries and conclusions, in order that they may distribute their products to the best advantage.

One assistant to the president investigates and compares the cost of manufacture in the works of the various subsidiary companies; and, to aid him in this task, he forms committees of skilled operatives whose duty it is to study and recommend uniform methods with a view especially to effecting economies in the cost of production. The other assistant looks after the mechanical efficiency of the various works, and considers and reports upon any recommendations which may be made for the improvement of machinery or tools.

The committee of skilled operatives is a most important feature of this organization. In considering it, it should be understood that the Carnegie Company's principle of a division of profits gives to the leading men in all its works a personal interest in the prosperity of the business. This is not a general profit-sharing plan; but the men who are at the head of a mill, or of a furnace, or of a department, receive a percentage of profits based on their salaries. Occasionally a workman who is not included among these partners in the business receives an addition to his pay for an unusual piece of work of value to the corporation. So far as it extended at the time of the consolidation, this plan has been retained. Its further extension will require careful thought and much time. The committees of operatives also serve to awaken and maintain the interest of the chief and responsible employees in aiding the achievement of the desire of the corporation for success, while they work at the

very root of the problem. They constitute an important element of the methods pursued for keeping up the rivalry between the subsidiary companies. The president and his cabinet affect the presidents and officers of the operating companies; the committees work upon the professional pride of the technical and practical men who actually carry on the work of production or transportation. The central authorities know from their daily, weekly, and monthly reports which companies are the most successful and which are less successful. They also know whether conditions, favorable or unfavorable, account for the different results. In a large way they realize in advance some conditions that make it wiser to fill this order in Chicago and that in Pittsburgh. For example, by reason of the corporation's scattered properties, they are able to save cost of transportation by making rails in Chicago for the West, and in Pittsburgh for the East. Through their constant reports and comparisons, they are able to effect other economies of a similar nature. They learn whether the success of one factory, comparing with results at another, is due to the superior mechanical equipment of the first. They also discover whether one mill produces the more material at the lower cost because of devices and methods invented or adopted by its manager. These skilful devices and better methods naturally would constitute a secret of the individual mill if it were in competition with the other works of the corporation; now they are utilized for all the works, to the end that, other things being equal, production shall be as cheap in one mill as in another which makes the same or similar articles.

Finally, it may be ascertained that production is falling off or is costing more than it should through the incapacity or negligence of the responsible men, of the master workmen, of the superintendent of a mill, or of a department. Here it is that the committees of skilled operatives become of use. These committees represent every branch of the business. They are composed of the theoretical men, like chemists, for example, and the practical men who actually work the machinery in the furnaces, the mills, and the other properties of the corporation. They visit the works, examine the machinery, study the methods employed, watch the operations of

the establishment, and inevitably ascertain what is wrong and upon whom the responsibility rests. A backward boss or superintendent dreads the visit of the committee of his own branch of the business. It is composed of his fellow-workmen, who are also his rivals, who are not only straining every effort to surpass him, but who are determined to discover his weaknesses, and to bring every factory of the corporation up to the standard.

These visitations of committees are said to be among the most picturesque human incidents of the business. The criticism of a dull man who has not kept up with the march of improvement is generally in the language of the steel-mill, of the river, or of the railroad.

"Is that the way you do it? No wonder you're out of it. You're a back number; see?"

This criticism is good for the delinquent, and the knowledge gained by the visit, on which the criticism rests, is good for the corporation. It stimulates the man to better work, or it replaces him with a better man; at all events, the work goes on better, the product is larger or less costly, the company gains, and, if it carries out its professions, the consumer also profits. The manner in which a committee works is as varied as human nature itself, but the practical boss in an investigated factory is dealt with by a group of men who understand his work. He knows this, and he knows also that they are ambitious to secure large results. He cannot deceive them, as he might deceive an owner who has never operated a machine, or produced a pig of iron or a bar of steel. Before them he cannot defend antiquated processes, bad workmanship, or his own slothfulness. He cannot successfully lay the blame on untoward conditions if such conditions do not exist. He must face the music. He must take the truth without resentment. If he can do better, he must; if he cannot, he must go.

Sometimes it is only a friendly hint that is needed. "Jim," said one of a visiting committee to his friend the foreman, who was under investigation—"Jim, these fellows are after you. I know it, for I'm one of 'em. Now you get busy. If you want me to, I'll tell you how, but I don't think you need to be told; you'd better get busy."

This excitation of rivalry between the

officers and skilled operatives of the subsidiary companies is expected to preserve the virtues of competition, so far as production and transportation and the cost of both are concerned, while the combination itself is expected to save its waste and losses. The savings already by what is called the "standardizing of the work" have been enormous. In one process alone they amount to about \$3,000,000 a year.

I have endeavored to explain the United States Steel Corporation as it is, physically and theoretically. I assume that it is not true that any aggregation of properties,

capital, or functions has yet been effected which is too vast or too varied for human control, because organization and facilities for control have improved step by step with the increase of combinations. And it may also be stated with assuredness, without venturing into the field of prophecy, that if the theory of the United States Steel Corporation is vindicated by the test of time, a great advance will have been made by it in the industrial world, which will inure to the welfare of labor and to the benefit of the consumer, as well as to the profit of those who have made the venture.



## CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY JAMES S. PARK

**S**O crowded was the little town  
On the first Christmas day,  
Tired Mary Mother laid her down  
To rest upon the hay.  
(Ah, would my door might have been thrown  
Wide open on her way!)

But when the Holy Babe was born  
In the deep hush of night,  
It seemed as if a Sabbath morn  
Had come with sacred light.  
Child Jesus made the place forlorn  
With his own beauty bright.

The manger rough was all his rest;  
The cattle, having fed,  
Stood silent by, or closer pressed,  
And gravely wonderèd.  
(Ah, Lord, if only that my breast  
Had cradled thee instead!)

## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### A Lay Sermon for Christmas

THE pulpit is the proper place for those Christmas suggestions which touch the intimate and secret religious life. But there is plenty of scope, in the idea of Christmas, for lay sermons having to do with conduct. Christianity is a force not only in the journey of the soul, but in statesmanship, in commerce, in the industrial world—or it should be. Where its precepts are lost sight of in these relations, nations and individuals suffer. This suffering may take the shape of physical loss, or it may be felt in loss of good repute, or in the demoralization that comes with loss of self-respect.

It is dangerous for the nation, or the corporation, or the association, or the man, to say that Christian precepts cannot be applied in affairs of state and of business—that this would be a counsel of softness, and an invitation to defeat. Christianity is not all softness: one has to remember the scourge in the hand of the cleanser of the temple as well as the cheek turned to the smiter. It is not necessary to translate the spirit of Christianity into a system of ineffectual non-resistance: one has to remember, also, that success won through unchristian methods may be the most dismal failure of all—that, in the familiar and telling phrase, one may gain the whole world and lose his own soul. The man of affairs who deliberately sets aside the Christian precepts in his daily doings is generally watched with suspicion by his fellows. No one has the right to say that such precepts are altogether impracticable unless he has made an honest and, mind you! a sensible attempt to apply them. When we speak of Christian precepts, in a lay sermon like this, we refer especially to those ethics of Christianity which are theoretically accepted even by the followers of other religions.

Surely history shows what the Christian spirit has done in the past. It is Lecky the historian who says that the "three short

years" of the active life of Christ have "done more to rejuvenate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers." The reverend author of the recent work "The Fact of Christ" says that Jesus who lived in Palestine is more distinctly and critically known to our age than he has been known to any age since his own. It is certainly true that the philanthropic, the altruistic, what we may call the Christian idea, is practically at work in this our age as never before, through agencies innumerable.

But some of the greatest questions with which humanity has ever had to deal are still to be settled—are, indeed, pressing down upon our own time and day with startling actuality. Now, indeed, is the time for the Christian ideals and precepts of purity, of brotherhood, of kindness, of truthfulness, of fair dealing, of charity, to be kept in sight and mind, in international relations, in the relations of races, in the relations between employers and employed—in a word, throughout the entire world of affairs. It is a practical man, a student of economics,—the Hon. Carroll D. Wright,—who makes the following remarkable statement: "I believe that in the adoption of the philosophy of the religion of Jesus Christ as a practical creed for the conduct of business lies the easiest and speediest solution of those industrial difficulties which are exciting the minds of men today and leading many to think that the crisis of government is at hand."

### The Workingman's Right

WHEN we read in the papers that wage-earners are killed because, not being in accord with certain organizations, they nevertheless seek to obtain work to support themselves and their families, Americans are fired with indignation and ask whether such things can be in a country that prides itself on exhibiting the best so-

cial result of the centuries. Murder is a startling object-lesson as an accompaniment to any given labor disturbance; but its deepest significance lies in the fact that it is merely an extreme development of a system which is at work constantly in our American communities.

Let us hope that recent events will awaken the public mind to the injustice and danger of this system—we refer to the growing disposition and practice of certain branches of organized labor to deny the very right of existence to workers not enrolled in their ranks. Where one murder stands out as a lurid example, a thousand cruelties go unrecorded—cruelties and injustices perpetrated without individual or corporate responsibility, and by methods which often the law has no means of reaching and no power to correct. This amounts to the establishment of a government unknown to law or equity or to the social compact comprising the whole community; a government in the avowed interests of a class; a government which interferes with liberty, and inflicts punishment in a way that frequently makes it impossible for the aggrieved to obtain redress in the courts which the people have set up for the protection of all.

These murders are, of course, against the policy and the interests of organized labor; its leaders deprecate them and are embarrassed by them. The thoughtful laboring-man must, indeed, see that if violence in connection with labor disputes shall not be firmly suppressed by the arm of the law, as well as frowned upon by public opinion, instances of personal brutality and of the destruction of property will inevitably increase under the sure workings of the psychological law of imitation. We are to-day learning in America, to our everlasting disgrace, how one crime begets another in the case of the negro-burnings, which have grown in frequency and in shamelessness as the public mind has become more and more accustomed to them. The thoughtful laboring-man must see, also, that if the theory should be more and more acted upon, and more and more admitted, that a laborer can be deprived of his right to sell his labor, we would not only witness an enormous increase of crime in this connection, but we would have allowed the establishment in our republic of a tyranny that would ultimately destroy the rightful government. Civil liberty would no longer exist.

As it now is, there is a quiet persecution going on in different parts of the country, not only of men who desire to work outside of the ranks of organization, but also of persons who employ such men, or who treat such men and their families as persons fit to live at all. Intimidation, persecution, the boycott, and the strike, direct or sympathetic, are the first weapons used—these passing uniformly, in times of great stress, to personal violence and open crime.

There are principles which are eternal, and no immediate and apparent benefit, no so-called "victories," can atone for the loss of a principle. Deprive the poor man of his right of contract for the one valuable thing which he has to sell,—namely, his power to work,—and you endanger his permanent well-being. And, above all, you endanger his well-being when you let him think that in the supposed interest of an organization apart from the State, and not yet amenable to its laws, or to the principles of equity which must govern communities, he may do acts of gross unfriendliness and actual cruelty toward his fellow-workers and fellow-citizens. Such courses, unchecked, would tend to the destruction of American industry; and thus react, disastrously and pitifully, upon the laboring-man himself. Checked they must be, preferably by the right feeling of laboring-men themselves, or, if necessary, by enactments drawn to meet the case, and put fearlessly into operation.

Those most interested in the laboring-man should be the most anxious concerning the tendencies to which attention is called. We speak out of the most profound sympathy with the laborer, and in the earnest desire to see him wisely led, to the end that everywhere his physical and spiritual condition may be improved. There are great questions to settle in the economical world. Capitalists have their sins to answer for, as well as employees. Every right-thinking man hopes to see the laborer more largely share, as time goes on, in the pecuniary profits of enterprises in which his strength and skill are such mighty factors. Meantime let the public peace be kept, and let justice and not compulsion and tyranny control the relations between all who labor, and between the laborer and the employer! Labor organization, rightly conceived and managed, as it sometimes is, can be nothing but a benefit to all concerned. Here and

there leaders of labor are learning by experience a wiser leadership; and employers and employed are finding out that frank conference and mutual understanding are better than distrust and wasting warfare. There can be no true advance when—as, alas! too often—principles are lost sight of, when good citizenship and the American idea of equal rights are disregarded, and when hardness of heart and personal injustice systematically take the place of fair and manly dealing.

#### A New Program for the Temperance Propaganda

THE members of a "Men's Assembly" of a Methodist Episcopal church in Middletown, Connecticut, have been debating the temperance question for some time past, and have summed up their conclusions in a series of resolutions that are well stocked with common sense. In the first place, while nearly all the members consider abstinence for themselves a personal duty, they refuse to condemn all use of alcoholic drinks as necessarily sinful, and they declare that "union of the friends of temperance reform, whether total abstainers or not, is both desirable and possible." Second, they believe in "more rational and useful" teaching of temperance in the public schools, approving the new Connecticut law. Third, they favor all "proper substitutes" for the saloon,—but most of all the home,—with "proper diet" and improved sanitary conditions. Fourth, they favor, as at present advised, local option rather than State prohibition. Fifth, they incline to the promotion of further experiments in the conduct of the liquor business by philanthropic companies, or by the State or local community. Sixth, they believe "that an organization is now needed which, recognizing the increasing prevalence of the spirit of conciliation, the search for truth, and the desire to render useful service, will seek to unite all temperance workers to

secure thorough study of the subject, education of public sentiment, rational legislation, and proper substitutes for the saloon."

These resolutions are indorsed by Professor Atwater, who occupies the chair of chemistry in Wesleyan University at Middletown, and declares that these resolutions call for a platform and a program. The platform he finds in the resolutions, and as to a program he suggests that this might include:

1. Study of the various phases of the liquor problem in different parts of the United States and in other countries, and publication of the results.
2. The securing of State legislation to permit local experiments with systems of public and company control of the liquor traffic, and the instituting of such experiments.
3. The establishment of substitutes for the saloon in different places and fitted to local customs.

Professor Atwater furthermore suggests an organization "to prosecute inquiries, promote proper public education, and advise and assist in securing legislation, in planning and carrying out experiments, and in the establishment of substitutes for the saloon and agencies for the control of the liquor traffic."

All this strikes us as extremely sensible and exceedingly promising of good results. There is a small and foolish section of American society "scare-headed" into noxious prominence largely by those who pander to vulgar curiosity and baser envy; in this section of society it may be that temperance is not a virtue of increasing vogue. But in the historical perspective there is ground for encouragement, for in the community at large there is much less drinking than formerly—a fact attested by the confessed alarm of the purveyors of liquor. Now is the time to push the propaganda of temperance with liberality of association, with intelligence, with tact, with conviction, and without exaggeration.



## OPEN LETTERS

Luis de Morales<sup>1</sup>

(COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF SPANISH OLD MASTERS)

**A**MONG the few of Spain's greatest artists Morales is reckoned first in chronological order. In point of merit he occupies a position analogous, perhaps, to that of Perugino among the Italians. He is called by his countrymen "the Divine," not only from his having painted none other than sacred subjects, but from the exquisite feeling with which he imbued them, and also because of their wonderful grace and delicacy of finish. And in this respect they are remarkable.

His subjects were always devotional, sad, and sublime in conception and expression. He lingered lovingly and long over each with the fond and fastidious care of the early Flemings, working them up to a very high degree of finish, which fact may account for the scarcity of his works. His hair, for instance, is elaborated so that each separate ringlet, curling like the little rings of the vine, is visible, and yet it is evident he was careful that the whole as a mass should not suffer. His coloring, likewise, though in many of his works it is sober and often cold and grayish, in his best and well-preserved examples is wonderful for brilliancy, warmth, and richness. He painted always upon panels, laid with a *gesso* ground in the manner that was general with the early Florentines and Flemings, whom he resembles not only in his coloring but in the cleanliness and decision of his drawing. It is not known that he had any teacher, it being believed that his knowledge of art was entirely self-acquired, though there were many Flemish and Italian artists in Spain in his day, and the fact of his painting upon panels prepared in the same way as was customary with these artists points strongly to the assumption that his knowledge of other matters of art came from the same source. He benefited doubtless in his youth by the instructions of traveled artists, and may have numbered among the scholars of Beruguete, the foremost artist of that time in Spain, who studied in Italy under Michelangelo, and to whom all that was good in painting and sculpture between 1500 and 1560 was attributed. In confirmation of this last supposition there exists in a convent of nuns at Évora, in Portugal, a copy from a picture by Michelangelo, made by Morales, of Christ

on the cross, with the Virgin and St. John at the foot, which for a long time used to be thought an original work by the great Florentine. Nothing is certain, however, except that Morales far excelled any painter who could possibly have been his instructor.

The records of his life are meager, since he lived and labored in obscurity. He was born about 1509, at Badajoz, a town of Estremadura, in Spain, not far from the border-line of Portugal, where also he died in 1586. It appears that when between his fiftieth and sixtieth year fortune shed on him a sudden ray of prosperity, for the reigning king, Philip II, hearing doubtless of the beauty of his works, sent for the painter, to have him do something for the Escorial, then newly founded by that monarch. As an instance of the painter's simplicity, it is related of him that he attired himself in most gorgeous apparel to present himself before Philip. The king, however, being a man of austere plainness of dress and delighting to see it in others, was disgusted on beholding the ostentatious attire of the painter, and forthwith ordered his dismissal with a sum of money. Poor Morales declared he had beggared himself in order to appear in a manner befitting the dignity of his Majesty, which consideration mollified the king's displeasure, and he gave him a commission. But it seems that he executed only one picture for the king, and returned to his native place to labor as formerly for the little churches and convents round about; there he declined, as age progressed, into still greater poverty. When Morales was very old, infirm, and dim of sight, the king happened to pass through Badajoz on some state business, and was reminded of the painter, whom he once more summoned to his presence. To quote from Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's "Annals of the Artists of Spain": "The poor disabled artist appeared before the royal presence in a garb very different from that in which he had flourished at the Escorial. 'You are very old, Morales,' said he. 'Yes, Sire, and very poor,' replied the artist. Turning to his treasurer, the king immediately ordered the old man a pension of two hundred ducats, out of the crown rents of the city, 'for his dinner,' when Morales interposed with the question, 'And for supper, Sire?' A stroke of dexterous begging which Philip, being in a humor to

<sup>1</sup> See "Madonna and Child," page 239.

be pleased, rewarded with another hundred ducats."

But speaking of the Madonnas by Morales, Sir William is not sufficiently informed when he tells us that "the Virgin whom he offers to the contemplation of the pious is never the fair young mother gazing on the beauty of her Babe Divine, but the drooping Mater Dolorosa, wan and weary with unutterable anguish." There are several examples of the fair young mother sweetly gazing on the babe at her bosom—here in the Madrid museum, and one in the Lisbon gallery. But undoubtedly the most-beautiful example of this kind, and one which is a masterpiece in every respect, by the artist, is the one in the collection of Señor Pablo Bosch of Madrid. This, besides being well preserved, has all the finest qualities of Morales—his marvelous brilliancy of coloring, exquisite finish, and cleanliness and decision of drawing. I had been working for more than a fortnight on a somewhat similar subject, then lately acquired by the Madrid gallery, when, by good fortune, I suddenly encountered this beautiful panel in the house of its owner, and it seemed to me then that the veil had been lifted and I beheld Morales in all his splendor. As Señor Bosch generously offered to let me engrave it, I forthwith set about it, giving no more thought to the previous subject. Señor Bosch tells me that he obtained it from the heirs of a certain old deacon who lived at Ávila, in Estremadura, who, during his life, kept it in his bedroom and would not part with it for any consideration.

*Timothy Cole.*

#### The Development of Northern Wisconsin

WE have received the following letter from a correspondent who thinks Mr. Baker's references to northern Wisconsin in the June number fail to do justice to the recent development of that region. He says that the time of reckless lumbering is past, and adds:

"In the days of old the lumbermen cut the pine in winter and never went near the land when the snow was off, and simply let it go for taxes. To-day these same lumbermen are employing agents to pay years of back taxes and buy back the certificates. They have found that the land is valuable.

"The pine choppings and burnings of Wisconsin are now a fine farming country devoted

largely to stock-raising and dairying. Settlers are going in rapidly. Ashland, Vilas, Bayfield, Burnett, Polk, Barron, Marathon, Clarke, Gates, Chippewa, Oneida, Price, Lincoln, and other counties have reported upward of two hundred new farms each that have been opened this season. Values have advanced from one hundred to eight hundred per cent. within three years. In St. Croix County there is one stock-farm of sixteen hundred acres; in Price County there is one of eighteen hundred acres; in Ashland County ten thousand acres were purchased this spring for a similar purpose, and only in August a company located in Milwaukee took over eighty thousand acres in Gates and Chippewa counties, and will stock it with fifty thousand beef cattle. These are a few samples, and every county has its tale to tell of acres from eighty to eight thousand being bought at ever-advancing prices.

"So great is the influx into this country that a few years ago two new counties, Iron and Vilas, were set off, and two years ago Gates was created, and the legislature next winter will be asked to make at least one more. This influx is so great that the politicians frankly admit that they are at sea on the situation in the north. The people who are flocking to this country are not foreigners, but Americans from the Ohio valley, Illinois, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, the Southwest, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, practical men who are making a success of it. As the lumber goes, other industries come, and paper-mills, canneries, tanneries, woolen-mills, and other factories are springing up about the abundant water-powers, and there are more miles of railroad in the burned country than in the southern part of the State, and fully one half of it has been built since the fires. In fact, this summer there were over five thousand men at work constructing new railroads in northern Wisconsin."

*Charles W. Lamb.*

#### Father Chiniquy not a Jesuit

MR. AMSBARY, whose "Foot-ball at Chebanse" was printed in the November number, desires to correct an error in the introductory note to the first of his Illinois *habitant* ballads, in the March CENTURY, in which it was stated that the head of the Kankakee County colony, Father Chiniquy, was a Jesuit. On this point the author was misinformed.—THE EDITOR.



## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### Phillis Tells about her Visit to Michigan

"HOW are you, Phillis?"  
"I feels heap better sence m' res', thank yer, Mis' Sallie."

"Come in and close the door. I have n't seen you since your return from Michigan. I hope your trip in a private car has n't turned your head."

"No. But, Mis' Sallie, is you ever rid in one of dem private cars? 'Ca'se ef yer ain't, you sho is got somethin' ter do 'fo' you dies. Hit's jes gran'! En de servan's is gran' too. En dat nigger man whut cooks—"

"What about Michigan, Phillis?"

"Lawd, Mis' Sallie, hit's de col'st country on earth. I hears folks talkin' 'bout de north pole, en I sho b'lieve dat Michigan is close on ter hit. En, chile, dem Yankee niggers ain't like our niggers. I tells you whut dey puts me in mine of—dem nigger chillun what's gittin' edgercation. Dey ain't wuth er cent; no, 'm, dey ain't."

"Well, Phillis, your son is at Booker Washington's school now."

"Yessum, I knows hit; but yer see, honey, ef ev'ybody's gwine ter edgercate deir chillun, co'se I don't want son ter be de onliest nigger whut can't read en speak."

"But tell me about Michigan."

"Lawd, I did cl'ar fergit; but you see dis heah nigger queshun is er stumpin' one, I tells you; hit sho stumps you. De folks yonder in de North sinds money down heah ter edgercate de niggers; well, we wants ter got de 'vantage of all we kin get, en we sinds de chillun ter school. 'Stid of lettin' whut dey learns do 'em good, hit seems like hit puts de Ole Scratch in 'em. 'Stid of stickin' ter stealin' jes whut dey kin eat, edgercation done stop all dat—dey gone ter stealin' big, like white folks. Now, dis heah Booker T. Washington, whar son goes, tries ter learn de niggers not ter turn fool wid whut dey knows, but ter make de bes' honest men of deyselves dey kin. But I dunno, chile, whut he'll do wid 'em."

"But, Phillis, what about Michigan?"

"You never is ter let me git 'way from heah till you hears 'bout Michigan. Well, I'll tell you, hit's er mighty nice place; dey got fine houses en all up dere. But, chile, I 'mos' froze ter death. Mis' Smith say she gwine tell you 'bout me puttin' on m' hat en cloak en gloves

ter go git de mawnin' paper; but I tolle her I don't thank her ter tell you nothin' 't all on me. But, honey, de fun'rals up dar! Dey is de mos' unfair fun'rals I ever is ter see."

"How's that?"

"Hit was jes dis way: one of de bankers up dar died, en I took de chillun en wint up ter de cornder ter see hit all; en 'stid of de kerridge drivin' up ter de gate, en de widder ermarchin' out, hit driv up in de yard ter de side do', en de widder got in, en nobody seed her, nur hér veil, nur her dress, nur nothin' 't all of her. Hit sho was er shame ter ruin sich er beautiful fun'r'al. Oh, it was de wuss manage' fun'r'al I ever did 'tend; yessum, hit was. De widder's sister en 'er man come marchin' out ter 'nother kerridge, en, Mis' Sallie, dey wa'n't even locked!"

"What, Phillis?"

"Was n't locked; dat is, dey arms was n't enjoined tergether; no, 'm, dey was n't. En dem chillun did n't know whut de insco't was."

"The what?"

"De insco't, Mis' Sallie."

"Why, no. I don't know what it is, either."

"Pshaw! Why, de insco't is de frien's whut wears white gloves, en stretches deir han's out like dis, en—en insco'ts de body ter de grave."

"Oh, yes. The escort."

"Well, if you's er mine ter call hit dat, hit don't hurt me. But I was invited ter go ter er big nigger fun'r'al up dar, en I never wint."

"Why, Phillis?"

"'Ca'se I never hed no 'quaintance wid de co'pse, en I was feared dey might ha'n't me; but I was 'mos' dead ter go."

"Do you really like to go to funerals?"

"Yessum; co'se I does. I think 'mos' ev'body likes ter go ter fun'rals of deir frien's, don't you? But dat nigger Marcus ax me ter go ter de theater wid him, en I tolle him my par ain't been dead long, en I was n't in no 'ciety. Den he ax me ter go ter church; but I tolle him hit was too cole, en, ergin, I never had no chiffonnier ter go 'long wid me."

"For pity's sake, Phillis, what do you mean by a chiffonnier?"

"Go off, chile! You knows what er chiffonnier is jes es good es I does."

"No, I don't. Tell me what you mean."

"Fer gracious sake! Es many chiffonniers es you is hed, fer you ter set dar en ax whut dey is!"

"I've never had but one."

"Go off, Mis' Sallie. You knows Mis' Mary never w'u'd let you go off wid no young man lessen you hed er chiffonnier ter go 'long wid you."

"Oh! A chaperon!"

"Now listen ter dat—you got somethin' else on me, ain't you? En I ain't gwine tell you ernoother thing, I 'clar' I ain't."

"Oh, please, Phillis! I won't laugh again."

"Hit tain't yo' laughin' I 'm min'in'; hit 's yo' tellin'—dat whut's gittin' 'way wid me."

"Well, did n't you go anywhere?"

"No, 'm, I did n't; dat's de trufe, I did n't! You see, I knowed dem Yankee niggers want ter git me out jes ter laugh at me, en I jes says ter m'se', 'Whin fus-class Southun darkies don' know how ter do, dey jes stays in till dey learns,' en dat's how come me ter stick close ter de white folks. Dey got folks up yander whut 'longs ter dat same 'ciety yer started heah et home—'Daughters of de Revelation.' I tolle Mis' Smith me en Kitty hed done begged you ter change yourn ter de 'Daughters of Zi-in,' en she laugh right in m' face, Mis' Sallie; yessum, she did. En de onliest way I kin make out why she done hit is dat white folks don' keer nothin' 't all 'bout ligion ef dey kin git big names; no, 'm, dey don't. Well, I 'm gwine take back some dat, 'ca'se dey is er few dat serves de Lawd in deir hearts."

"Phillis, do you mean to say that you were gone two weeks and did n't go to church? Preacher Jones will certainly have you up before the deacons."

"Well, Mis' Sallie, I 'm gwine ter give you 'nother 'cuse I hed. I jes can't stay 'wake in church. Whin I fus gits in, I says ter m'se', 'I ain't gwine ter sleep in meetin' ter-day'; but whin I 'gins ter git good en warm, en de preacher he 'gins ter het up good on de tex', fus thing you knows I don' know nothin', en, whut's mo', I don' know nothin' till de niggers 'gin ter walk up en drap deir money in de basket."

"How do you mean? Don't they hand the basket around?"

"No, 'm; too many niggers slips outen payin' dat way, en gets de same credit wid dem dat does; so dey jes makes ev'y one march up ter de pulpit en drap de money in, so es ter embrassance dem dat don' give nothin', en keep 'em from shoutin' so loud—'ca'se, you knows, dem dat don' pay ain't got de face ter shout ef he knows all de darkies know he don' give nothin'.

"No, 'm, I never heard no preachin' in Michigan, but I sho heard some fus-class prayin'. A gent'mun—he was some kin ter de white folks up dere—he come ter pay 'em

er visit, en 'fo' he lef' he said he 'd read er little en den pray. Co'se I was n't er-listenin' ter de white folks' talk, but I jes happen ter hear dat, en I stood in de hall ter hear de gospel. Chile, I wish you could er heard dat man prayin'. I don' keer ef he was white, he sho c'u'd pray. I tell you de trufe, dat man pray mo' like er nigger den any white man I ever did see; yessum, he did. En, Mis' Sallie, I 'm gwine ter tell you de trufe: es sho es I 'm standin' heah, dat man pray jes *like* er nigger; yessum, he did—I 'm 'bleeged ter tell de trufe. Hit 's de fus white man wid good nigger 'ligion I ever seed; yessum, hit is. I hear 'em talkin' 'bout black hearts, but you kin say what you please, dat man's heart is black, don' keer how white his face is.

"Lawd! Listen er dat clock strikin' twelve, en Mis' Lucy sent me heah ter ax you fer dat hat you borrid las' week, 'ca'se she say she like ter git one mo' wearin' outen hit 'fo' de winter was over."

*Sarah Johnson Hagan.*

#### The Clipper Sled

OH for the winters that used to be!  
The winters that only a boy may see!  
Rich with the snowflakes' rush and swirl;  
Keen as a diamond; pure as a pearl;  
Brimming with healthful, rollicking fun;  
Sweet with their rest when the play was done;  
With kingly revels each day decreed,  
And a clipper sled for the royal steed.

A wonderful steed was this, in truth,  
Fit for the galloping pulse of youth;  
Little and pointed, squat and low—  
But, bless my heart, how that sled could go!  
Winning its owner loud acclaim,  
Gemming his deeds with joy and fame;  
Never an arrow swifter sped  
Than on to its goal the clipper sled.

The Jenkinson hill stretched smooth and free  
(In those glorious winters that used to be),  
A speedway polished and steep and white,  
Rife with turbulent, rapt delight;  
Ringing with laughter, jest, and shout;  
Gay with frolicking romp and rout;  
Where many a courser bold was led,  
But fleetest of all was the clipper sled.

Down from the crest with a shrill hurray  
(Clear the track, there! Out of the way!);  
Scarcely touching the path beneath;  
Scarce admitting of breath to breathe;  
Dashing along, with leap and swerve,  
Over the crossing, round the curve.  
Talk of your flying-machines! Instead,  
Give *me* the swoop of the clipper sled.

*Edwin L. Sabin.*



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

"ART IS LONG, AND TIME IS FLEETING"

